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MY
TRAVELS
IN
MANY LANDS

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MY TRAVELS IN MANY LANDS

NARRATED FOR MY YOUNG FRIENDS

BY

WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "PETER THE WHALER" ETC.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

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MY TRAVELS.

CHAPTER I.

My first voyage and adventure. — Reach Oporto. — Catrias and Toldo boats. — Rough roads. — Appearance of streets. — Goldsmiths' shops. — Costumes of inhabitants. — Beggars. — Water carriers. — Litters. — Smugglers. — Houses in Oporto. — Portuguese fidalgos. — Ignorance of the Bible among the Portuguese. — Portuguese saints. — Processions. — Legend of St. Bertha. — St. George claimed by Portugal.

I HAD scarcely attained the mature age of three years, when I became a traveller. I have always been fond of travelling, and those countries which I could not visit in my own proper person, I have so attentively read about, that as I turn round a globe I can almost fancy that I know the appearance and character of the portions of the great world itself which lie mapped out under my eye, and observe all that is going forward on its surface. At all events, wherever I have wandered I have had my eyes open and my senses awake, and since I could write I have kept a journal, in which I have noted every thing I considered most worthy of remembrance.

During one of the first moments of my existence to which memory will carry me back, I found myself on board a large ship gently rolling on the blue smooth swell of the Atlantic, off the coast of Portugal. The air was blowing softly, the sun was shining brightly and glittering on the ocean wide spreading towards the west, while on the east appeared the yellow sands, the dark pine groves, the granite rocks of the Lusitanian coast, with the white towers and red roofs, and yellow walls of the churches and convents, and prisons and hospitals, and other public as well as private buildings of the far-famed city of Oporto. It was then far famed, because not many years before that time the Duke of Wellington had there performed one of the most daring of his achievements, having crossed the river Douro in the face of a powerful French army, under Marshal Soult; compelled that army to evacuate the city, and, it was said, had eaten up the dinner pre-

pared for the French General and his officers. It was at the mouth of that same gold-bearing (or rather I suspect it derives its name from being gold-coloured) river, that the good ship "Betsey" was now laving one side, and then the other, in the sparkling waters of the Atlantic. I remember the circumstance, because I had a ball with which I was playing on the deck. Suddenly the ball escaped from my hand, and making its exit through a port, fell into the sea. I in my eagerness should probably have followed it had not somebody caught me up, and saved me from the very great risk I ran of being drowned. That was my first adventure.

Soon after that important event, the loss of my ball, some boats came off from the shore with a dozen or twenty men in each, with very swarthy complexions, and dressed in red caps and sashes and large wide trowsers; all jabbering and talking away in a most outlandish style, though I dare say they understood each other very well. Two or three of them came on board to act as pilots; the rest went in the boats ahead; a light sea breeze had set in, the sails were trimmed, the ship's bow came slowly round towards the mouth of the river, on the ramparts of a castle at the entrance of which a red flag was hoisted, and on she glided till we found ourselves in a narrow channel fringed with rocks, a small town to the north, and a sand bank to the south; and more ahead lofty precipitous banks surmounted by dark pine groves, from among which peeped the white towers of several small churches and convents and a few scattered villas.

This was the mouth of the Douro. The dark-skinned boatmen jabbered louder and faster than ever—every now and then a roller came on slowly breaking astern, but on went our ship, and soon floated in safety on the tranquil waters of the river. The pilot boats I have spoken of are called Catrias; they measure from six to eight tons; the stem and stern are sharp alike—the rudder is large; they encounter very heavy seas, and it is seldom that any of them are lost. The Douro fishing boats are of the same construction; they carry one large sail with a lofty peak, and when a large fleet of them are seen coming into the river, their snow white canvass checkering the blue ocean, they have a picturesque appearance. The river boats are of a very different construction. "Didst ever see a gondola?" They are not unlike those well-known barques of Venice, but inferior in lightness and elegance. They are flat-bottomed, with low sides and a high pointed prow. The larger portion is covered with an awning, sometimes of wood, with curtains to enclose it in. In some the awning is of canvass stretched on bent poles, like the covering of an English gipsey cart or waggon; one man stands up astern and pushes with a long wide-

bladed oar, or with it steers the boat; one or more men also stand on a raised deck at the bow, and row pushing against the oar. These Toldo boats, as they are called, sail very well before the wind. From being flat and drawing very little water they easily pass over the numerous warps and cables which secure the merchant vessels to the banks of the river.

VIEW OF OPORTO AND THE RIVER DOURO.

The above sketch I took many years ago, from a fountain on the road between Oporto and St. John's. On the left are the outskirts of the city, with the shipping before it. In the centre, standing high up, is the Serra Convent; and on the right is the convent of St. Antonio, now demolished A catria is ascending the river. The northern bank is crowded with vessels, for Oporto carries on a very considerable trade with England, the Brazils, the United States, and many other countries. Port wine, cork, wood, oil, and oranges are her chief exports; and the imports manufactured goods, salt fish, sugar, rice, and other tropical productions, iron ware and furniture. We were very much pleased with the appearance of the town of St. João de Foz or St. John's, at the mouth of the river, and resolved to go and live there, which we afterwards did for some time.

We were invited to go, on landing, to the house of a rich old gentleman,

one of the chief people in the city. His house stood in the upper part of the city, and he sent down a carriage to convey us there. It was a huge coach without a coach box; for as there were no horses, no coachman was required. Instead of horses, two oxen with huge horns were yoked to the pole; and instead of a driver, there was a man dressed in a large straw cloak, a wide-brimmed hat, and having in his hand a long stick, with which, while uttering loud shouts and inimitable groans, he goaded on the patient animals. They dragged us jolting away up the steepest and most rugged of streets, full of ruts and holes and lumps of rock, and deep sand and pools of stagnant water, towards our destination. I refer to the good old days when Portugal had made but slow strides in the paths of civilisation. There was a staunch conservatism about the Portuguese which kept the country in a highly picturesque but rather uncomfortable condition. They used to tell a story which reflected somewhat on themselves. Noah having on some occasion paid a visit to the earth, went wandering about rather disconsolate at not finding any spot he could recognise, so great were the changes the industry of man had produced upon it. "This is no place for me to remain in," he said to himself; "I had better forthwith depart." Soon after this he reached Portugal. He looked around on all sides; his countenance brightened, his spirits returned. "Ah, now I know where I am," he exclaimed. "The dear old country is just in the state in which I left it; not a road, not a canal, not a work of public utility, to disfigure the face of the country, — long live Portugal! This is the very place I have been looking for since I returned to the earth." However, great changes have taken place since the time of which I speak.

The streets of the city itself were in a very bad condition, while there was scarcely a road round this second city of the kingdom on which a four-wheeled vehicle could travel with safety. Once I was making the attempt, when so terrific were the bumps and thumps the poor old crazy conveyance received, that the bottom came out, and one side burst open, and let all the passengers tumble into the road.

I am speaking of the good old days of absolutism, when the monks reigned supreme, and stigmatised as heretics all those who ventured to suggest improvements. Many of the streets of Oporto have a somewhat oriental appearance. They are steep and narrow, and have balconies on most of the stories projecting a considerable way from the walls. The windows also have lattices or Venetian blinds, but they are intended to keep out the rays of the hot sun of summer, and not to shut in the sparkling

eyes of the fair inmates, who may be seen on the shady side, gazing down in the afternoon at all the passers by — indeed I have a strong suspicion that to look out of window was their chief occupation and amusement. Remember, I am talking of the past generation—nothing I say is intended to cast a reflection on the present race. I believe that they are far more intellectual and enlightened. The ground floors of most of the houses in the principal streets are used as shops. They are generally small and have no great display of goods. The most attractive are the goldsmiths' shops. A great part of one street, the Rua das Flores, is filled with them. The workmanship of the gold ornaments is very beautiful. It is chiefly a light filigree-work ; finger-rings, and ear-rings, and brooches are formed of it. They make also a variety of gold chains. These gold ornaments are worn by the peasantry. As soon as a peasant or small farmer saved up a little money for which he had no immediate employment, he did not put it into a savings' bank, because there were none, and he did not build a larger cottage, because that he inhabited had served his fathers before him for many generations, and he was content with it; but he went to a goldsmith's and bought a gold chain, and hung it about his wife's or daughter's neck; sometimes he bought a pair of ear-rings, or a brooch, but generally he chose a gold chain ; if he had a good deal of money, he bought several gold chains. I have seen a dozen or twenty, each worth several pounds, hanging over the blue cloth jackets of some small farmer's wife on the occasion of her visit to the city, or to a saint's fête in the neighbourhood. The same dame might be seen the next day working hoe in hand with bare feet in the fields. It was not a profitable investment of money, but it was very convertible. The workmanship costs very little, and the gold is perfectly pure and malleable. Whenever any money was wanted, all the farmer had to do was to cut off a few links of the chain, for which the goldsmith returned him the value in coin, charging him a mere trifle for the workmanship. The spectacles we beheld as we looked out of the windows of our lumbering coach, were very different to anything to be seen in England ; the walls of the houses were yellow or pink, or white, all very dazzling; the roofs were very red, with long trumpets painted green, to serve as water-spouts, projecting from them ; there were green verandahs, and green lattices, and the sky wat very blue, and the air very pure, so that there was a great deal more colouring than in an English town. There was also a great variety in the costume of the people. Pigtails, breeches, swords, and silver buckles were worn by many

of the older gentlemen; the women, both ladies and shop-keepers, wore long black silk cloaks covering the top of their heads, and serving instead of bonnets, which were then almost unknown. Under them were black petticoats. With these hoods, which are called mantillas, they could easily conceal their countenances, or a turn of the hand enabled the wearer to show the face beneath. The upper classes wore them of silk, the poorer of some cotton or woollen manufacture. But the costume of the peasant farmers, peasants and fishermen, who came in from the surrounding districts, was far more picturesque and enlivening. The men wore wide-brimmed low-crowned hats, sometimes with braid about them, long coloured waistcoats and coats, breeches, white stockings, and buckles to their shoes—if they wore shoes of leather—but they generally wore large wooden shoes, or at least shoes with wooden soles: they generally carried a long staff. In rainy weather they appeared in long coats made of straw, and high peaked hats of the same material, looking like moving huts. The dark-skinned fishermen went with bare legs, and wore a blue cloth waistcoat, wide and short white trowsers, a white shirt with a red sash, and a red cap; the women of the same class went also without shoes or stockings, and wore very short blue cloth petticoats trimmed with red, a jacket of the same material, and a broad-brimmed hat. The country-women wore longer petticoats, sometimes of blue cloth, but often of different coloured calicoes, and sometimes of an oriental red and yellow pattern woven by themselves. Some wore only gay-coloured handkerchiefs over their heads, others white and blue, hanging down under their broad-brimmed hats. Some had gay-coloured shawls over their shoulders, and others only cloth jackets. The farmers' wives generally wore the cloth jackets and petticoats, they also had white stockings, and if not leather shoes, at all events neatly made slippers with wooden soles and highly ornamented upper leathers.

In describing the population I must not forget the beggars, with whose plaintive cries, and very hideous exhibitions of every species of deformity, we were greeted at every corner of the streets. The Portuguese are a very charitable people; but their charity was in those days too apt to expend itself in bestowing *cinco reisinhos*, about a halfpenny, on these poor objects. I knew an old gentleman who never passed a beggar without giving him something. At the commencement of his walk he bestowed his *cinco reis* — five reis — or, if he was in a very liberal mood, ten reis. When they were expended, and he had no more coins, he offered

his snuff-box, into which he allowed the most unclean mendicant to dip his fingers, taking a pinch at the same time himself for company's sake. When his snuff was all gone he made the beggar a bow and gave him his blessing, with an assurance that his pocket was empty,—nor was his assertion ever disbelieved. Since those good old days hospitals have been established, and by municipal laws the deformed beggars have been compelled to go into them. Even then there were hospitals; but the professional mendicants considered it a very great hardship to be obliged to abandon their avocation, and would not take advantage of them. The law in those times having very little power over evil doers, they were allowed to do as they liked. The more hideous and terrible the deformity or disease with which they were afflicted, the more lucrative did they find their occupation. A pleasing contrast to the beggars are the water carriers, both men and women, who surround the numerous stone fountains and tanks, whose sparkling waters are seen bubbling up, or spouting forth, from the mouths of lions, fish, tritons, or cherubs in all parts of the city. We have now, in many of our large cities, got the blessing of drinking fountains; but the Portuguese, whom Englishmen are apt to despise, have had these blessings from time immemorial, and perhaps they have been the cause of keeping them one of the most sober nations of Europe. The women have large red pitchers — water jars, like their sisters in the East— to carry water; the men have wooden barrels with iron handles, which they place on their shoulders. These men are not Portuguese, who have a great objection to lifting loads of any description, but they are Gallegos, or the inhabitants of Galicia, a province in the north of Spain. They sally forth at an early age from their own country, and wander all over Portugal in search of employment, which, as they are handy honest fellows, they are sure to find. No one says call a porter, but call a Gallego, the terms having now become synonymous. There was plenty of time to gain all this information while we were rumbling away up to our old friend's house. Still some more strange sights greeted our eyes. We heard some loud jingling of bells, and looking out, saw a litter. It was a high box, something like a double sedan chair — that is to say, there was very uncomfortable sitting room for two people *vis à vis*. It was supported by two long poles on the backs of two mules, one of whom walked before and one behind, their heads being in the same direction. I once heard of an Irish soldier being ordered to harness a couple of mules to a litter. So he did; he got them into the shafts or poles and the vehicle hoisted up; but as he

backed them both in, it is not surprising that they made very little progress. "Arrah, now, I've been bating them brutes away for the last half hour, and there they stand, just as steady as St. Patrick's cathedral in the beautiful city of Dublin!" he exclaimed, letting his arm hang down for very weariness.

The mules which carry these litters are fine large animals, as big as horses. They are adorned with gaily coloured trappings, and have bells hung round their heads. It is said that they will not travel well without these bells. I am inclined to believe that such is the case, at all events they step out in time to the sound of the bells. A litter has a door on either side, and is enclosed with leathern curtains, and the seats are low, and people sit as best they can, with their knees up to their chins, or with their legs stowed away under the opposite seat. Though I have travelled a great deal in Portugal, I never got inside one. I have, however, ridden alongside them. At first starting on a journey it is impossible to hear what is said by those inside, but by degrees the ear gets accustomed to the sound of the bells, and can without difficulty distinguish the tones of the human voice, till at last the bells are scarcely heeded. Besides the litters, sometimes a cavalier passed us mounted on a huge mule or a wiry-looking horse, with a high peaked saddle and large sheep skins for saddle-cloths, and holsters in front with great horse-pistols or blunderbusses, and large saddle-bags behind. Perhaps if the horseman was a merchant or gentleman of property, he would be followed by a servant mounted on a mule carrying the saddle-bags, and a valise in addition, strapped on behind, on his way to his *quinta* or villa in the country. Next to him would come a muleteer; a fine independent-looking fellow, sitting on a pack saddle, somewhat in the position of a lady. His broad-brimmed hat placed jauntily on one side, a short coloured cloth jacket braided and covered with buttons, with a red sash and gay waistcoat, brown breeches, with sugar-loaf-shaped silver buttons, open at the knees, and leathern gaiters, made him look very picturesque. He was followed by eight or ten mules heavily laden, all with bells and gay trappings, one fastened to the other, making a long line. He was a *contrabandista*, a smuggler, but he rode forth as independent as any legitimate merchant. He had loaded his mules with cotton, woollen cloths, and perhaps silks; manufactured in England, and purchased by him openly from some of the first merchants in the city. All his transactions in Portugal were lawful and strictly honest; anybody would intrust him with five hundred or a

thousand pounds. He was a smuggler only when he reached the borders of Spain, the laws of which country prohibited the importation of those goods. He had little difficulty, however, in passing the frontier with all his mules in open day. The custom-house officials knew him. He was liberal in his payments and they would not trouble him. At last the oxen dragged the old coach up to the door of our friend's house. They did not stop there though, but in they went, oxen, coach and all, and we alighted in the centre of the house, in a large stone hall, with the stables on one side and a coach-house on the other, which, with a few men-servants' rooms or cells rather, occupied the whole basement floor of the mansion. A flight of stairs led up from this hall with a door at the bottom of them. Over this door was a sort of lattice-work, through which a servant at the top of the stairs could look down and see who was there. Very often the old *escudeiro* or butler — literally shield-bearer, — to save himself the trouble of coming down to open the door if his master was out, would carry on a conversation with a visitor standing at the bottom, while he remained in his pantry on the second or third story bawling out at the top of his voice. The arrangement of the houses in Oporto was very different to what Englishmen are accustomed to. Some are very high, though not quite so lofty as those in the old town of Edinburgh. Fire-places were not common, and the science of chimney-building was not particularly well understood. The stables occupied the ground-floor; the reception rooms were above them, and not unfrequently the odour from below found its way through the floors and filled the drawing-rooms with no fragrant smells. The two or three next stories were used as bed-rooms and nurseries if there were children, while at the very top of the house was the kitchen, and for convenience sake the dining room near it. As the Portuguese in those days seldom entertained their friends at dinner, this exalted position caused little inconvenience. There were two reasons why the kitchen was placed at the top of the house. First, because a short chimney was thus only required; and secondly, as it was considered that a fire was most likely to occur in the kitchen, it would be more easily put out before it had burned down the house. Some of the more modern houses have their kitchens below. We lived in one of these. On one occasion, a large dinner was being given to the principal people in the place, when just as the first course had gone up, the cook found that the chimney was on fire. He had heard that a pistol fired up it would have the effect of putting out a fire. He argued that a musket, therefore,

would still more completely produce the desired results. Now there was a guard of soldiers just opposite, so he sent for one of them with his musket, and told him to discharge it up the chimney. Not only was the musket loaded with powder, but with ball also. The man obeyed, and down came rattling such a shower of soot, and mortar, and bricks, that the fire both above and below was put out; the chimney was cracked from top to bottom, and the whole second course was entirely spoilt.

We resided for some time in the house of our old friend, who treated us most kindly and attentively, and we truly had reason to consider the Portuguese, of all ranks, a most kind-hearted and polite people. He was himself a wealthy citizen, and much respected by all classes, though he was not a fidalgo or noble. In those days the fidalgia or nobility were very exclusive; many were however, I think, deservedly respected. The fidalgos were noble by descent, but frequently had no other titular rank. They were fidalgos by patents, which they held from the crown, and those esteemed themselves the most who had the oldest patent. Though often poor they were excessively proud. I remember an old fidalgo who had two daughters; he was so poor that he could scarcely support them. A highly respectable merchant in the city, though of plebeian origin, was acquainted with the fidalgo and went frequently to his house, and lent him money, and took an opera-box for his daughters, put his carriage at their disposal, and indeed paid them the most marked attention. The merchant determined at length to marry, and thought that one of these young ladies would suit him; so at last one day he went to the father and made his proposal, nothing doubting that he would be accepted in due form. The fidalgo listened, and then rose from his seat with a glance of indignation. "You have been my friend, and civil and attentive to me; you have lent me money which I have never repaid, and been generally useful, and therefore I do not throw you out of window or kick you down stairs, but I must entreat you, as you value my friendship, never to mention this subject again. It is too flagitious, too horrible, to think it possible that one in whose veins flows the noble blood of a fidalgo should for one instant dream of uniting herself with a miserable wretched plebeian like yourself." The fidalgo took out a large red snuffy cotton pocket-handkerchief and wept, the wealthy merchant bit his lip, but sat quiet; the young lady, who heard all the conversation from the next room, turned very pale and red, and then began to cry and wring her hands, for she had not the slightest objection to marry the very kind good-natured man who was

ready to receive her as his wife; she, however, dared not say anything. The merchant, after a time, got up and shrugged his shoulders, and took his departure. Of course he did not venture again to offer his opera-box or the use of his carriage; and after a time he married some estimable young lady who had not so overpowering a quantity of noble blood in her veins as to consider him beneath her notice. But to return to our kind, hospitable host. Some relations of mine were anxious to learn Portuguese, so they engaged a master and set to work. As they already knew Italian, to which language it is very similar, they quickly picked it up, and in a short time were able to read the Bible fluently. One evening they proposed to read it to our old friend, that he might correct their pronunciation: they read on, and he listened attentively. They were reading from the book of Genesis, of Abraham's sacrifice of his son. The next evening he himself asked them to read. "Go on, pray, with that interesting story you were reading last night; I want to know more about Abraham and Isaac. Did Abraham really offer up his son?" asked the old gentleman. My relations stared. What, did this fine old Portuguese gentleman know far less about the holy Word of God than any Sunday-school child in England? Yet such was the case. He confessed that he had never read the Bible, never before seen one, that all he knew about it was from a few portions the priests had shown him, and he did not know how far he was right in looking at it now. However, his curiosity, or rather the interest that had been excited in him, overcame his scruples, and regularly every evening, when no visitors were present, he used to get the young ladies to read to him. He was especially fond of hearing about the miracles, both in the Old and New Testament. "Oh those wonderful miracles!" he used to exclaim; "What mercy, what goodness! who would have thought of them! Do go on and read more about them. I am never tired of hearing of them." So interested, indeed, did our old friend become in that holy book, that he procured a copy of it in Portuguese for himself, and read it regularly. Several years afterwards (for he lived to a green old age), a relative of mine, on visiting his house directly after his death, found the Bible just as the old man had left it on his study table, where he had sat day after day to make himself acquainted with its contents. My relative mentioned the circumstance to his son, and asked him if he read it. The young man shrugged his shoulders; "Ah no, we are not allowed to do so," he answered. In Portugal, in the days of which I speak, from north to south, the Bible was scarcely known. I doubt if half a dozen laymen, in all Oporto or in the

provinces around it, possessed a copy. I might venture to say, that not one copy existed, or if it existed, was ever read throughout the country. This subject makes me remember the religious processions, at which I used to look with great wonder and admiration.

In the Roman Catholic calendar are vast numbers of saints, and each of them has his day. Some are much greater favourites than others among the Portuguese. St. Antonio certainly has the pre-eminence, and a great number of boys are called after him. A large church in the city is dedicated to him; indeed, each church is dedicated to some saint or other, male or female. The churches are ornamented with figures of these saints made of wood and movable. The faces, and hands, and feet are painted to look like flesh, and they are dressed in red clothes. On the festival days of these saints, the figures representing them are brought forth from the churches, decked in their richest apparel, — for some of them have many different suits of clothes, — and are paraded through the streets, passing from one church to another. Sometimes they return to the church from which they set out; but at others, the saints of one church go and pay a visit to another, and wait there till on another saint's day they sally forth to return to their own. On the occasion of these processions, the city assumes a very gay and animated appearance. The balconies in all the streets through which it is to pass, are hung with flags or coloured cloths or embroidered shawls, and the ground is strawed with boughs and green leaves, and sometimes with flowers. All the bells are merrily ringing — sometimes cannon are sounding, and all the people in their best attire are running about to get good places. The throng outside the great church is dense in the extreme. Troops line the broad steps which lead up to the chief entrance, as they do all the streets through which the procession is to pass, ready to join in at the rear. The bells ring louder than ever. The doors are thrown open—a shout is raised—fireworks are let off, and there issues forth a priest in scarlet and gold robes, under a richly embroidered canopy borne aloft by four men, while others hold on to it by silken tassels. He bears before him a gold or silver vessel. That scarlet-robed man is the high priest, a bishop or one of the chief ecclesiastical authorities belonging to the church. There are several priests in his train, who do not look as if they liked the prospect of the long slow walk in the hot sun they are doomed to perform. When the people see this chief priest approaching, they kneel and bow down before him. He passes on down the steps, and at a slow pace leads the way through the streets.

Then comes forth a figure far larger than life. It is that of the Virgin Mary. A golden crown is on her head, the richest robes deck her form. She is surrounded by a group of kneeling figures, monks and priests, who look up to her with an expression of adoration on their countenances. The platform on which she stands is strewed with flowers. All kneel as the figure is borne by on the shoulders of some dozen or twenty men, whose faces are concealed by silk masks. They are of all ranks: the weight of this figure is great, and they are thus doing penance for past sins or sins in prospect. Preceding this figure of the Virgin come a troop of children dressed up with silk wings, satin petticoats stiffly sticking out all round, silk stockings, coloured shoes, with crowns or wreaths of flowers on their heads. They are all boys, but their cheeks and eyebrows are painted, so that they look like girls, and they are intended to represent angels. They all march with a peculiar step, and have evidently been well drilled to do their parts. They do not, however, appear to be very reverent, and now and then they may be seen winking to some of their companions in plain clothes in the street. Their parents believe that by thus walking in a procession they will be preserved from some particular dangers, or that their sins, past or future, will be forgiven them; so the lower orders especially are very anxious to get their children thus employed. When the procession is over, they will have to go back to their tattered garments and humble homes; so that no one need envy them their gay garments, however much they may the privileges they are supposed to possess. After this large figure comes one of the many brotherhoods established in the city. They are admirable institutions, organised for the mutual assistance of the members in sickness or in health. They dress in long cloaks and hoods of various colours and with various devices worked on them. After them come another troop of angels, and then a second colossal figure. It is our Lord himself, bearing his cross. The crowd gaze, and some few perhaps admire the figure, for it is not ill executed, but no especial adoration is paid to him, and why? They do not understand the work he came on earth to fulfil. They do not pray to him, but they pray to the Virgin to intercede with him for them; as if the one great Mediator was not ready to hear all who come to him in prayer, as if he was the stern judge who requires an intercessor between man and himself!

Following this sad solitary figure, come various groups, representing the chief events of the history of our Lord while on earth, but they are often ill-arranged, so that they do not tell that eventful history as they

ought; but there are no critics in all that crowd whose knowledge of the Bible enables them to discover the mistakes made by the careless priests. Now come another brotherhood, and more angels like the first. Then there is a figure of a female saint, not generally known in England. She was a Princess of Hungary, St. Bertha. Her charity was boundless. She turned her palace into an hospital, and every day, with her own hands, bestowed food upon hundreds of starving poor. She is represented with a large bag full of loaves, which she is serving out to the assembled poor. Numberless stories are told of her charity, and of the miracles worked in her favour. Her husband did not approve of her liberality, and had ordered her no longer to continue it. Indeed, so extensive were her alms, that she sometimes left nothing in the house for him to eat. One day he met her on the stairs, with her apron full of loaves. He felt angry, as well he might, that she had disobeyed his orders.

"What have you in your apron?" he asked.

"Stones," she answered, thinking to deceive him.

"Let me look," he replied; and lo and behold! there were stones indeed,—a miracle had been wrought,—the loaves of bread had become stones. However, when the Princess had reached the expecting crowd of beggars, the stones had once more been turned into bread. So says the legend which is told by the priests. Those blind leaders of the blind do not reflect that an all-righteous God will not do wrong that good may come of it. A wife's duty is to obey her husband. Christ, who says, "Let your conversation be yea, yea, and nay, nay," will assuredly not sanction a falsehood. Yet in direct opposition to this is the teaching of the Church of Rome, through numberless similar legends. This same St. Bertha, on another occasion, had her palace full of cripples and diseased persons, contrary to the commands of her husband, who was absent from home. Returning suddenly, he desired to be admitted to his room, but the Princess employed every device to detain him, for she had put into his bed a wretched cripple; however, he forced his way up. The Princess followed trembling; he threw back the clothes, but instead of the cripple, there, in its stead, was a crucifix, that is, the figure of our Lord. Here again is the direct sanction of a falsehood to cover the sin of disobedience. It is not surprising, however, that St. Bertha, or rather her statue, is worshipped by the ignorant multitude. Many other statues of saints follow at intervals, the intermediate spaces being filled with bands of brotherhoods or of priests, and sometimes of the principal men of the city in full costume. The best place to see the procession is from the end of one of the long streets: the effect

is very good, as we look at it, to see the long line of figures and human beings, till they are lost in the distance,—the hum of voices, the chant of priests, and the far-distant strains of martial music. The figure, or rather the figures, of St. Anthony, always receive a large amount of admiration and adoration. All the temptations he went through are represented by different life-like statues,—many of them seem very heavy. They are borne along by men in black masks and dark gowns, who pant and groan under their weight. One figure in the pageant claims great admiration, and creates no little excitement. It is that of St. George. We in England claim him as our knight, but so do the Portuguese and Spaniards; indeed, he appears to have had rather cosmopolite habits, and to have made himself at home wherever he went. As knights rode on horseback, so does the St. George of the Portuguese. He is clothed in glittering armour, and has a long spear and a sword by his side. On this occasion, a German officer, a Protestant in the Portuguese service, had lent his horse. As St. George could not sit by himself, it was necessary to secure him to his saddle. The priests who had charge of this matter bored holes completely through the saddle, and made use of such long screws that they ran through into the sides of the poor horse. This naturally made him very uneasy, and before long he began to kick and plunge in an outrageous way, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the men leading him could restrain him from breaking away, and bolting in among the priests and image-bearers, and angels, and brotherhoods, when the confusion he would have created may be more easily conceived than described. As it was, the steed plunged and reared so much, that at length he succeeded in bursting his girths and kicking off poor St. George, who tumbled into the dust, as much to the horror of the priests as it was to those of Babylon when Dagon was overthrown. However, they solved the difficulty by declaring that the horse, from belonging to a Protestant, was possessed of an evil spirit, and that in consequence he kicked off the Catholic saint.

Other figures, kings and queens, appear, better known in the ecclesiastical records of the Romish Church than in any other history; and at last there comes, under a still more gorgeous canopy than has yet appeared, another scarlet-robed priest. He bears in his hand a gold or silver case. It contains the Eucharist; the Actual Presence is there, it is believed. "The Host, the Host," is the cry; the attendant tonsured priests, all richly dressed, are chanting loudly; silver bells are tinkling; incense is being waved — the smoke ascends to the pure sky; its perfume reaching even

to the window at which we are standing. As the Host passes by, all bend the knee; the soldiers who line the streets, the peasantry, and artisans who crowd behind them, the ladies in the balconies, the servants on the house-tops; prayers are muttered, beads are counted, the sign of the cross is made. Then on the priest and his attendants go, followed by long lines of the chief citizens, and the principal military officers stationed in the city, and next comes a military band, who play at intervals, and the troops form behind, and march on, and up a steep hill the procession goes, and through many more streets; gradually it seems to vanish into a church, not capable, evidently, of receiving that vast multitude; but the images are deposited in their niches and corners, and the men who have carried them, disrobing, as do the priests, slink out at other doors; the soldiers file off, and the gentlemen and the officials slip away on either side under cover of the fireworks which are let off at the church door; and thus very rapidly the pageant dissolves, and the priests congratulate themselves that their day's work is over, and that they may go to their abodes and enjoy their suppers. When I was a child, of course I looked upon these processions as very wonderful and interesting, but on considering the subject, all my readers will agree that they have but one object in view,—to amuse and deceive the ignorant. Everything is done to attract the senses, and the greatest care is taken to avoid instructing the mind. The only knowledge the lower orders of Portuguese, and indeed, I may well say most of the higher, possessed of the Bible and Bible history, was from these figure representations of Scripture characters, carried about in processions or placed in array round the walls of their churches. The priests take great credit to themselves for thus instructing them, and say that if it was not done in that way, the poor people would have no knowledge of the Bible whatever. Unhappily their knowledge, such as it is, is so mixed up with legends and tales of all sorts, and in such a state of confusion are all the incidents of Scripture history in their minds, that except for the names of the characters, the true accounts, as presented to us in Holy Writ, would scarcely be recognisable; and as to doctrine, that appears never to be thought of. The extraordinary way in which the Portuguese mix up the events of Scripture history, would be scarcely credible did not we find a very large amount of ignorance prevailing at home. John the Baptist is often supposed to be a contemporary of Abraham's, and Paul, a prophet in the time of Noah. How indeed can it be otherwise, when the Bible is never read to the people, and they are not allowed to read it for themselves?

CHAP. II.

Slight sketch of the history of Portugal, since the latter end of the Eighteenth Century. — Flight of the Royal Family to the Brazils. — British Officers appointed to command Portuguese Army.—French Invasion.—Return of the Royal Family. — Separation of the Brazils from Portugal. — Usurpation of Dom Miguel. — Deplorable state of ignorance among all Classes. — Wretched condition of the Army before the Peninsular War.

When I first went to Portugal, Dom João Sesto (Don John the Sixth) was King. He, however, resided in the Brazils, and the country was governed by a regency. Dom João was the son of Donna Maria the First, who succeeded her father Dom Josè the First in 1777, and was the first queen who in her own right ascended the throne of Portugal. She had married in 1760 Dom Pedro, the brother of her father, who was styled King by courtesy. He was a prince in whose character bigotry and hypocrisy appear to have been equally mingled. The reign of Dom Josè the First, of whom I speak, was celebrated for the iron rule of the Marquis of Pombal, and for the banishment of the Jesuits, rather than for any act of his own. During it occurred the dreadful earthquake of Lisbon, when the greater portion of the capital became a heap of ruins, and thousands of persons lost their lives. The Queen, Donna Maria, who had never recovered the shock of seeing some of the chief nobility executed by orders of Pombal for an alleged conspiracy against her father's life, became perfectly insane in 1799, when her son assumed the reins of government. On the French army under Napoleon's general Junot entering Portugal in 1807, the whole Royal Family, the Queen being still alive, embarked for the Brazils, to which province of the empire they were safely escorted by a British squadron. They remained there in safety during the war which raged in the Peninsula. In December, 1815, the Prince Regent gave to his dominions the title of the United Kingdom of Portugal, the Brazils and Algarve. On the 20th of March, 1816, the poor Queen, Donna Maria, died at Rio de Janeiro, and on the same day Dom João the Sixth ascended the throne, though he was not crowned till the 6th of February, 1818. During the reign of the poor mad Queen, the country appears to have sunk into a sad state of sloth and apathy. The Jesuits plotted to regain that pernicious influence which Pombal had so wisely destroyed, the friars increased in numbers and in power, commerce languished, and the army was reduced to the

most despicable condition, while disorders of all sorts prevailed throughout the country. One of the first steps taken by the English Government to oppose the French in their predatory excursions into Portugal, was to send out a number of experienced British officers for the purpose of organising the Portuguese army. This they had most effectively done, and had completely gained its confidence and good will. Throughout the whole Peninsular war the Portuguese troops behaved with great steadiness and courage, winning the respect and admiration of all who served with them, and proving that the Lusitanian race possessed the same valour for which in days of yore they were renowned. When I first went to the country, a large number of the superior officers in the Portuguese service were Englishmen, Lord Beresford was Commander-in-Chief, and Sir Charles Sutton, Sir Maxwell Grant, Sir Charles Ashworth were either Field-Marshals or held other high commands. Englishmen generally were looked upon with very great respect by the Portuguese. Except in the army, I do not know that any great practical improvements had taken place, though at the same time the mind of the nation was changing. People generally were discovering, from their intercourse with the English, the advantages of constitutional government, at the same time, however, that some were imbibing pernicious republican notions. The monks and priests were of course exerting themselves to impede the progress of liberal ideas, and in this they were supported by Lord Beresford and by most of the nobility. Dom João the Sixth had eight children, — two sons, Dom Pedro de Alcantara, Prince of Beira, afterwards Emperor of Brazil, and Dom Miguel, Infante of Portugal, and six daughters.

After the peace, several attempts were made to revolutionise the country, and at length in 1820 a constitution was drawn up and proclaimed. Lord Beresford and the British officers were dismissed from the service, and a Junta assumed the authority of the Regency. When the account of these events reached the Brazils, the King was compelled to promise his subjects in that province the same liberties their countrymen had obtained. He felt that he would probably lose his crown altogether, unless he returned to Portugal. Accordingly on the 26th of April, 1821, he embarked with his family and ministers and a vast train, and arrived at Lisbon on the 3rd July. The King, a kind-hearted man, was well received, but his Queen, Donna Carlotta, from the first showed a dislike to the Constitutional party, and ultimately induced her younger son, Dom Miguel, to usurp the throne, and to attempt the establishment of a des-

potic form of government. Dom Pedro, the eldest son, had remained in the Brazils. In 1824, that country revolted from the dominion of Portugal, and after a severe struggle, in which the gallant Lord Dundonald played a conspicuous part, the liberal party was successful. The treaty, acknowledging the independence of Brazil, was ratified in Lisbon on the 5th November, 1825, and Dom Pedro assumed the title of Emperor of Brazil. I have carried my history rather beyond the time I wish to describe. The Portuguese were now left entirely to their own devices. They had a good-natured, well-meaning, but indolent king; a bigoted, plotting queen; and an ill-conditioned, unprincipled, ignorant prince, who was biding his time to grasp the reins of power, and to stamp out all sparks of liberty from the land. That time came before long, but happily for the Portuguese, those sparks were not quite so easily extinguished as he fancied they would be, but instead, no sooner did he commence the operation, than they were blown up on every side into flames, which scorched him considerably, and very nearly consumed him altogether. Of that event I shall have to speak by and bye. I am now speaking of the country as it was about forty years ago. There was scarcely a road along which a carriage could travel, except in the immediate neighbourhood of Lisbon, and even such as there were near the capital were very bad; the convents were full of monks and nuns, who led very useless and idle, if not dissolute lives; very few people among the lower ranks could read, and many among the highest were grossly ignorant; while religious knowledge was at the lowest ebb even for a Roman Catholic country, and as a consequence, vice and immorality was prevalent among all classes, and only not noted because of its very prevalence. Yet notwithstanding this deplorable state of things, and the utter absence of an efficient police, crimes of violence were far less frequent in the northern part of the country than might have been supposed. From a long acquaintance with the Portuguese, I have formed a very favourable opinion of them as a people. They are patient, amiable and inoffensive, enduring hardships without grumbling, industrious, honest, and brave. I speak more especially of the inhabitants of the northern part of the country, many of whom are of the pure Gothic race, without any admixture of the Italians or Moors, who successively conquered the southern districts. In Lisbon, and in the southern provinces where the Moorish element very largely prevails, the assassin's dagger was in constant requisition, nor was Oporto itself altogether free from the same stigma.

I have heard many curious stories of the condition of the army before the arrival of the English officers to set things to rights. It was a common custom for noblemen and men of influence to obtain commissions for their upper servants, and thus to save themselves the expense of wages. When the English colonels went out they were not a little surprised to find some of the captains they were to command standing behind their chairs at a feast given by one of the Portuguese generals in honour of their arrival. One English officer had understood that he was to have the command of a certain regiment; on his reaching the country, he was told that he might be the major, but that the regiment had already got a colonel, one under whose banner it was never likely to be defeated. "Who is the invincible hero I am to serve under?" asked the astonished Englishman. "St. Anthony" was the answer. "If you go to the convent of San Antonio, you will find that the good prior regularly receives the pay for the saint, so that it is all right." Such the English officer found indeed was the case, but he did not consider it all right by any means, and before long the saint was deprived of his command, much to the anger of the prior and all the monks, who foretold that the regiment would be cut to pieces the next time it went into battle. "Never fear, my friends," said the English colonel to his men, "I have engaged the services of a first-rate saint for you. We call him St. Discipline, and he's the fellow to lead you on to victory."

CHAP. III.

Beauty of Portuguese Scenery. — Well watered. — Mountains. — Description of Oporto. — Convents and Monasteries. — Taking the Veil. — Death of a Nun during the Ceremony. — Nunneries in England. — The Serra Convent. — San Antonio Convent and its Statues.

The scenery of Portugal is very beautiful. A range of hills runs from one end of the kingdom to the other, at a short distance from the sea, and at right angles to it other ranges extend inland, rising in altitude as they recede from the coast. The two highest mountains are the Serra d'Estrella and the Serra de Marão. Between these ranges, the river Douro finds its way from Spain into the Atlantic at Oporto, the beautiful Minho runs parallel with it on the north, having Vianna at its mouth. Between the

Douro and the Tagus, is the willow-shaded Mondego, on whose classic banks stands Coimbra and its university, and on the banks of the Tagus, a stream of considerable size, is built the capital, Lisbon. Portugal is therefore well watered, and in every direction are rich valleys, full of orange and fig trees, the sides of the hills are clothed with the olive and the vine, and more level spots wave with wheat and the rich yellow heads of the Indian corn. The climate, though hot at times, in summer is very healthy, for the air is always pure, and the cold is seldom intense, and never endures long.

LITTER TRAVELLING IN PORTUGAL.

The districts in which the vines grow which produce the port wine so well known in England, commence at about fifty miles from the sea, on a succession of lofty hills along the banks of the Douro. Looking down upon it as guardian of the treasures of the land, stand the two giant mountains, the Serra d'Estrella and the Serra de Marão, of which I have spoken. When I say, that over this wild, rocky, and hilly country the only roads were very uneven mule tracks, often across torrents and along the side of steep precipices, the inconvenience and difficulty of travelling may well be conceived. People could travel only in litters, on mule-back, or on foot, while the carts used were drawn by oxen, and were of the rudest and most primitive description. The inns were also of a very rude description, as was often the fare to be found at them; and yet, from the spice of adventure, and the slight risk to be run from encounters with bandits, the chance of losing my way or being tumbled over a precipice, I have enjoyed my travels in Portugal more than in any other part of Europe. After this short sketch of the historical and physical aspect of Portugal forty years ago, I will return to my description of Oporto and its immediate neighbourhood as it was at that period. Oporto is built on a huge rock of granite. The streets are very irregular, running up and

down hills, and twisting and turning in every direction. When the heavy rains of that climate fall, they have the appearance of water courses; while as the houses have long trumpets which shoot off the water from the roofs, the unfortunate passer by is certain to get thoroughly drenched. When there is a strong wind, the trumpeting, splashing, and spluttering warn him of dangers which he cannot possibly avoid. At the end of many of the streets were churches, and convents with churches attached to them. These convents were the abode of numerous monks and nuns, of whom I will speak presently. The churches were of an exceedingly composite style, in which it was difficult to say whether Roman, Gothic, Moorish, or Byzantine predominated. The towers, however, which rose up in all directions, added to the picturesque appearance of the city. I speak of the past; the towers and the churches, however, still remain. On the numerous heights surrounding Oporto were beautiful pine woods, the valleys were full of orange groves, and country houses, and gardens, and the meadows and wild ground were covered with bright-coloured and sweet-scented flowers, among which my brothers and sisters and I used to revel. On the south of the city, at the bottom of a deep gorge with precipitous cliffs, flows the river Douro. On the summit of the opposite cliffs stood the Serra convent, with its high dome, the largest and most fashionable in the neighbourhood. Far below it, in a broad valley, were the wine lodges or stores of the merchants, where the port wine was kept, ready to be shipped off to other countries. Nearer the sea down the river was the San Antonio Convent, which had large gardens and orange groves attached to it.

The above view I took looking over the wall, from the beautiful garden of the Fontainhas in Oporto. Opposite stands the Serra Convent; below it is the bridge of boats which joined the two banks of the river, and is now superseded by a chain bridge. To the right near the river is Villa Nova, with the stores in which the merchants keep their port wine. Below the convent on the left is the spot whence the Duke of Wellington crossed with his army to attack Marshal Soult; again on the right of the sketch is part of the old Gothic wall of the city with one of the towers, which was used as a summer house by the nuns of the convent of Santa Clara which stands inside the wall. The idea is that the city wall was built by the Moors, but they never held Oporto, and it is undoubtedly Gothic. Both the Serra and San Antonio Convents have been destroyed, as indeed have happily all the convents in Portugal, for they were a sad incubus

on the industry of the people, irrespective of other important considerations. Most of the nunneries have also been abolished, and no fresh nuns are

THE SERRA CONVENT AND VILLA NOVA, TAKEN FROM THE GARDEN OF FONTAINHAS ON THE OPORTO SIDE OF THE DOURO.

allowed to profess. My family were acquainted with several nuns. They were ladies of the best families in the country. Their numbers were kept up by various means; very few, it was said, went in of their own free choice. If a gentleman had several daughters and very little fortune to give them, he sent those less likely to marry into a convent.

If he wished one of them to marry a person whom she did not like, he gave the poor girl her choice of taking the husband of his selection or of assuming the veil. Often the unhappy girl married the man she disliked, but frequently she avoided tyranny at home by submitting to the greater tyranny of the convent; and without even the belief that she was doing what was pleasing to God, immured herself for the remainder of her life within its walls, and either sunk into a state of apathetic indifference to

all around her, or became fretful and repining, and miserable. Vice, also, of the blackest dye was not excluded from those convents, and I have heard too well-authenticated tales of crimes, such as make one shudder, perpetrated within those walls. When a woman becomes a nun, she is said to take the veil, because a veil is thrown over her, to signify that she is parted from the world and is to become the bride of the Church. When she first enters a convent, she takes the white veil only, and becomes a novice, but makes no irrevocable vows. She is now in a state of probation, and may leave it and marry if she desires it, and her friends can get her out. In some instances, I have known ladies who have remained for some years unwilling to take the black veil. If they have no fortunes to add to the wealth of the convent, the superiors have been indifferent to the matter, but when they have been heiresses every art has been used to induce them to take the irrevocable vows, and to give up all their wealth. No ceremony of the Romish Church is more sad or more hateful, and few more blasphemous, than that when a girl takes the black veil. The church of the convent is brilliantly lighted up with wax tapers, and richly adorned with flowers and silks,—music is playing,—incense is waving. The priests in their gorgeous robes are at the altar, bending, bowing, and chanting. Before it stands a bier. The nun appears; but can that sweet girl be a nun? She is decked as a bride in her gayest attire,—surrounded by her relatives and acquaintance, she advances to the altar. An unnatural excitement lights up her eyes,—she scarcely knows what she is about. The music peals high — mass is performed. Again she is led out of the church at a side door, by a band of the sisterhood. A short time passes,—the door opens—a trembling figure enters, the gay bridal attire, the long hair, the sparkling jewels, are gone. She is hurriedly led up to the bier, on which, sad mockery, she is placed. The funeral service is performed. A black pall is thrown over her. The bell tolls as if for the dead. Then triumphant strains fill the church,—the pall is lifted,—but why does not the poor girl arise? It was only a ceremony she had to go through, to signify that she is dead to the world, but she is to live happy and contented in the convent. Whether a ceremony or not, she has made that dying part a sad reality. Burnt feathers and hartshorn and cold water are brought, but they have no effect. The doctor comes and bleeds her, but she gives no signs of life. Her heart broke, or horror overpowered her; the monks and priests are baulked of their prey. Had she survived the ordeal, she would have been lifted up shrouded in the

veil, and blasphemously saluted as the Bride of Christ. Such has been the fate of more than one poor girl, driven unwillingly to become a nun. Such was the fate of one of whom we heard just before our arrival in Portugal. After this, the ceremony of placing the nun on the bier was omitted. Instead of it, she was placed on the ground, and flowers were thrown over her, but still she had to listen to the funeral service, as if performed for her. * When we hear of some hundred convents being established in England, it is time to brush up our recollections of the characters of those institutions as we have known them in days gone by, in foreign lands; and I ask my true-hearted English readers, how they would wish to see their sisters and cousins, or any of their young countrywomen, subject to such a system? I assure them that I cannot pronounce the English intrinsically a whit more moral or virtuous than the Portuguese, and the same evils which existed in Catholic Portugal, and which caused the abolition of the convents, will assuredly in time spring up in England.

Of course, those establishments for the Sisters of Charity will be looked on with a far more lenient eye by all sects, than the ordinary nunneries. However, pray listen to me, and try and understand my meaning. The existence of those institutions arises from the very low estimate of the character of Christianity, and the duties of all Christians held by the world in general. All men, women, and children, who profess to be Christians, are as much bound to go about and do all the good in their power, as are those Professed Sisters of Charity. Our Lord does not say, "You are to take an oath to do my will, you are to unite yourselves into brotherhoods and sisterhoods, and then to set about doing good;" but, "If you love me and would be my disciple, you must obey me, and employ yourself here in my service." If all Christians did their duty, every woman would be a sister of charity, every man would be a brother of Christ.

The Serra Convent was one of the largest and most wealthy near Oporto. Standing on a lofty eminence it commanded a view over all the city on the north, and across a fine undulating country to the south. It had gardens full of flowers, and orange groves, and terraced walks, and fish-ponds. Beneath its lofty cliffs the Duke of Wellington passed his gallant army across the river to attack the French, then in possession of Oporto. It was a delightful and very healthy spot, and accordingly many members of the first families in the country, who had a fancy for a life of ease and did not exactly know what do with themselves, retired thither from the world. None, indeed, but men of noble rank were admitted into

the convent. They had considerable revenues, amounting to upwards of 4000*l.* a year. They always appeared abroad mounted on sleek mules, and their own robes were white and of the best materials, and put on with an air which showed that they looked upon themselves as men of rank and fashion. They certainly did not pride themselves on the depth of their learning, but they were fond of exhibiting in society their wit and powers of satire. Their rules did not compel them to shut themselves up within the walls of the convent; but they mixed freely in society, and partook of most of its amusements. It has always puzzled me to understand why these worthies became monks, and of what use they pretended to be in the world. I must describe another convent, that of San Antonio, on the bank of the river close to the water's edge. Before it stood a shrine established by the monks, at which the fishermen, as they came down the river to go out to their nightly occupation, always stopped, that they might entreat the monks to offer up prayers for their success. On their return in the morning they never failed to leave a portion of the finny spoil they had obtained as payment. The dinner table of the convent was, therefore, well supplied with the best of fish. The chief pride of the friars was their garden, or in the statues, which stood in rows under the rich tinted orange trees, and amid the profusion of flowers which they cultivated. Well do I remember the terraces, and stone steps, and balustrades, and the fish-ponds, or rather tanks, full of gold and silver fish, with water spouting up in the middle — and, more than all, the statues. Very strange figures they were. How they came to adorn the garden of a body of contemplative Christian monks it is difficult to say. They must have been bought by the dozen I suspect, without any reference to their character. All the heathen gods and goddesses were there mixed up in delightful confusion, with numberless saints, male and female, of the Romish calendar. Jupiter and Juno, Vulcan and Venus, Mars, Apollo, Mercury, and Neptune, the Bachelors as well as the Benedicts, were all there; but the worthy monks, ignorant of their characters, used to point them out, with great satisfaction, as the representatives of the saints, male and female, whom they were supposed to worship. Mars was passed off as St. Anthony, Apollo represented King David, Jupiter did duty as St. Peter, and Mercury as the Angel Gabriel, while Pan was pointed out as the Spirit of Evil. They were, I remember, statues of surpassing ugliness, such as are to be seen in the gardens of old French châteaux, and were produced during the dark ages of art. They

and the monks have long since departed — they probably to mend roads or to fill up trenches, while the monks are in their graves. The convent was burnt down, and the walls of the church have been roofed in to form a wine store.

TOLDO BOAT ON THE DOURO.

CHAP. IV.

Country People. — Festas. — Their love of Music. — Amiable Character. — Offerings to the Saints. — St. John's. — Moving House. — Scenes at the Bathing Place. — The fat Friar's Bathing. — Country People's notion of Bathing. — Loss of a Ship on the Bar. My early Voyages across the Bay of Biscay. — Save the Ship from Burning. — Coach-travelling in my School Days.

THE Portuguese of the lower orders are seen to most advantage at their country fêtes. Festas or Romarias they are called, held in honour of some saint in front of the parish church. I have very often been to them. In the open space in front of the church booths are erected, at which sweet cakes, dried fish and fried fish, light new wine, cheese, and more especially little pictures of the saints, are sold. From the surrounding villages the merry makers assemble, decked in their gayest attire. The farmer's wife, glittering with gold chains and long pendant gold earrings, in black hat and white handkerchief hanging down beneath it, in cloth jacket and petticoat, mounted on a mule or donkey, with her husband following on his gaily caparisoned steed, safe of foot though slow of speed. Other dames appear on donkeys and their husbands on foot ; indeed, the greater number of people walk to the scene of action dressed in all the varieties of costume I have before described. Sometimes some twenty or thirty people are to be seen proceeding along the road together, with violas, a sort of guitar with three strings, in hand. They sing as they go impromptu verses, now one, now the other takes up the strain, often men and women alternately ; sometimes several men sing in succession, and

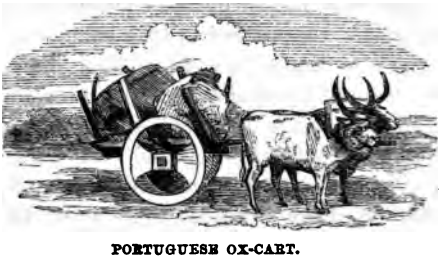
then a woman answers them, the shouts and shrieks of laughter which follow showing the wit of the rustic poets. I cannot say that their poetry is very good or very refined, while there is much monotony in the airs they sing, but it affords them infinite satisfaction. I wish that our English peasantry had any amusement half as refined, or that they were capable of singing as well, or of making as good poetry, as the often despised sons of Lusitania. When the festival-holders reach the church, they enter, and attend a short mass, and offer a candle at the shrine of the saint, and then they refresh themselves with fried fish, and broa, and cheese, and cakes, and wine, and buy a picture of the saint, which they stick in front of their hats, or, if they have no hats, pin it on to the front of their dresses. Bonnets were things unknown till of late years. The broa I speak of is the bread made of Indian corn flour. It is very close, being made without leaven, and of a yellow colour, but it is very sweet and wholesome.

A MARBLE CROSS IN FRONT OF A CHURCH NEAR OPORTO.

These churches have generally a cross in front of them. I sketched the above, which is of white marble, and stands near a very ancient country church.

The feasting over, which is of a very abstemious character, they form groups and dance to the music of their own violas and voices; and much to their credit, I have rarely seen the slightest approach to drunkenness or quarrelling of any sort at their Romarias. As they assemble they disperse in good humour, singing and dancing and playing on their way

home. How different would be the scene, I am afraid, in England on a similar occasion. These country churches have usually several shrines in them with a large painted, wooden figure of the Virgin Mary, or of some saint dressed in real clothes, placed on the altar. When any of the poor people are afflicted with a disease in any of their limbs, they pray to their patron saint that they may be cured. If they are cured, they buy a model of the limb, an arm or a foot, or a leg, made in wax, sometimes as large as the reality, and come and hang it up at the shrine of the saint. They make also an offering more acceptable to the priest, if not to the saint, in money. The priests like to get their church adorned with these wax offerings, because when the poor people visit it, and see a great number of limbs hung up, they say, "Oh, what a good and powerful saint that must be to cure so many people, he shall be my saint in future; I will go and worship at his shrine." As the people are taught to consider the giving of alms a very important part of their worship, the profits of the priests are increased in proportion to the popularity of the saint. I will give one scene more descriptive of my early recollections of Portugal. We each summer went down to a country house my father rented at St. João du Foz, or St. John's as the English called the village, at the mouth of the Douro. A very small amount of furniture was required in that hot season, so it was all sent down from our town house. Now, as it would have been broken to pieces had it been sent in a cart, it was all carried down on the heads of women, a distance of three or four miles. Tables, chairs, sofas, beds, were lifted up on pads, placed on the top of their heads, and away they walked as upright as poplars, and with the step of queens. Sometimes quite young girls would make two and even three journeys in the day. Often thirty or forty of them were employed, and I believe we never lost any article of which they took charge.



PORTUGUESE OX-CART.

The heavier pieces of furniture were carried in on carts, and seldom escaped damage on the journey, which, considering the rude nature of the vehicle, is

not surprising. The sea shore near St. John's is composed of yellow sands with black rocks jutting out into the sea. Between these black rocks little bays are formed, which are used as bathing places. Streets of little square canvass tents are erected on the shore for the bathers to undress in. The bathers are habited in blue serge dresses, both ladies and gentlemen, as are the men and women who bathe them. Their friends, in gay attire, sit perched about on the rocks on either side as spectators of the performance. Now a whole string will go in together, to meet the white crested wave as it comes tumbling in. Now a gentleman leads in a lady with the same air that he would lead her to a dance, and they are seen dipping their heads together while the sea curls over them. It is a funny thing to see thirty or forty of our acquaintances all bobbing away in the water at the same time, tall and short, young and old, fat and thin; and then to see them come out dripping like Niobe, all tears, and rush into their tents to assume their habiliments, the curtain being lifted up by some friend that they may not pop into the wrong one. Our great amusement was to see a fat old friar of most buoyant proportions, who had been ordered by his doctor to bathe, but who had a most hydrophobiacal dread of water. He was attended by six or eight bathing people, and had a rope fastened round his waist. The men stood on the shore holding on to the rope, four women accompanied him into the sea to duck him, for duck himself he could not, more than can a cork or an empty cask. First they had to coax him in, and then, when they had got him there, they took care that he should have the prescribed number of dips. They treated him just as if he was a child. "Come Senhor Frade, one dip more; don't be alarmed, you've not had enough yet," they used to cry out as they prepared again to duck him. "Oh let me out, let me out!" he would exclaim, and sometimes would scramble away from them and regain the shore amid the shouts of laughter from his attendants, who seemed to hold this *pillow* of the Church in very little respect. Often the country people are ordered to take twenty or thirty baths; but as they cannot spare so many days away from their homes, they take several in one day, and are much surprised that they do not benefit by the system. The English residents bathe at a short distance along the shore away from the spot used by the Portuguese. Sudden squalls often spring up on that coast. A sad occurrence made a deep impression on my mind when I was a child. A large Brazilian ship under all sail was about to enter the river. A flag is hoisted on a castle at its mouth, when there is sufficient water to allow vessels to enter. The flag was flying. The ship approached, a dark cloud rose over the horizon. The ship stood on.

White foaming crests danced over the waves. Suddenly the flag was hauled down. Still the ship did not alter her course. The port was close at hand. In a few minutes more those on board would be welcomed by friends and relatives long unseen. A gun was fired from the castle. It was answered by the artillery of the skies. Down came torrents of rain obscuring the atmosphere, and a severe gust shook the house from the upper windows of which I was looking forth. The storm cleared off, and when once more I gazed out, the tall ship was gone. Too late when the gun was fired, she had attempted to haul her wind, and struck by the squall, she had driven on a rock, and instantly gone over and sunk. Her top-gallantmasts for several days afterwards appeared above water, and marked the spot where she had foundered. Most of her passengers and crew, and several of the pilots who had gone out to help her into port, met a watery grave. This sad catastrophe was one of the last events I remember happening while I was in Portugal. For years afterwards I used to dream of it, and fancy I saw ships sailing smoothly over the ocean, and then on a sudden sink beneath the waves.

I many years after that, encountered a very great danger near the same spot. I was on board a large powerful steamer going home, and crossing the bar of the river, when suddenly a gale sprung up, and a heavy sea came rolling in with terrific force. I was on the paddle-box. It struck the port or left bow of the vessel. On the right hand were edges of dark rocks, over which the breakers with loud roars dashed furiously. Every timber in the vessel quivered. For an instant the machinery became as if paralysed; each seaman held his breath, and well he might. It seemed too probable that the next moment the gallant craft and all on board would be hurled to destruction. Another second's delay would have been fatal; but once again the powerful paddles revolved, and the steamer dashed on over the coming rollers, and away she darted out to sea, free from danger. It blew, however, a heavy gale; but we were, where sailors never fear to be, in a stout ship far off from land on the wide ocean. We, as it was, carried off our pilot, who had to make an unintentional visit to England.

I crossed the Bay of Biscay four times before I was nine years old. On one occasion I gained great credit for an act I performed. I lay in my berth awake, and no wonder, for the ship was rolling and pitching, the bulkheads were creaking, the wind was roaring, and the sea in its fury lashing her sides. A little unshaded lamp hung in the centre of the cabin. From side to side it swung, and frequently came close to the light

chintz curtains of my berth. Now it almost scorched them. I was certain it would set them on fire. I might, perhaps, have secured them, but I did not think of that. I knew that if the light was out there would be no danger, so I sprang out of my berth, puffed out the lamp, and scrambled in again as fast as I could, crying out, "It's all right, the ship won't catch fire now."

In those days the merchant vessels, mostly wall-sided bluff-bowed brigs, took two or three weeks, and often a month or six weeks, to perform a voyage now got over in four or five days. I have been more than three weeks on board a vessel making a passage between the Isle of Wight and Oporto. Where she went to during that time I cannot tell. I know that when all the fowls were eaten up, and the bread was getting mouldy, and the water bad, we got into port. During my school days my travels were chiefly confined to a journey four times a year between Eagle House, Brook Green, Hammersmith, and another seminary for young gentlemen, long since closed, and the south of Hampshire, where I spent my holidays. Those journeys were always performed in those celebrated conveyances the Telegraph and Independent coaches. Well do I remember the delight I felt at seeing one of them pull up at the Green Man, Hammersmith, with four splendid greys, when the coachman, with broad-brimmed white hat, would dismount, put my trunk in the boot, and help me up to a seat behind him. Off the coach would set in a moment, and soon we would be going at the rate of ten miles an hour at least. Taylor was a fine specimen of the genus coachman. He was proud of himself and his coach, and of everything connected with it, while he could discourse well on affairs in general, especially on every topic connected with the counties through which his road lay. He was a tall, thin, sunburnt man, with eagle eyes and aquiline nose. His napless hat, thick white greatcoat, and top boots were as clean and polished as the mud and dust would allow them to be. He was tenacious of his rights and privileges, and no one thought of offering as a fee less than half-a-crown. With what speed we whisked along up and down hill, and how rapidly we changed horses. Scarcely had we pulled up when an ostler, standing at the head of each of the fresh horses, they were hooked on and away we went again like a flash of lightning, so we thought in those days, though we scarcely went as fast as a broken down locomotive does in a modern railway. The coach left the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, at eight o'clock in the morning, and reached Southampton at four in the afternoon — magnificent going, superb travelling.

CHAP. V.

Utility of Geographical Knowledge.—The Mendip Hills and Dean Buckland.—Carisbrook Archery Meeting.—Tour in the Isle of Wight.—First Voyage in a Steamer.—Visit to Northumberland.—Dunstanborough Castle.—The Hermit of Warkworth.

I DESCRIBED at the end of my last chapter my travels during my schoolboy days between Hammersmith and the south of Hampshire. I remember having, on one of these journeys, an example of the importance of possessing a little geographical knowledge. One of my schoolfellows told me that he was to spend his holidays at Leamington, or, as he pronounced it, Lymington. "That's near where I live," was my reply, and we agreed that we would go together. Accordingly I wrote to secure our places, and in high glee we set off. We had got nearly half-way to Southampton when he pulled a letter out of his pocket, and began to enlighten me as to its contents. "You will enjoy Warwickshire. It is a famous county for hunting," was a passage in it which struck my ear. "Warwickshire! why we are going into Hampshire. My Leamington is in Hampshire," I exclaimed. "Let me look at the letter, my boy," said a gentleman sitting near us. Sure enough my schoolfellow had got into, not the wrong box, but the wrong coach. Fortunately the up coach had a spare place, and to it he was transferred, and had that night to begin his journey again to his Leamington in Warwickshire. Very many years after that event, on going down to Southampton by the railway in a second class carriage, I discovered a poor woman perpetrating a mistake from her ignorance of geography likely to cause her very great disappointment. She was about to emigrate, much against her will, to *New South Wales* with her husband, who was a sailor; but he had persuaded her that she would not be so very far from her relations, because she had a brother who was a schoolmaster in *Newfoundland*, and that she might easily run over to see him. "I suppose, sir," she observed naïvely, "all them *new* countries is together." That reminds me of the ignorance of some of my old Portuguese acquaintance as to geographical knowledge. One young gentleman took me by the button one day,—"Tell me," he said, "I cannot make it out. Sometimes I find that ships come from England, and sometimes from London. Is London in England, or England in London, or are they different countries?" Another of high rank, when asked to sign his name to request Don Miguel

to usurp the throne, answered that his hand trembled so much that really he could not hold the pen,—the truth being that he did not know how to write. Yet in society he could rattle on as fluently as any one. After I left school my first journeys were into Somersetshire, to a private tutor's among the romantic Mendip Hills. I there, from his example, learned to sketch from nature, and imbibed a love of picturesque scenery which was a good preparation for the travels in France and Italy which I was, ere long, to commence. Many a delightful ramble had I among those Mendip Hills. They are rich not only in picturesque scenery, but in objects of natural history; and the botanist, the entomologist, and the geologist may there revel amid the abundance spread out before them. In the neighbourhood are a number of churches with beautiful towers built by Henry the Seventh, and not far off was old Glastonbury Abbey, to which I made

frequent visits ; a fine ruin, giving one a good idea of the magnificence of the buildings in which the monks of the middle ages resided. At no great distance were caves full of the bones of lions, tigers, and bears, and other animals which are now only found in intertropical regions. They

are at Banwell, the property of the bishop of the diocese. We descended to the main cavern by a succession of ladders, and had to crawl through narrow passages under stalactites dripping with wet. They were presided over by a jealous old guardian, who was constantly on the watch to prevent any of his beloved bones from being carried off. We taxed him with his unjust suspicions.

"Do you fancy that we want to steal any of your old bones?" we asked.

"Not quite sure about it," he answered gruffly. "I'll tell you what. There were two gentlemen came down from London not long ago; one was a great man they call Dr. Buckland, a clergyman, and a dean, more shame to him. There was a pile of bones I would'nt have had disturbed on any account whatever. Well the friend got me aside and began to talk to me very earnestly, and ask me all sorts of questions, and I never thought of looking what the dean was about. At last up the ladders they went. I did hear the dean's pockets rattle, but I did'nt think what was in them at the time. In the evening master came. 'I understand Dr. Buckland has been here,' said he; 'I hope you kept an eye on him.' I said that with so great a gentleman that was'nt necessary surely. But would you believe it? when I went back not a bone of my cherished pile was left; the dean must have carried off a whole tiger at least in his pocket. Oh these scientific gentlemen has no conscience!" was the winding-up remark of the old custos. All our assurances that we were not scientific, would in no way make him relax his Cerberus-like watchfulness. One of my favourite excursions was to the village of Cheddar, well known for its cheese, but more attractive in my sight for a very picturesque gorge through the hills known as the Cheddar Cliffs. It appears as if the hill had, by some mighty convulsion of nature, been rent asunder, leaving a space just sufficient for a broad road between the perpendicular cliffs thus formed. But interesting as the recollections of those scenes are to me, I must not longer dwell on them. I accompanied my kind tutor into Dorsetshire, where I remained some time. On leaving him I commenced keeping a journal of my adventures in a more regular form than I had ever before done.

I find that on the 23rd of August, 1831, I formed one of a large party who attended an archery meeting at Carisbrook Castle, near Newport in the Isle of Wight. It was one of the grandest which ever took place within the precincts of those venerable walls. No spot in England is better suited for such a meeting. The castle stands on the

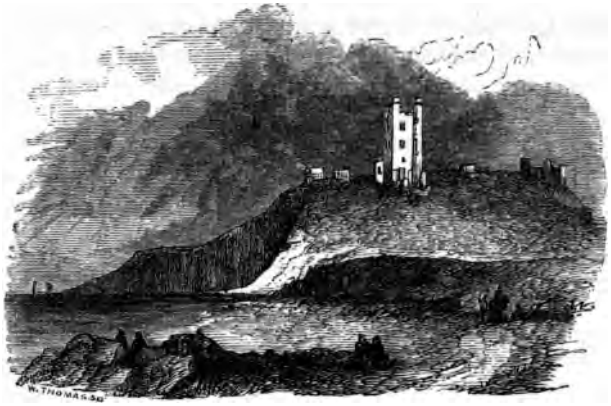
summit of a hill, and on one side of it is a large circular space covered with the softest sward, and surrounded by high banks. It was, I fancy, a Roman encampment, and was afterwards used as the tilting court of the castle. On this occasion it was graced by the presence of England's future queen the Princess Victoria, and her mother, the Duchess of Kent. The Royal party were assembled under a tent, pitched on one side, and facing the ivy-covered walls of the castle. At one end of the ground was a tent for the archers, and behind it was the band of the marines, which played some triumphant strains each time the bull's eye was struck. On each side of the tent were numbers of ladies and gentlemen, while on the surrounding banks were collected the populace who had come from far and near to see the sight. The princess bestowed the prizes ; a golden arrow, and a silver cross and chain for the ladies, and medals for the gentlemen. Archery, I fancy, was at that time only coming into vogue, and the shooting was far from admirable. After the Royal party had gone, baskets of provisions were unpacked, and a general picnic took place, and the amusements of the day were wound up by a merry dance in a large room which had been restored within the walls of the castle. My first actual tour in search of the picturesque was round the Isle of Wight. Pedestrian excursions with knapsack on back were not so much in vogue as they are at the present day. I hired a pony, my valise was strapped on at my saddle behind, and my sketch-book and colour-box were slung in a case over my shoulder. No excursion trains or steamers brought people by thousands to the quiet, retired, little island in those days. The inns were very small, but neat and clean, and Ventnor, Bonchurch, Niton were little villages, boasting but of a few cottages. Blackgang Chine slept in picturesque solitude, and royal feet had never trod the shores of the Undercliff. With several letters of introduction, in high glee off I trotted from the little town of Yarmouth. That place then sent two members to Parliament, and has a castle with guns, which no one dares to fire. Newton, near it, also was represented by two members ; but the new members had invariably to obtain a guide to show them the houses of the inhabitants of whose opinions they were the expositors. A few cottages embowered among trees on the side of a muddy creek, constitute that ancient borough. I was more accustomed in those days to boats than to horses, and my steed soon discovered that he had not got a very practised rider on his back. Before long we came to a broad stream with a rapid current. The pony thought to himself,— "Now, if I

can but roll off my rider, I shall be able to take a pleasant bath, instead of having to trot along yonder hot dusty road." He stood stock still, began to paw the water, and to bend his knees, and, I felt to my dismay, was about to lie down in spite of all my beating, and pulling, and hallooing. At length a farmer came ambling by, and with his thick whip, to my great satisfaction, belaboured the animal until he moved on to dry ground. I visited Carisbrook Castle, where poor Charles the First was imprisoned by the Roundheads before he was conveyed to Hurst. Then I went on to Appeldercombe, the residence of Lord Yarborough, and across to Blackgang Chine. From thence I skirted the coast, slowly passing along the most beautiful portion of it, the Undercliff. I put up my pony at the most interesting spots, and walked about and took sketches till it was time to go on again. The Undercliff is in miniature very like the road from Genoa along the shore of the Mediterranean to Leghorn, over which I was soon to travel. I will not dwell longer on this pleasant little trip. I would advise my readers to follow my example. Many people prefer pedestrian tours. They have the advantage of being economical. On foot also a person can make short cuts and visit spots on the way, which the horseman cannot so well reach. On the other hand, the horseman pushes along rapidly over an uninteresting road, and then he arrives fresh with his baggage at the spot he may wish to explore. Another pleasant way of touring is with several friends, and to have a boy with a pony to carry the baggage, and any specimens of natural history which may be collected. The important rule which a tourist should observe is to have, before starting, a definite object.

My next excursion was to the north of England by sea in a steamer, on board which I should not now like to venture. She was long and narrow, only measuring about 150 tons; she rolled fearfully, and there was no bulkhead between the engine room and the cabin, so that the unfortunate passengers were almost parboiled, while the odours of hot wood and oil and other mixtures were scarcely endurable. We started at noon, saw the Nore light at 8 P. M. and were off Cromer on the Norfolk coast next morning. Standing across the Wash we lost sight of land, and the following morning were off Sunderland. Here some boats called cobbles, came dancing out to us over the seas. They have very deep stems, no keels, but slope away upward to the stern, and the rudder runs a long way down below their bottoms. They are thus very easily beached stern first. I have observed that the build of boats varies according to the character of the coast and

the sort of sea they have to encounter, the inhabitants finding what is most suitable to their particular requirements. Owing to a neglect of this consideration, so many English boats are lost landing on foreign shores or in crossing bars. If a native is able to land in his canoe or catamaran, or some other odd-looking machine, a young English officer too often fancies that it is a disgrace not to be able to do the same in his elegant gig or stout barge. Too many have in consequence lost their own lives and those of their people. We entered the Tyne at 8 P.M., and I much admired the fine ruins of the Tynemouth Castle on the cliffs above standing up proudly against the sky. Numbers of little steamers were dodging about, fizzing and smoking in the most fussy manner conceivable, looking as if they had nothing to do, but I dare say they were very busy. Our steamer could go no higher than Shields, so in one of them we went up to Newcastle, situated on the high bank of the river, and a very smoky place I thought it. Many fine buildings have since been erected, and it is now a handsome city. Great indeed are the improvements which have been made in nearly all the commercial towns in England, during the last thirty years, a time of unequalled peace and prosperity. I myself can scarcely recognise many of the towns I formerly knew, so much more beautiful and clean and elegant have they become. The town was then ill-drained, and the cholera, which had lately made its appearance in England, was raging. We, therefore, as soon as a carriage could be procured, drove rapidly through it on our northward journey. I can smile now at having thought it necessary to put a cigar in my mouth and to smoke away fiercely as I sat on the coach box in order to keep off the fell and much dreaded disease. Our visit was to the house of a relative on the wild Northumbrian coast. The spot is picturesque and interesting from its very wildness and solitude. It is inhabited chiefly by a hardy race of fishermen, bold and fearless, whose open boats are often seen as far south as Great Yarmouth in Norfolk and a long way to the north on the shores of Scotland. One of my favourite trips during my stay was to the old castle of Dunstanborough. The weather-beaten ruins stand on the summit of a black cliff rising sheer out of the ocean. Three towers, one square and the others semicircular, remain with the greater portion of the outer wall enclosing a space of several acres of green turf, over which, instead of mailclad warriors, peaceable sheep are now found wandering. The principal tower overlooks a deep gully or gap in the rocks, up which the sea, during easterly gales, rushes with tremendous force and a terrific noise, lashed into masses of foam, which leap high over

the crumbling walls. It is known by the significant name of the Rumble Churn. This ocean-guarded fortress was erected, so say the chronicles, in the fourteenth century by Thomas Earl of Lancaster, and many a tale



of sieges and border warfare its stones could tell, for the Cheviot Hills, the boundary between Scotland and England, can be seen from the summit of its battlements. Having bravely held out for Queen Margaret of Anjou, it was completely dismantled in the reign of Edward the Fourth, and has ever since remained like a lion deprived of its claws, crouching over the ocean a sad memento of its former power. I paid an interesting visit also to the far less stern and more picturesque ruins of Warkworth Castle on the river Coquet. It stands on a high wood-covered hill almost surrounded by the river, and at a short distance from the town of Warkworth. So beautiful is the site that the predecessor of the present Duke of Northumberland contemplated restoring it, to make it his residence instead of the castle of Alnwick. The keep or donjon forms the north front; its figure is square with the corners rounded off, and semicircular towers projecting from each side. Although the woodwork has disappeared, the masonry is in so good a state of preservation, that we could without difficulty trace out the different parts of the fortress. The ruins have altogether a peculiarly light and elegant appearance. Taking a boat we rowed a short distance up between the richly wooded banks of the river to the cave

where once dwelt the far-famed hermit of Warkworth. His abode was in a rock which stands up out of the water to the height of twenty feet, and is both overhung and shrouded in by trees with the most luxuriant foliage. In days of yore a gallant knight of Warkworth was betrothed to a lovely lady. Long had he been absent in the wars, fighting against the Panym. The knight, ignorant of who he was, met him in the society of his sister, and in a sudden fit of blind jealousy, slew him without stopping to inquire. The lady died, and the knight, overcome with remorse, cast off his armour and spurs, and donning the hermit's robe of serge, betook himself to this grotto. Here, with chisel in hand, he carved out a chapel in a very elegant manner, eighteen feet long, eight high, and eight wide, surrounded by a gallery and an inner sleeping chamber. He also cut out a flight of steps in the rock leading to a garden on the summit of the cliffs, which shows him to have been a man of taste if not of wisdom. A shady walk runs along the bank of the river in front of the most picturesque of grottoes. The Northumbrian peasants put me much in mind of the Lowland Scotch. They are a sturdy, independent, kind-hearted, and honest race. When I have been asking my way, they seldom have failed, before telling me, to inquire, "Where do you come from?" and till that point was ascertained I could never get the required answer. I can always recognise a Northumbrian by the peculiar way in which he invariably pronounces the letter *r*. I spent many pleasant weeks among kind friends near the borders, and then once more turned my face southward.

CHAP. VI.

Proposed Visit to Italy.—Preparations for the Journey.—Stay at Havre.—Commence our Journey South.—French Postillions of by-gone Days.—Beauty of the Seine.—Advice to young Travellers.—My Mistakes.

TOWARDS the end of the summer of the year 1832,—it sounds as if it was a great many years ago, but to me it appears but as yesterday,—when occupied in looking over my journal and my sketches, I received an invitation from a near and revered relative to accompany her to Italy. To say that I jumped at the offer would not convey half the satisfaction and

delight I felt, as thoughts of Rome and its ruins, Genoa and its marble palaces, Naples and its bay, Vesuvius and Pompeii and Herculaneum, those resuscitated cities of the old world, the wondrous passes of the Alps, and the picturesque scenery of the Apennines, of which I had read but scarcely expected to see—crowded into my imagination. Never was anybody more active in getting ready than I; but a carriage was to be bought and fitted, passports to be procured, as well as letters of credit and certain legal matters to be settled, with which I, however, had nothing to do. The weather was very fine; it might change; and so it was resolved that we would cross at once and wait for the carriage and luggage and all the &c. &c. which —— was to bring over when ready. We were accompanied by a French friend, who was about to pay a visit to his native land. Most lovely was that 20th day of September when we steamed down the Southampton Water on board the "Camilla," Captain Forder, bound for Havre, at the mouth of the Seine. At dusk we lost sight of Dunnose Head, the last point we were to see for many a month of our lovely little island. After a smooth run of fourteen hours, we came soon after daybreak in sight of some high cliffs with two lighthouses on them. The cliffs form one side of the mouth of the Seine, a line of blue land which we saw in the distance forms the other. We rounded a pier on which stands another lighthouse, and entered the harbour between two fine stone quays bringing up near the Custom House. Then for the first time I set foot on French soil, and heard veritable French chattered away at what seemed to me a prodigious rate by veritable Frenchmen. We soon had a gentle intimation given us, that though we were in the land of the brave and the beautiful, we were not in the land of the free, for we were forthwith marched up to the Custom House, and had to undergo a personal search which was anything but pleasant. My French friend was excessively indignant, but as we had nothing contraband in our pockets or carpet bags, we were soon allowed to go free. Not so, however, an English lady's maid, who had crossed with us. She soon rushed out almost in tears and exclaiming bitterly, "Oh marm, they've taken my bustle! they've taken my bustle!—can't I have back my bustle?" In vain did the poor damsel plead for her lost adornment; not only was it taken but cut open and found to contain a piece of new stuff to make a gown. A giggling, fat, jolly young Irish lady on a similar occasion escaped better. In her trunks were two dresses which certainly looked perfectly new. It was difficult from their appearance to suppose that they had ever been

worn. They were seized as contraband. The young lady pleaded that she had worn them with a sincerity in her manner which was unmistakable, while she could not help laughing at her misfortune. Evidently she was addicted to laughing. Still the hard-hearted douaniers were inexorable. "But look at the hooks and eyes before you condemn the dresses," said a facetious gentleman, giving a sly glance at the fat jolly damsel, "you'll find some of them burst I suspect." His suspicions were correct. It was not likely that she would have worn a dress long without indulging

in a laugh, and certainly no new dress would stand the strain she was likely to put upon it. The hooks and eyes had started, and the dresses

were allowed to pass free. The custom-house and passport work was at length over, both considerable trials to the patience of Englishmen, and we were allowed to retire in quiet to our hotel. I set to work and took a sketch out of our windows, of the, to me, strange-looking buildings opposite the hotel. It will give a fair idea of the general appearance of Le Havre. It was formerly called Havre de Grace, but that name has been dropped and it is now known by the before-mentioned appellation. Some kind and very old friends who were living in the neighbourhood, hearing of our arrival, came and offered their services. As my relative was unable to go out, I started with M. R. and our friends to dine with them at their pretty little house at Grasville, which is situated on the Côte, looking down on the Seine and the town of Havre. We passed the church of Notre Dame, to beautify which, an old lady on her death-bed left a large sum of money. It is in a florid style of architecture, and having been completely chiselled over afresh it has the appearance of being entirely new. Havre is surrounded by two moats and is strongly fortified, but a battery of guns placed on the Côte would, I suspect, knock it to pieces. The docks are very large, and the port is, I believe, more frequented than any other in France. I saw some vessels of large size loading in the inner docks. It carries on a considerable trade with the United States, indeed, large quantities of the manufactures of Paris pass through it.

Oh how soundly I slept that first night of my sojourn in France—as sound as a top, or a midshipman. Our bedrooms opened into one sitting-room, the windows of which looked over the docks filled with vessels of various sizes and of all rigs. A little wooden bridge ran across them, and people were crossing and re-crossing all day long as busy and active as ants. There were women in their high Norman caps and neat dresses looking very clean, sailors in wide trowsers in look and build thoroughly unlike English seamen; soldiers in blue, and white, and green uniforms, with faces such as Frenchmen alone can put on; and gendarmes looking very fierce and ready to take up any evil-doers; and porters, and fruit dealers, and fish sellers; indeed, it would be impossible to describe the various dresses and callings of the motley crowd. Opposite was the Hôtel de Brazil, and the Côte of which I have been speaking, beyond. Our friends calling for me took me with them through the port d'Ingouville to the summit of the Côte, whence we enjoyed a fine view of the entrance of the Seine with Cape de la Hague in the distance. Here stand the two lighthouses I saw on entering the river. The Côte

runs parallel with the river, and then bends round and faces the sea. On that point a number of pretty villas are built, many of which are inhabited by English and American merchants. We visited a church surrounded by trees, the only remaining portion of a large monastery destroyed at the Revolution. When the English owned Normandy the monastery was very rich and powerful—Beaulieu Abbey near Lymington, in Hampshire, belonged to it. The ruins were undergoing some repairs to serve as a residence for the curé. Opposite us across the river we could see Harfleur, and on the left of it was a small river which runs down from the town of Barfleur where our brave Henry the Fifth died in the year 1422. Once upon a time the sea came up to the Côte, and vessels, it is said, were moored under the walls of the monastery. On returning into the town we passed the Place Nouveau, where a grand ball was given in honour of Louis Philippe's visit to Havre. Now women in high caps are selling fruit and flowers there. The abundance, excellence, and cheapness of fruits in France is a considerable attraction, and forms a strong contrast to the stalls in an English town covered with little green apples, cherries in small bunches, and pyramidal pottles of half-ripe or withered strawberries. I had resolved to do in France in one respect as Frenchmen are said to do, and had requested the landlord to furnish me with a dish of frogs. Sure enough at dinner a dish was placed before me. Its contents were of a very watery character. Souche aux grenouilles, I fancy. I plunged a fork into it and tried to fish up something solid, half expecting to see a frog in its integrity at the end of the prongs, but nothing beyond shreds of white rags could I discover, of which I fancy a bushel could scarcely satisfy my hunger. I did taste the mess, and very insipid I thought it; and from that day to this I have been able to look a frog honestly in the face, and to assure him that I have no intention of making my supper off his legs, the only part which I believe even Frenchmen think of eating. Our friend told me that he met an old man busily employed in catching frogs. He seemed weary with his exertions and had caught no great number. "Then," said our friend, "take this franc and go home and rest. But what will you do with the frogs?" "Mais Monsieur," answered the old man after expressing his gratitude for the gift he had received, "je les mangerai moi-même." It requires a skilful chef, I fancy, to cook a frog properly. No tyro should attempt it. On Sunday we went to the Protestant chapel in the Rue d'Oleron, where there is a service in English during the day. The building is of considerable size, and we had a large congregation.

The French Protestants, many of whom are of the best families in Normandy, are very numerous in Havre and its neighbourhood. They are said to be very strict in the performance of their religious duties. I was much struck on this, my first Sunday in France, by the total disregard which is paid by the general population to the sacred character of the day. People were employed all the morning in their usual avocations, few but women were to be seen in the churches, and in the evening they walked about and amused themselves in every variety of pastime. Unfortunately people are too apt to get accustomed to the scenes with which they are at first astonished and disgusted, and at last they learn to look upon them with indifference if not complacency. This is especially the case with reference to breaking the Sabbath. I have seen too many melancholy instances of young men who at home had been regular in their attendance on public worship, and would have been horrified at the thought of going to a party on a Sunday, by degrees give up going to church, then go to parties, then to theatres, and finally end by abandoning all profession of religion whatever. We spent several very pleasant days with our kindest of friends at their house in the country. At length on the morning of the 28th—the carriage and baggage having arrived, by means of a certain amount of bribery and corruption every thing was passed rapidly through the custom house, and by half-past one we were really and truly under weigh. We had had shafts made for the carriage, and were to travel *en limonier*—that is to say, one horse was harnessed between the shafts and one on each side of him, while the postillion sat on the left hand animal. Ours was a thoroughly comfortable English travelling carriage, strong as wood and iron and well roped springs could make it, but curious was the contrast of the French arrangement for putting it in motion. The traces were rope, knotted all over as if they had been frequently broken ; the harness and bridles were also of rope or leather of a very weather-worn appearance; and the steeds were peculiarly unkempt, wiry, and small ; and then the postillion himself, he was a curiosity; not that he esteemed himself otherwise than a remarkably important personage. What enormous jack-boots he wore, what huge spurs, how loudly he cracked his whip; the noise was like the rattle of musketry; he prided himself on making it, especially when driving up to an hotel ; it served instead of the "Too loo too" of the English horn. How furiously he rolled out his sacrés and other strange oaths if anything went wrong. Blue was his coat with short tails sticking out. Highly adorned also was it with red collars and

cuffs, and a profusion of silver lace tarnished somewhat by the weather; and then his hat, glazed and shining, with broad brim and a high crown; in size it was fit for a giant; how he kept it on always puzzled me. He looked at it, and probably thought to himself, "What a big man I must be! what an enormous hat is that! none but an important personage could wear it." I speak of him, because although we had, I dare say, fifty postillions or more in the course of our journey, there was but wonderfully little variation in their appearance or manners, those only in and out of Paris and some of the larger towns being of a more aristocratical turn of mind. The right-hand horse seemed to enjoy a considerable amount of liberty: sometimes the postillion forgot all about him, and the rein being let go, he more than once, if we were going slow, turned round and looked in at the carriage window. The carriage was packed, adieus were said, the postillion furiously cracked his whip, and away we went along the dusty road.

—— and I always travelled on the coach box — our relation was inside, and the lady's maid on the rumble. I was to act as courier, and very proud I was of the office with which I was entrusted. It was no sinecure though. The first thing I did in the morning, was to see that the carriage was sufficiently cleaned, that I might examine the wheels and springs, and to ascertain that no screws were loose; then I insisted on having the bill, that it might not be presented at the last moment, when it would be troublesome to dispute any over-charges. Next I saw the imperials, and hat boxes, and other cases strapped on, and the horses ordered. I also inquired about the various towns where we could stop, and the best hotels; and then off we set always at an early hour, that we might reach a resting place before the damps of evening rose upon the world. I also carried the cash bag and paid the postillions, and even now I can scarcely help blushing at the thoughts of my first essay in that department. I had already disbursed a good deal of French money, but by chance only single franc pieces had passed through my fingers. Just before starting —— put into my hands some bags of coin which he had received from the banker, and one of which I understood contained franc pieces. As I was before saying, off we drove. "Crack! crack! crack!" went the postillion's whip, the off horse curveted and plunged, and jumped about in a very amusing way — up flew clouds of dust, — I laughed heartily at the curious appearance of our team, — and we were fairly on our way towards classic Italy. We passed through Harfleur, and did not stop till we

reached La Botte, where we were to change horses. No horses were however forthcoming, nor was a fresh postillion, so off I set to find them. After many inquiries the *maitre de poste* made his appearance, and pointing to a field where a man and a team were ploughing, intimated that the steeds and their rider would be ready *toute suite*, but that they must first finish the furrow on which they were then engaged. As I never was addicted to blustering, and have always found the *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, answer best, I shrugged my shoulders, and concluding that such was the usual system of French posting, I went back to the inn to wait the arrival of the tired beasts.

They closely followed me, and in a wonderfully short space of time the ploughboy was transformed into the silver-laced dashing, slashing postillion. And now comes my confession. I had so many francs to pay, some sixteen or twenty or more. Out of my pocket I pulled a bag and counted out into the unwavering hand of the Havre postillion what I intended to be the proper number of franc pieces, besides giving him a handsome "à boire." Even now I think that I can see the twinkle of his eye as I did so, and the almost uncontrollable fit of laughter as he clapped them into his capacious pocket and sang out in a cheerful voice, "Allez vîte, bien paye." "Drive fast, he pays well." So I had, for scarcely were we under weigh when some horrible suspicions came over me. I pulled out another bag. "Why these must be half francs," said I. "No, they are francs," was the answer. Then I examined the one from which I had paid. I had thought them rather large for francs I remember. So they were, for the bag contained two-franc pieces alone. I said nothing but felt remarkably small. The advice I have from this circumstance to give my readers is, "Always learn thoroughly the coins of the country in which you are travelling." At first the matter appears difficult and tiresome, but if you will but give your attention to it, you will find it really simple and easy. The best way is to get specimens of all the coins you are likely to use. Run a pencil round them and write against each the value and the peculiar marks, not forgetting to note their relative thickness and metal. Pull out your paper and have a glance at it to help your memory whenever you are paying a bill. I have seen Englishmen often, instead of this, take out a handful of money and tell the shopman to help himself. In very many instances they have been treated with perfect honesty, though they may have been looked on as ignorant or silly; but in others rogues have helped themselves to four or five times as much as was their due, and thus, from our countrymen's

laziness or stupidity, roguery has been encouraged. Now it matters not how rich a person may be: money was given to be judiciously employed, and a positive sin is committed if through carelessness it is not bestowed on some of the innumerable objects for which it is required. This may be considered an extreme way of putting the case, but it is the right one depend on it. I, however, must plead guilty to having very often infringed the rule which I am laying down. Laziness was nearly always the cause of my neglect. Oh, those two-franc pieces and the postillion's broad grin! I did not enjoy that stage, nor indeed one or two stages after, for thinking of my stupidity. I fancied each fresh postillion knew of it and grinned tauntingly at the young English mi-lord's ignorance. However when I took to paying single francs, or rather giving them their due and a handsome gratuity, they left off grinning, and merely gave a polite bow and shouted "Allez vîte, bien paye." We drove through a picturesque valley to Lillebonne close to the Seine. It has a pretty church with a richly ornamented spire; near it we passed on our right the remains of a Roman amphitheatre. Opposite were the ruins of a castle where it is said William the Conqueror planned the conquest of England. Whether this is merely a tradition of the French, told just to take a little of the starch out of English pride, I know not. I cannot pretend to give as accurate an account of things Gallic from having travelled through France on a coach box, as a Frenchman, who spent his sojourn in the country shut up in prison, did of England during the war. Still in the rattling way in which I went along, by keeping my eyes open and never losing an opportunity of talking, I learned a good deal of the people and the country. Darkness was coming on as we drove down a hill, the road winding prettily to Caudbec on the Seine, whose silver stream we could still distinguish by the bright moon which shone upon it. We went to the Hôtel de Commerce, which we found very comfortable. A handsome supper was placed on the table, and our great amusement was to try and discover the various materials of which the dishes were composed. Often our sagacity was completely at fault. One dish I remember we ate with everything, taking it to consist of mushrooms,—with fish, poulets, and fricassees. At last we inquired its name. "Mais messieurs, c'est rognions de moutons" replied the waiter with a shrug and a smile. My dictionary was in requisition, and then I found that we had been all along devouring a dish of sheep's kidneys. Much better they were, I suspect, than what we took them for.

CHAP. VII.

British French.—Mrs. Stark.—Rouen and its Cathedral.—A Quack Doctor.—Clipped Forests.—St. Germains.—Paris and some of its Sights.—Passports.—Again en Route.—The Vintage and its pleasant Scenes.—First View of Mont Blanc.—Lyons.—Sketch of its History.—Manufactures.—Fine Public Buildings.—Horrors of French Revolution.—The Rhone and Saône.—Aqueducts and other Roman Remains.

When I went to France I was under the impression that I spoke French. So I did, but it was school-boy, not Gallic French; with a good honest John Bull pronunciation, which must sometimes have puzzled the poor ignorant natives, who surely ought to have learned to understand their own language, as it is spoken generally at schools and other places of learning in Great Britain. What a fund of amusement must regular John Bull travellers afford to French waiters, masters of hotels, postilions, *et hoc genus*, by their curious mistakes. I am fully conscious of having given considerable entertainment to many of my Gallic fellow-creatures, nor do I now grudge it them, poor things. In spite of it, I would rather be an Englishman; and though I wish to be very good friends with them, I do not desire, even in order to be able to laugh at John Bulls, to sit under the shadow of their eagle's wings. Still I suspect that Englishmen entertain many foolish prejudices against Frenchmen, and undoubtedly Frenchmen do against Englishmen, and the sooner they are abolished the better. Yet acknowledging this, I shall be very sorry to see the day when we on this side the Channel begin to copy the habits, customs, notions, and manners of our neighbours. Let us be very good friends, but let us each follow the course which we believe will conduce most to our happiness and comfort.

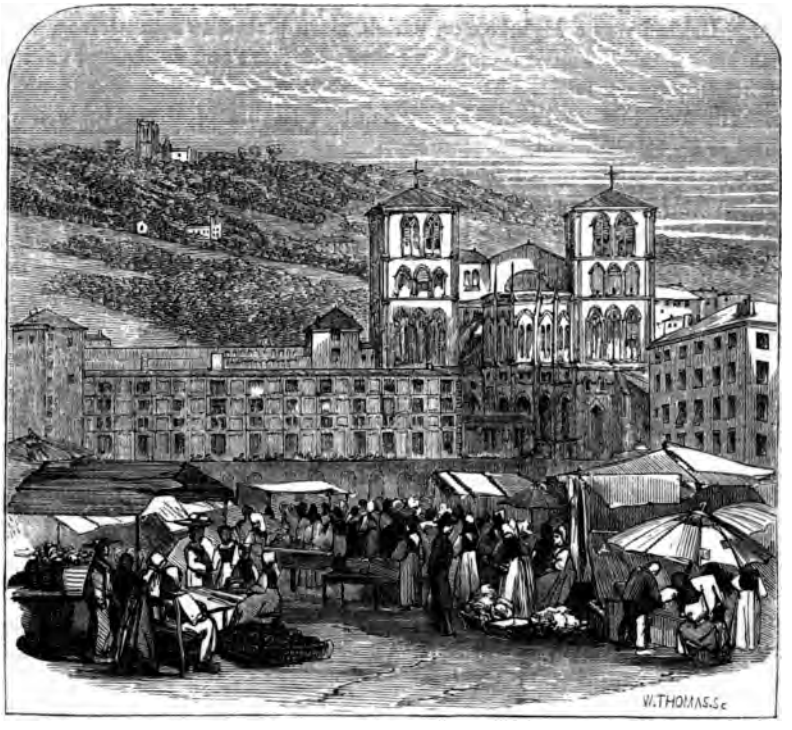
Travelling in France in those days was very different to what it is at present. Now nobody knows anything about that picturesque and interesting road between Havre and Paris. People get into a railway carriage at London Bridge, properly ticketed and all expenses paid, and lo and behold, after a little rumbling and tumbling, and a consciousness that they have been on board a steamer and have changed vehicles once, they find themselves disgorged in Paris and rattled off to their hotels. Now vocabularies enable people, ignorant of any language but their mother tongue, to ask for anything they want, and Murray's handbooks tell them everything they wish to know. In those days we had alone to rely on the

information we could glean from the work of a most persevering traveller and a very intelligent lady known as Madame Starkey. Her modest volume was, I believe, the model of all Murray's capital guide books. It was the friend and companion of all travellers in France and Italy, and the dread of all innkeepers in those days. "I will complain to Madame Starkey, and you'll see what she says of you in her next edition," had generally as good an effect as "I'll write to the 'Times,' and it will be the last time such a thing is attempted." I had the excellent Mrs. Stark's book with me, and therefore never was at a loss what hotel to go to, what to look for, or what to do. While passing through Normandy we were particularly struck with the appearance of the rural scenery, which reminded us of the south of Hampshire: the cottages and barns and outbuildings had a very English look, and so especially had the countenances of the peasantry; indeed, they were very evidently of the same race as the inhabitants of the New Forest and the surrounding districts. In the towns, however, people looked very different. Probably the inhabitants of the towns are composed of races which have come more from the south and have less of the old Norman blood in their veins. One great contrast, however, we observed from the first, even around Havre. All the trees were pruned and clipped into most diminutive proportions. This was done for the sake of the wood which was required to burn, coals being scarce from the heavy duty placed on them. This gave the scenery in many places a peculiarly stiff and formal appearance in the neighbourhood of all the large towns, which it was in no way by nature intended to wear.

29th of September. — I was on foot at an early hour, and we had breakfasted and were off by eight o'clock. How enjoyable it was to find oneself in high health and spirits travelling through the fresh morning air with the certainty of seeing something new and interesting every day, and in the expectation at the end of the journey of being introduced to all the wonders of Italy.

From Lillebonne we galloped up a steep hill with a fine view of the Seine; we seldom lost sight of that river, which added much to the picturesque beauty of the scenery; indeed, I pity those who can now get so rapidly to Paris, that they lose much of the pleasure of travelling. At Rouen it was found necessary to raise the springs of the carriage, which bumped on the pole, and while the operation was performing, I ran off to take a look at its ancient cathedral. The front, facing a small Place, has a most richly carved doorway, and there are two towers both highly orna-

mented. In one, the arches and all the tracery-work are much more pointed than in the other. The arches in the interior are pointed and are supported by clusters of small pillars. I thought it a very handsome building, but its beauty is much marred by being closely surrounded by shabby dwelling houses, shops, and stalls. In the market-place stands the statue



THE CATHEDRAL AND MARKET-PLACE, ROUEN.

of the Maid of Orleans, ever to be remembered with a blush by the English. A handsome stone bridge here crosses the Seine, and we drove along some fine stone quays with large substantial houses on one side and numbers of vessels loading and unloading on the other. Altogether we had evidence that Rouen was an important place. At our next stop-

ping place, Louviers, a large market or fair was going forward: hundreds, indeed thousands, of people moving about in gay-coloured costumes, laughing, talking, bargaining, or calling attention to their wares by different cries, amid piles of fruit, vegetables, fish, and poultry, created a particularly animated scene. A great sensation appeared to be produced by a conjuror or a quack doctor, for he appeared to be practising both callings. He was standing in a large carriage or car painted gaily with yellow and gold. Behind was a high box on which were placed two musicians, who with loud flourishes were trumpeting forth his fame and deeds, and calling attention not only to what he had done but to what he would do and could do. He had just as many gaping auditors as his brethren could have found at an English fair.

We were anxious to get to Nantes that night, so we pushed on for three hours in the dark, and it was not till nearly ten o'clock that we reached a very comfortable hotel called Le Cheval Blanc. The French make use of much the same signs for their inns that we do. The Royal Hotel — the White Horse — the Commercial Hotel are as common as they are in England.

How many interesting historical associations do many of the places I have mentioned conjure up! Of Rouen especially much is to be recollected. Here the Corneilles the dramatists and Fontenelle were born. Here the poor Maid of Orleans was burned through the ignorance and superstition of our ancestors, and here is the chief seat of the cotton manufacture of France. But on these and many other interesting matters I cannot dwell without spinning out my travels to a much greater length than I can venture to do.

The Nantes, at which we stopped, is a remarkably clean and neat little village, a very different description of place to its more important and celebrated namesake in the south. I delight in a little village of that sort. Excessive neatness and cleanness, such as is found in many Dutch towns and villages, makes amends for want of those features which are generally considered to constitute beauty. For instance, how pretty and attractive is a village with a stream of pure water murmuring through it; a row of poplars or lime trees on either side the road,—broad, thoroughly clean, and well watered; the houses with door steps as white as platters; the woodwork freshly painted; the walls well stuccoed, or of red polished brick; the windows free from dust, and perhaps a broad verandah in front of them; while inside the habitations not a speck of dust is to be

discerned. What a cheerful pleasant abode such a place may be. What does it signify that outside there is a dead flat, or a wide extent of *dunes*, with the sea in the distance? I am not surprised that the inhabitants should prefer it to any of the wild romantic-looking villages among the Apennines I afterwards visited, with their ruinous houses, savage bandit-looking population, and their dirt and poverty. Yet in a picture, how infinitely does the mountain-perched hamlet surpass the neat village of the plain? But I was describing humble little Nantes. Our hotel was worthy of the place, and we liked it very much. Starting at 9 A.M. we crossed the Seine by two bridges, with an island in the centre, and galloped away towards Paris. There was little to interest us for some miles of our journey; for the dust which we kicked up whenever we got off the rumbling *chaussé* on to the unpaved division of the road, was anything but interesting or pleasant. Yet even that was better than the bumping and thumping the poor carriage received as we rattled over the knobby sort of pavement which formed the centre part of the road. Near St. Germains the road becomes very broad, and runs through the park of that celebrated place. What an idea Frenchmen have of trees! what miserable little cropped bushes grow in their parks, and which they mistake for trees! They have a very good notion of military matters, it must be allowed, and we were highly pleased with the brass band and the appearance of a body of lancers, which rode by in all the pomp of war as we were stopping at the hotel to change horses; but they seem to fancy that, because uniformity of size and dress is advisable in the men forming a regiment of soldiers, the trees of a forest should all be clipped into the same size and form. Well, as I have before said, we each of us have our own ideas and tastes. The Frenchmen pity us, and we pity the Frenchmen; so in that respect we are perfectly equal. Commend me to a perfect despot, a mighty magnificent three-tailed bashaw, for making a fine road. He does not allow vested rights to interfere with his plans. Thus the road leading into Paris from the north is one of the broadest and straightest I ever travelled over; no unnecessary twists and turns to avoid cutting through this farm, or that gentleman's estate; but right through everything it goes like a bullet from a Minié rifle, with Paris for its bull's eye. Leaving St. Germains we descended a hill, when, looking back, I was much struck with the beautiful situation of the town, with the houses and gardens ranged one above another, and the wide-spreading park in front, through which we were driving. About six miles from Paris we

got a magnificent view of that elegant city, stretching away on either side as far as the eye could reach, and then another mile further we changed horses, which were mounted by a postilion far more richly bedecked with silver lace than any we had yet seen. He had on, too, a higher hat and larger boots, and his whip was heavier and cracked louder than any of his comrades. What with the cracking of the whip and the dust we kicked up, we might have been mistaken for a huge squib, or even a Congreve rocket, as we dashed away with our four horses, nor slackened our pace till we reached the Champs Elysées, where thousands of people were enjoying the fine warm evening under the close-cropped trees. It was a grand idea that, to feel that we were entering the second capital in the world on the tail of a rocket. On we went, smoking and cracking, under the arch of the triumphal Etoile, begun by the first Napoleon, but not then finished, through the barrier, when an officer looked into the carriage to ascertain that the Duchess de Berri was not entering Paris in disguise; nor did we stop again till we cracked our way up to the Hôtel de Londres, in the Place Vendôme.

After we had arranged about our rooms, which were very handsome, and our relative had been comfortably settled in them, —— and I went out to dine, as is the custom in Paris, at a restaurant's. We met our French friend, M. R., who took us to a magnificent one in the Boulevards. We entered a large room full of little tables, some suited for two, and others for eight people, and innumerable chairs, and ornamented with mirrors and lamps, and with numerous waiters running about attending to the wants of the guests. As we passed through the hall we heard people speaking in all the languages of Europe, and very soon we recognised some friends whom we had supposed quietly living at home. Go to London to be out of the world; to Paris to meet people; because all strangers visit the same places, and rush to see the same sights. Never had I had so many dishes placed before me. We were three; each dish however was ordered to supply only two persons; but I believe a stout English farmer would have stowed the whole away, without any difficulty, inside his ribs, and then asked for bread and cheese to fill up the crevices. As to remembering their names, that was out of the question; but, if not substantial, they were very pleasing to the palate. I wonder, however, that any good cook will consent to labour at a restaurant's or at an hotel, where he knows nothing of the people who are to taste the result of his art, whether or not they have the capacity or intelligence to appreciate it. However,

I suppose he feels as does an author who sends his works forth into the world, and is well satisfied if he finds that they obtain a large number of readers. In the same way the *chef* is well content if his restaurant is frequented by a large number of guests. A French cook, with his white night-cap, and white apron, and thick cloth round his waist, looks the picture of cleanness. He wears the thick cloth to protect his ribs from the heat of the stove, which might otherwise produce a liver complaint. I am sure English women cooks would do well to follow the Frenchman's example by wearing several rolls of calico round their waists. It would certainly assist in preserving their tempers, especially in the Dog days.

I spent only two whole days in Paris, and one of them was very rainy; but I walked about and saw all I could, while —— was employed in procuring the passports,—documents utterly useless to effect the object they are intended for, and a great annoyance to all travellers in every part of Europe. I walked through the Rue Castilioni, which has handsome colonnades on each side, into the garden of the Tuileries, a wide extent of ground laid out in front of the palace, with broad gravel walks and ponds, with gold and silver fish, and flower beds, and little prim trees. Passing through the court of the Tuileries, I went into that of the Louvre. "When the intermediate houses have been pulled down, and the two buildings are united, it will form one of the most magnificent palaces in the world," I thought to myself. This has since been done by Napoleon the Third: I do not know if it is so large as the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, but it is lighter and more elegant. The finest view of them was then that of the side facing the Seine. I did not admire that river, which looked little better than a narrow and muddy ditch; but as I wandered about numberless historical associations rose to my mind, and I viewed objects, not so much as they then were, but as they appeared connected with the fearful history of the past. Here was enacted the massacre of St. Bartholomew; here took place all the horrors of the Revolution. Terrible, indeed, are the tales which the stones of that now bright and cheerful city can tell. The most beautiful building I saw was the Bourse or Exchange. It is like a Grecian temple of the Corinthian order, standing on an elevated platform in a large open space. I entered, and, admiring the beauty of the interior, went up to an open gallery, whence I looked down on the eager busy crowd, whose voices sounded like the monotonous hum of insects in the summer air. I wonder whether they were more usefully employed; whether all their thinking

and talking was as acceptable to their Creator. In the evening I saw, for the first time, an opera and a ballet. Delightful as was the music, the impression the whole exhibition made on me was such that I should be very sorry to expose any young person, over whom I could exercise any influence, to a similar spectacle, and I cannot suppose that the glaring evil can in any way be counterbalanced by any benefit or pleasure to be derived by listening to the syren voices of the singers. The next day we paid a hurried visit to the magnificent gallery of the Louvre, where an artist may spend months and months in gaining a knowledge of his profession, and a lover of pictures may go over and over again, and yet not be satisfied. A bright cheerful spot for obtaining knicknacks and for spending money is the Palais Royal. It consists of numerous squares, with arches and shops round them, and trees in the centre. As several hours of this day were spent in pleasantly kicking our heels in the passport office, my French friends must not complain that I am unable to give a more lucid account of their capital.

3rd October.—Once more we were *en route*, with gaily dressed postilions loudly cracking their whips, and little horses kicking up a sufficient dust to prove our importance to those who gazed at us. We took the road to Melun, crossing the Seine several times. The whole day's journey was over a dead flat, with a single row of poplars on each side of us, except where their places were taken by elms or apple trees. We stopped at an early hour at l'Hôtel de la Poste, at Fossard, and had every reason to be content with our accommodation. Till we reached Sens the road was as uninteresting as that of yesterday. It is a large place with a handsome church. We had now reached the central vine district of France, and on either side of us were vineyards, just now seen to perfection. The vineyards extend over low undulating hills. The vines are planted in formal rows, twining round sticks about three feet high. These vineyards are not to be compared in beauty to a Kentish hop-garden, but on a hot day, when I have been choking with dust, I have found their produce far more acceptable. Oh, the pleasure of being able to eat as many bunches of grapes, or as many figs, as one may desire on such occasions! The road passed the Yonne, and we crossed it several times. We entered Villeneuve-le-roi under a gateway. The town is surrounded by a turreted wall, which gives it a fine gloomy mediæval appearance. Passing along a neat broad street, near a handsome church, we went out at another gate into the free country again. I never have felt comfortable inside a walled

town, with drawbridges and sentries at the gates; it may be fancy, but I always have an imprisoned feeling. As we entered Auxerre, where we were to stop, we had a good view of the town and its cathedral, with two other churches, and the river below them. We drove to the Hôtel de Leopard, on the quay. The river Yonne here is deep and broad enough to allow large barges to come up to the town. Our hotel was very comfortable; indeed, we were generally well pleased with all the inns at which we stopped, though probably some people would have found cause to grumble. I always insisted on having the bill in good time, and seldom had a dispute with mine host, at all events; I never got out of humour with him. The view of Auxerre from the south, as we left it, was interesting. We were now in a perfect vine country. It was in the height of the vintage too, and everybody had, I thought, a jolly Bacchus look about them; their hands and dresses spoke of grape juice, and in many of the villages the whole population were employed—mostly in bringing in large baskets of grapes; and besides the baskets, there were numberless carts and tubs placed on wheels full of the luscious fruit. In each of them were men with their trousers tucked up, dancing and singing, while with their feet they pressed out the juice. As the juice undergoes a powerful fermentation, by which process all impurities are got rid of before it becomes wine, this mode of making it, which at first does not sound very pleasant, is not objectionable. No other that I have ever heard of has been discovered which answers as well. It was a gay and pleasant scene. Every man, woman, and child appeared to be employed in gathering in the vintage, and the roads near all the villages we passed were literally blocked up with wine carts. Descending a steep hill, by a winding road, we entered the pretty little town of Vermouton, situated in a picturesque valley surrounded by vineyards. We terminated our day's journey, the latter part of which was very uninteresting, at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, at Saulieu. Some evil-disposed person, to make us discontented with our lot, informed us that its rival, l'Hôtel de la Poste, was better, and especially that a far more talented *chef* presided over its culinary department. Of course, we were, like true Britons, discontented, and turned up our noses with no slight disdain at the fare set before us. Next day, we started at seven o'clock, and a very unpleasant rainy morning we had, with an uninteresting country to travel through. At length it cleared up, and we entered a picturesque valley, with a stream running through the bottom, and hills branching off on all sides. We changed horses at the pretty

little village of Chissey situated in it, and soon after emerging once more on the plain, we saw some ruins — Roman remains they appeared by the cursory glance I got of them. Then the town of Autun rose before us, with some high hills, over which we were to pass beyond it. Entering the town, we passed under the arch of a Roman aqueduct as we also did when we cracked our way out again. What magnificently solid works those old Romans were in the habit of building! They never need have had to calculate the expense of repairs. But then I suspect that the means they employed were not so much to be admired, and that the actual labourers got but scant pay or thanks. The road now wound up a steep wooded hill, while by the side of it a sparkling stream dashed down over a succession of rocks, now appearing and now being hid by the trees. Near St. Leger, we passed, picturesquely situated on the brow of a hill, a ruined château looking down on the valley below. The last owner, probably, was one of the victims of the Revolution, and no descendant remains to claim the heritage of his father. Sad is the tale connected with many an old château in la belle France; those dark red or sombre grey buildings, with high-pointed slate roofs, and rounded towers, and narrow windows, and terraces with balustrades in front, and the grass-grown paved courtyard, and wide-stretching out-buildings. Those old châteaus have truly a venerable and picturesque look about them which I much admired. The hilly country ends at Bourgneuf, from which place we drove over an extensive plain to Châlons sur Saône. The Hôtel du Parc, where we spent the night, stands on a broad handsome quay. We had proposed going from thence to Lyons by water, but the river, in consequence of the small quantity of rain which had fallen for several months, had become so low and so narrow, that the steamer, which ran in winter between the two places, could not come up so far. As the distance to Lyons would be too great to perform in one day, we arranged to stop at Macon, and, therefore, did not start till nine o'clock.

We travelled over a wide plain, till we had passed the town of Sency, and then the carriage slowly ascended a steep hill. On such occasions, —— and I always got off the coach box and walked on ahead. When we reached the summit of the hill, a magnificent view burst upon us. To the north, were the hills and the plains we had lately passed over; to the west, at a short distance, were various picturesque heights; at our feet flowed the Saône, with a wide extent of level but richly cultivated country on the other side; while beyond rose the lofty ranges of the Alps, Mont Blanc

itself towering above the rest high up into the blue sky, from which, in consequence of its great distance, it could with difficulty be distinguished. Still there it undoubtedly was, and highly delighted I felt as I gazed at it for the first time. It was even then famous, though Albert Smith had not invaded the top, and amused hundreds of London audiences by an account of his adventures; nor had those elegant lines been written by the poetical valet: —

"Though Mont Blanc is very hard to come at,
Me and master has been to the summat."

The road led us along the banks of the river, with the Alps continually in sight. Hitherto we had not seen anything very particular in the costume of the peasantry, but about Tournus, the next place through which we passed, we observed a peculiar and apparently useless sort of headdress worn by the women. It is a high-crowned hat with a broad brim, but of a magnitude to fit a moderate-sized doll. They are worn on the top of the head, fastened on by a broad ribbon, and are apparently of no other use than to keep on the cap. The first person I saw, I took to be an idiot, who had put on a doll's hat; and it was only when I met numbers of other women wearing the headdress, who were not only sane but perfectly unconscious that they had on anything particular, that I discovered my mistake. In all the towns in the south, the carriage was invariably beset by the most persevering beggars. When one window was pulled up they would go round to the other, nor cease their petitions till the carriage drove off. From a balcony of our hotel at Macon we got a fine view of Mont Blanc, and could even distinguish the parts covered with snow. On either side rose other Alpine ranges, clear and bold against the sky. Before us flowed the Saône bordered by stone quays. Macon is not a large place, but the quays are fine and the river is crossed by a handsome bridge.

We started again at seven o'clock in the morning, and drove through the town of Villefranche. The town was full of diligences and omnibuses and a large market or fair was going forward. It carries on a considerable trade in wine, cattle, and linen. We changed horses at the very dirty little town of Anse, and thence climbed up a very steep hill, from the summit of which we got a fine view of the surrounding country. Again changing horses we descended by a remarkably bad road, enjoying a fine view, however, towards the far-famed manufacturing town of Lyons. On first entering it, we passed along the banks of the Saône, which reminded

me of the Avon at Clifton; we drove through some dirty suburbs and crossed the river by several handsome bridges, till we reached the Hôtel de l'Europe, near the Place de Louis XIV. At this time the cholera was raging in the north of France, as also in England; and so the people of Savoy had established Quarantine laws, by which travellers were prohibited from passing the frontier till they had passed six days in some place free from infection. On passing the barrier, where our passports were examined, we were told that we might spend the time in Lyons, which was likely to prove a more interesting place than some small village on the borders of France. It was provoking to have to undergo this inconvenience and delay, for no really useful purpose, as any peasants or people on foot, far more likely than we were to carry the cholera, could pass the frontier without difficulty. The authorities, however, were inclined to be lenient, as they allowed the day of our arrival to be reckoned as one of the days, while we might pass on the sixth day, another day being expended on the journey; thus we had only three whole days to spend in Lyons, instead of the six, which had at first appeared so formidable, and had so excited our indignation. Three days might be spent very profitably in visiting the manufactories, and in seeing the many other interesting objects with which the city abounds.

On the evening of our arrival, I walked about it to obtain a general idea of the city. It stands partly on level ground on a point of land formed by the meeting of the Rhône and the Saône, and partly on some rocky heights which form the banks of those rivers. Next to Paris it is the largest and most important city in France, containing not less than 200,000 inhabitants, half of whom are engaged, directly or indirectly, in the silk trade. Lyons has long been celebrated for its silks, and the richest and finest perhaps in the world are manufactured here.

Not expecting to remain, we had procured no introductions, so that I was not able to visit any of the manufactories. In my evening stroll, I passed through the chief place, which has in its centre a fine equestrian statue of Louis XIV., and two handsome buildings, the Town-hall and the Palais des Arts, opposite to each other. Then I walked along the well-built quays of the Rhône till I stood before a large structure with a beautiful façade well worthy of admiration—the Hôtel Dieu or principal hospital of the city. There are many other asylums for the sick and aged, and numerous public buildings. The Town-hall is perhaps one of the finest edifices of the sort in France. There are no less than fifty open

spaces, or, as the French properly call them, places, as many of them are not squares, in the city. The largest is the Place Bellecour, planted with lime trees, and unrivalled perhaps in Europe.

Opposite to our hotel rose the hill of Fourvières, on which stands the church of Notre Dame, and in making a drawing of it, I spent the greater portion of the next morning. The drawing gives, I think, a very fair idea of that portion of Lyons. In the afternoon —— and I started to visit the junction of the Saône and Rhône. We walked along the side of the latter river between rows of lofty poplars till we reached the spot at which we had aimed. We had expected to find the two streams rushing together with tumultuous force, roaring, and foaming, and leaping, either in delight or anger, at finding themselves unexpectedly united never again to be separated, like two people joined in the bonds of matrimony; instead of which, to our disappointment, they took the matter very coolly, as if they had had ample warning of what was about to occur, or had been but for a short time divided, and glided away together in perfect calmness and harmony without a bubble or a roar. However, on crossing a bridge over the Saône, we enjoyed a fine view down the Rhône and up the Saône. The bank of the Saône nearest the Rhône is level, but on the other rises a picturesque hill covered with numerous villas and churches and cottages. We returned by a footpath, along the side of the Saône, with broken cliffs on our left, and then we passed through some very dirty suburbs before we again entered the city. This description of our walk will give some idea of the general appearance of Lyons. It, at all events, recalls it very vividly to my memory.

The next morning we spent at the Palais des Arts, which stands in the Place des Terreaux. Our chief attraction was the Museum of Painting and Antiquities. They are collected in one handsome hall, the roof of which is supported by pillars. Except on my hurried visit to the Louvre in Paris, I had never been in a picture gallery, and now that I had ample time to examine the wondrous productions of art held up before my eyes, I discovered that I was capable of enjoying a pleasure of which I was not before aware. I do not mean to say that I could at once distinguish between a very fine picture and a moderately good one, but I certainly found very great satisfaction in looking at some of the finest works of art, and the more my eye became accustomed to them the better able I was to discriminate between them and those of smaller pretensions to excellence. Those I marked as most to be admired were, "The

Adoration of the Magi," by Paul Rubens. "Moses presented to Pharaoh," by Victor Orsel. "The Slave Merchant," by Jean Byler. "The Sellers of Sheep driven out of the Temple," by Jean Jouvenet; and "The Ascension of our Lord in the presence of the Virgin and Apostles," by Pietro Perugino, the master of Raphael. It is considered one of his best works. So it may be, for the colouring and grouping of the figures is very fine; but how extraordinary was the taste which could introduce in a subject of such awful importance, a collection of angels hovering in the sky with guitars and fiddles in their hands. The introduction of pictures purporting to illustrate the most sacred and important subjects of our holy religion, in a gallery full of others of a profane character, is, at all events, revolting to my feelings, and should be to the feelings of all who hold the Christian faith in the love and reverence it demands. Much worse is it when, as is too often the case by the old masters, they are treated in a manner which appears ridiculous to modern eyes. I would warn my readers never to allow themselves to treat such subjects with disrespect in consequence of the incongruities they may observe. They should rather feel pained and grieved that talent so glorious is not better applied. Yet again I do not think that any one would complain that numbers of those pictures of sacred subjects which exist in the galleries of Europe, have been produced, but only that they are not placed in better company. Many people will think me over-fastidious, but it is better to be so than to treat such subjects with levity, and I cannot pass the matter over altogether in silence.

The picture I have been speaking of was given to the city of Lyons by Pope Pius VII., but was carried off by Napoleon to the Louvre, when he assembled there all the works of art of which his generals had pillaged the countries they conquered. It was, however, when the Louvre was made to disgorge its treasures, returned to its proper owners. Among the antiquities are four beautiful mosaic pavements and many Egyptian remains; but by far the most interesting are the various objects found among the ruins of the ancient Lugdunum,—the Roman city which stood where Lyons now does. It was built about half a century before the Christian era; and Strabo describes it as one of the most populous cities of Gaul. The Gospel had been early introduced into this part of Gaul, and in the reign of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, A. D. 177, the Christian residents were here severely persecuted. Pothynus, bishop of Lyons, was one of the martyrs in this persecution. He was succeeded in his bishopric

by Irenæus, one of the most eminent of the early fathers. The churches of Vienne and Lugdunum, we are told, sent a relation of their sufferings to those of Asia and Phrygia.

Lyons often changed masters; now belonging to the kingdom of Bourgoine, now to that of Provence; next it was governed by Counts, and then for two centuries by Archbishops, till the people, dissatisfied with their rule, handed it over to the King of France. In 1793 the inhabitants having put Challier, the President of the Revolutionary Club, to death, the Convention sent an army against it, which, after a siege of sixty-five days, compelled it to surrender, and then inflicted the most atrocious cruelties on its devoted inhabitants, six thousand of whom are said to have perished.

It is important that all should know of the horrors of that French Revolution,—horrors such as make the blood run cold when thought of; committed, it must be remembered, not by savages, not by people of a remote and barbarous age, but by the fathers of numbers of people yet alive, by men who boasted that the light of human reason was amply sufficient to guide them in their path through life, and who scorned the notion that a divine revelation was in any way necessary for the good of mankind. How did the light of reason teach the soldiers of the Convention to treat their fellow-countrymen? Hundreds were assembled in the squares, and shot down with showers of grape and musket balls; others were carried out in vessels full of holes to the centre of the Rhône; the plugs were withdrawn, and all found a watery tomb together. Many perished by the guillotine, and others by various modes of torture. Let us be deeply thankful that we have the Gospel, to teach and guide us, and let us never trust to those who refuse to be guided by its precepts and commandments. This is not bigotry. It must be done if we acknowledge its unapproachable excellence, and believe that it, and it alone, is capable of guiding men aright.

Lyons is the capital of the department of the Rhône. Besides those of silk, it has many other manufactures, and is a city of very great commercial importance. In the afternoon, —— and I started to visit the remains of an aqueduct built by the Romans. We took a guide with us, as the road we were told was intricate. We crossed the Saône and ascended the *côte* or hill which overlooks the city. Here some strong fortifications were being erected, not to defend the city against an attack from without, but to overawe the somewhat turbulently inclined inhabitants. They had

in 1831, instigated by the Red Republican party, broken into open rebellion against the government of Louis-Philippe, and of course they looked with a very evil eye on these preparations to coerce them. Whether the forts were completed or not I am uncertain, but in 1834 they again revolted and held their city for two days against the royal troops. The view from this hill of Fourvières is very beautiful. It derives its name from a Roman edifice,— Forum vetus, which stood on its summit. We found here three or four arches of the aqueduct, the larger portion of which we were to see at some distance off. Below us were the numerous places and public edifices,—the many fine bridges spanning the two noble rivers, the quays, the streets and avenues leading to it; then there was the surrounding plain and the picturesque hills in the neighbourhood backed by the snow-capped peak of Mont Blanc and the Alps of Dauphiné in the far distance. Proceeding south up and down hill over a very bad road, we reached a stone structure which appeared to have been a Roman fortification. Though their camps were surrounded by merely earthen embankments, they built castles much in the style of the people of more modern times. The ruins stand on the summit of a circular rock, and consist of a high semicircular wall of great thickness. We were examining some loopholes in it, "Ah messieurs," observed our guide with a well-satisfied look, "they were undoubtedly made by those great people, the Romans, who, you see, once lived about here, and they used, I am assured, to fire their cannon through them."

ROMAN AQUEDUCT NEAR LYONS.

CHAP. VIII.

Visit to Aqueduct near Lyons.—Recommence Journey.—Lovely Sunset at Pont de Beauvoisin.—Description of French Hotels.—Enter Savoy.—Magnificent Mountain Scenery.—Chambery.—Pass of the Maurienne.—Mont Blanc.—Fortress commanding the Road—Postilion's reason for abusing the English.—Goîtres.—Eschelles.—Ascent of Mont Cenis.—Susa.—Exit from the Cottian Alps.—Rivoli.—Turin.—Palace.—Picture Gallery.—Recollections of Carlo Alberto.—His Death.

Most of us are inclined to mark certain days of our lives with golden characters on the calendar. Such was the case with me on that day when I took the walk in the neighbourhood of Lyons, an account of which I was giving when I concluded my last chapter, and with which I commence this.*

We observed below us in the valley a number of lofty arches. I scarcely know why it is that an arch always forms so picturesque a feature in a landscape. However, before descending to them we took a path up a hill and reached a portion of the aqueduct, which consists of upwards of sixty arches. Thirty-six of them are unbroken. I made a sketch introducing

* The sketch marked Rouen at the commencement of the last chapter should have come in at the end, and have been marked *Lyons.* It was taken from the windows of the hotel.

four outer ones as they begin to descend the hill, with Mont Blanc and the ranges of the Alps in the distance, with the river Rhône at our feet. Descending the hill, we visited the arches we had seen in the valley. They are stupendous structures as to height and massiveness. They are not solid, however, smaller arches having been formed inside and across the outer ones; in no way, I should think, weakening them. The arches extended close up to the side of the hill, and our guide asserted that a tunnel existed in it through which the water flowed.

The aqueduct afforded us much interesting discussion. From the great difference of level of the summits of the arches it appeared as if the Romans must have had means of forcing water from one height to another. This might easily have been done by the simple contrivance of a succession of buckets constantly kept moving. But the grand question was, why did they carry water to a city standing between two ever-flowing rivers? They certainly considered a supply of good water for drinking a very important point, and they probably found that from the rivers unwholesome. We passed on our return the entrance of a tunnel through the hill, made for an iron road, on which were run carts dragged by horses. Railroads in those days, though talked of, had not been introduced. We had gone over altogether upwards of ten miles, and agreed that it was one of the most interesting walks we had ever had.

I spent the next morning in finishing my sketch; then went into the church of Notre Dame. It is handsome, but the architecture is not very florid. The arches are lancet-headed, and there are many windows of richly-painted glass. Next I climbed to the top of the high tower on the summit of the *côte*. The lower portion is a *café*, the upper is furnished with telescopes. The view from it is most interesting. To the north were the hills we had passed after leaving Chambery, and the Rhône and Saône, following each their separate course till they unite towards the south. To the east rose up Mont Blanc and the Alps, and between us and them was a wide extent of flat, though fertile country. To the east of the city a chapel, in the form of a tomb, was pointed out to me, built in memory of those who were massacred at the Revolution, and in the distance was a castle dismantled at the same time. Lyons has ten bridges over the Saône, four of which are suspension, and there are three over the Rhône; the latter is, however, much the larger of the two rivers.

Thus ends my brief account of Lyons. At half-past seven the next morning we once more were galloping along the dusty road, without let or

hindrance, towards the frontier town of Pont de Beauvoisin—the bridge of the beautiful neighbourhood. Having crossed the Rhône, we found the country flat till we approached the little town of Tour-du-pin, when we gradually worked our way between hills till we became encircled by them. Every minute the scenery became more and more beautiful. The foregrounds were most rich, and beyond, though so near that we could distinguish the perpendicular cliffs, the rocky bulwarks of then independent Savoy. To our left was the Rhône, even then a large stream, tumultuously finding its way among the mountains, and constantly increased by numerous rapid torrents. The hill sides near us were clothed with vines, among which the whole population were engaged gathering in the vintage. The cottages, perched about on crags and hills, had the well-known characteristics of Swiss dwellings—deep projecting eaves, low roofs, with light tiles, and balconies, and steps outside, with numerous little odd excrescences, while out of many of the upper windows were hung baskets at the ends of poles, by which articles might be hoisted up to save the inmates the trouble of descending. We reached Pont de Beauvoisin intending to proceed onward; but we found that it was, as the French say, defended to cross the frontier till the sixth day of our nominal quarantine; so we had to chew the cud of disappointment and remain in the very dirty little Hôtel de la Poste till the next morning. While dinner was preparing I sallied forth, and found my way to the banks of the rushing Guières, from which a pleasant-flavoured cheese, with a honey-combed look, and well-known in England, takes its name. However, I thought not of cheese or of anything so ordinary as eating, for I was engrossed with the extraordinary beauty of the scenery, heightened by the effects of the gradually decreasing sunlight. As I stood by the roaring, sparkling, foaming stream, looking at the mountains, which rose in proud grandeur before me, by degrees the sunlight, which had clothed them to their base, began to disappear. Slowly the shadow rose higher and higher, till the summits alone were illuminated with the rays of the glory-shedding luminary which had disappeared from where I stood. Beautiful had been the scene in sunlight; but still more beautiful was the soft blue haze which filled the air and mellowed the more rugged outlines of rock and crag. Often since I have watched the enchanting effects of sunset, but never one which produced a more softening and harmonising result.

The traveller who would describe, in a graphic way, the scenes which pass before him, must commit his impressions as they occur to paper.

Should he omit to do this, the light touches, the most effective points, are often lost. Over and over again I have found this to be the case. Memory is very treacherous. I have fancied that nothing could obliterate the impression of a scene I have been witnessing, and when I have, some time afterwards, tried to recall it, I have felt great disappointment at the meagre sketch I have been able to produce. Now, when I fall in with a beautiful or interesting view which I am anxious to describe, I at once write down in my pocket-book what I see, making use of the most appropriate words. This I call *Word Sketching*. Very valuable I have found that sort of sketching when I have afterwards been writing my travels, or even works of fiction, with scenes which I wish to be true to nature introduced into them. I find that I have not, during my journey through France, described a French inn; yet such, from being very unlike an English inn, is worthy of note. In a town of some size it is generally an imposing-looking edifice. It is of several stories in height, with a quadrangle in the centre, on the four sides of which are balconies to each story, or galleries, which serve as passages. There is one broad staircase, not over well lighted, and not over clean. On the ground floor is the kitchen and the coach-house, and, perhaps, the stable. On the first floor is *salle à manger*, in which a *table-d'hôte* is held, and there are probably few, if any, sitting-rooms besides. The rooms are lofty; the floors of red brick, well polished with wax; the walls are covered with papers of the brightest colours, representing scenes from Peruvian or Mexican history, or battles with the Moors, or scenes in China or India, the figures being as large as life, if not very life-like. The bed or beds in the room are neat and clean, and do not occupy much space; there is a table and there are plenty of chairs, as the room is intended to serve the double purpose of sitting and bed-room. The kitchen is worthy of a visit. Such a thing as a huge roasting coal fire is not to be seen. Instead, there is a long brick counter with stoves underneath, and full of round holes, about the size of a plate, at the top. Here all culinary operations go forward. All the stewing, and boiling, and frying is done over these round holes; for the pans are made just to fit into them, and a much pleasanter way it must be for the cooks than the English method, especially in the dog days. That is the reason, I suspect, that French cooks are generally such merry light-hearted fellows, and make such light wholesome dishes. They look very nice, and calm, and clean as, with white cotton cap on head, and white shirt and apron, they stand over their work in the proud conscious-

ness that they are producing dishes which the consumers cannot fail to admire. We were usually asked whether we wished a dinner at three, four, five, or six francs a head. We dined at all prices; but we found that, as a rule, the higher the price, not only the more abundant, but the better even the dishes. Sometimes we found the *maître d'hôtel* taking the responsible duties of the *chef* on his own shoulders. He was always a most polite bow-making gentleman, but not cringing. He knew that he was not likely ever to see our faces again, and he had nothing to cringe for. If anything went wrong, the chief talisman I used was a threat that the matter should be made known in the next edition of Madame Stark's guide book, and it generally had due effect. The French notions of cleanliness are not in accordance with ours; but I found that it was absurd to grumble and complain, or to hope to teach them, so I made the best of everything, and by being polite, and yet firm and brisk, got on very well. Men do nearly all the work at hotels. Not only do they wait at table, but they make the beds and scrub the floors, and, indeed, do all the housemaid's work. Gentlemen, of course, are accustomed to have men attend on them; but it does seem strange to an English lady to see a slipper-shod *garçon* walk into her room with a jug of hot water, or bring up a a cup of *café au lait* to her bedside. I doubt if they ever would get accustomed to such proceedings. We soon got accustomed to dining in a bed-room and making a sideboard of the bed, but at first it seemed odd and unpleasant. Of course in Paris and the larger towns private sitting-rooms are to be found at the hotels.

I have done the inns more than justice by talking of them so much; but the truth is, that in passing so rapidly through France as we did, they were the chief objects of our attention, it being very important that we should find a good one every night for our relative to rest at. I will not quarrel with the French for calling their country La belle France, and believing it to be so, provided they will allow me to consider other parts of the world as beautiful, if not more so. Certainly I thought the country through which we were now to journey far surpassing any of that part of France which we had seen. The rushing Guières, of which I have spoken, divides France from Savoy, and the town of Pont de Beauvoisin is built partly on one side of the stream and partly on the other, and consequently, I suppose, belongs partly to France and partly to Savoy. The good people of Savoy were then in blissful ignorance of the honour and happiness in store for them, and little wot they that the man who was

then an unnoticed wanderer in foreign lands, would one day declare it to be his good will and pleasure that their country should become an integral part of that same Belle France on which they were wont to look down from their mountain fastnesses. The Guières is spanned by a bridge. At an early hour, after taking only a cup of *café au lait*, we set forth from our unclean inn, and, dashing along the bridge, found ourselves in Savoy. At every turn of the wheels the scenery became more and more beautiful, and in a short time we entered the romantic and wild pass of La Chaille. On our left rose the lofty and almost precipitous rocks, in the face of which the road we were traversing is cut, while on

PASS OF LA CHAILLE.—Road at the entrance of Savoy from Lyons.

our right was a low wall, forming a parapet at the edge of a steep precipice, over which we looked into a deep ravine, at whose bottom the still present Guières frothed and bubbled along.

The road ascending I got off the coach box, and walked on as usual ahead. I reached a point where it made a sharp bend, and turning round I took a last, if not a regretful look, for many a day, of the fertile plains of La belle France, which the rugged hill directly afterwards hid from my sight. I made a hasty sketch of the romantic scene; the lofty cliffs, at the foot of which the road wound one beyond the other in an almost interminable succession, till lost to sight in the far distance; while, still further off, appeared ranges of blue mountains, the shadowy mists rising from the ravine still lower down wreathed about their bases, with here and there a snow-crowned summit rearing its lofty head above all. On quitting the pass every way we looked we found ourselves entirely surrounded by mountains. Next we travelled along a wide valley, whence, on our right, we could see the mountain of La Grande Chartreuse, known for its celebrated convent. Soon after this we reached the little town of Eschelles. Still the Guières was roaring away close to us.

Here we did justice to a very good breakfast, with appetites increased by mountain air, exercise, and the excitement of looking at new and beautiful scenery. On leaving the inn we crossed the torrent and found ourselves approaching the smooth face of a vast perpendicular cliff, which seemed effectually to bar our further progress. Up it towered high above our heads towards the sky, without, as far as we could then see, any means of going through it or round it. Still the postillion drove on, as if he knew perfectly well all about the matter; but whether he was going over the mountain, or through it, or round it he did not deign to inform us. Once upon a time travellers who came by this pass had to cross over it, and to enable them to do so steps were cut in the cliff, up which they had to ascend on foot. From this circumstance the little town where we breakfasted derives its name of Les Eschelles or "The Steps."

On a sudden we saw before us an opening in the foot of the cliff, and we found ourselves entering the celebrated tunnel or grotto as it was called of Les Eschelles, made by Charles Emmanuel, second Duke of Savoy, and considerably improved and enlarged by Napoleon. It is very lofty, and wide enough to allow two carriages easily to pass each other. At night it is lighted by three lamps, but in the day sufficient light finds its way from the two extremities to enable passengers to keep clear of each other. In those days, when engineering skill was in its infancy, it was considered a wonder of art; now tunnels fifty or a hundred times longer have been formed, not only in England but in many other parts of

the world. On emerging from the tunnel we found the scene completely altered from that on the other end. Huge masses of rock, heaped and tumbled about in the wildest confusion, as if thrown down by giant babies at play, surrounded us on every side and formed the foreground, while mountains of many shapes and colours, some with snow-capped summits, rose one beyond the other in the distance.

We passed the town of St. Thebault-de-Coux, at the entrance of a picturesque little ravine, which ran up between two mountains, with a stream sparkling through it, among groves of fruit trees at its bottom, while hanging vineyards clothed the banks on either side. Soon afterwards we passed a waterfall dashing down from a height of a hundred and twenty feet above us in one long spout which would be invaluable in a cold water cure establishment, and then in a short time we entered the Basin of Chambery, as the broad valley in which the capital of Savoy stands is called. Chambery itself, of which we almost immediately got a view, is one of the neatest and prettiest little cities I have ever seen, with its clean slate roofed houses and bright tin ornaments glittering in the sun.

To our left, as we entered the city, we passed a dismantled fortress,—significant of the future fate of the country. Of course a lady, two gentlemen, and a maid servant, could not be allowed to pass through so important a portion of the world's surface without undergoing a due examination as to their characters, objects, and intentions, and we were therefore detained a couple of hours or more, while our passports were examined and signed by sundry officials; *viséed*, it is called. How I used to dread those words, "Il faut viser vos passeports, messieurs." The inside of Chambery is as pleasing as the outside, and had we known how long our passports would have kept us, we might have seen more of it. We were not, it must be remembered, travelling for the sake of sight seeing; our object was to reach our destination as soon as possible. At last we were once more *en route* along a road thickly lined with the tallest and greatest number of Lombardy poplars I had ever seen congregated. They have an effective appearance, with the wild craggy mountain ridges seen over them. To our left we passed a road running off to L'Hospice, as also to Mont Blanc, of which we frequently caught a glimpse.

Poor Albert Smith! Since the previous chapter was in type he has been called from this world. How completely is his name associated with that snow-capped mountain in the minds of nearly every one who

has visited London during the last ten years, and certainly no one has afforded more thorough and innocent amusement than he did during that period, at all events, to the many thousands who formed his audiences. The little town of Montméillan, which we passed, is situated on the side of a vast rounded rock, with a castle, now in ruins, on its summit, and the

MONTMÉILLAN SAVOY, BETWEEN CHAMBERY AND AQUEBELLE.

Isere washing its base with its rapid current. We crossed that river, here of considerable breadth, by a fortified and very picturesque bridge, of which I took a sketch. The view both up and down the stream is very fine. Then on we went, winding up a hill with Montméillan still in sight, and a lofty precipitous mountain rising directly behind it, and looking perfectly blue through the haze ascending from the valleys at its base. I had my sketch-book always in my hand, and when the road was too level to allow me to get ahead of the carriage, I used, from my seat on

the top of it, to take down the grand features of the landscape in a rough way, and fill them up as I went along. In that way I was able to carry off a great number of sketches, which give with perfect correctness the general character of the magnificent scenery through which we were passing, and now, after a lapse of so many years, afford me great interest in looking at them.

At Malterverne we entered the great valley of the Maurienne. Our road winding along by the side of the river Arc, with some snow-covered mountain peaks rising directly above as we reached L'Hotel de la Post, at a town which rejoices in the odd sounding name of Aguebelle, and here our very interesting journey for that day terminated.

From the rather too keen sensations of hunger we experienced after leaving Pont de Beauvoisin, and the delay occasioned by having to stop on the road to breakfast, we agreed that it would be wiser in future to take that meal before starting. Since then, in my many wanderings, I have invariably adopted the plan of that well-known hero, Captain Dalgetty, and have, if food there was to be procured, laid in a store before leaving the place where I have slept. No matter how early, in winter or summer, if through love or money it was to be procured, I have taken a warm comfortable breakfast an hour before starting. I believe this is one of the reasons why I have seldom got ill or felt fatigued when travelling; and I mention the subject, that I may strongly advise my readers to follow the same plan. Let them take a cup of coffee or chocolate, with milk if they can get nothing more substantial. Although we had first breakfasted, we were able to leave our not very pleasant inn, at the uncomfortable sounding place, by seven o'clock, and crossing numerous bridges backwards and forwards over the Arc, we proceeded somewhat slowly towards La Grande Maison. I, indeed, was constantly on foot, climbing up the hills and making sketches whenever I had time to stop. I could scarcely go wrong, for every foot of the way afforded subjects for my pencil. It mattered not in whichever direction I turned, a grand mountain scene was before me. As I sat down near the top of a hill above Aguebelle, the sounds of some church bells reached my ear, their sweetness increased as their notes were borne upwards by the gentle air through the valley. Most pleasing was the effect.

The valley of the Maurienne, through which we were now travelling, is upwards of fifty miles long. At its bottom rushes, for its entire length, the rapid stream of the Arc, parallel to which, now on one side now on

the other, sometimes near and sometimes high above its waters, the road we were on is cut.

We had hitherto been travelling *en limonière* with three horses abreast, but finding our progress slow, we now at Le Grande Maison put on the pole with four, and I had thus less time to make sketches than before. We next passed through the little town of St. Jean de Maurienne, a most romantic-looking place, posted on rocks, and situated in a narrow valley between lofty snow-capped mountains. Just before entering St. Michel a magnificent pass presented itself. On our right rose a perpendicular rock, with the torrent dashing round its base, and in front of us was a hill richly clothed with trees, while huge masses of rock were tumbled about in strange confusion on our left. We now reached the formidable looking fortress of Modane, whose guns, which completely command the high road, frowned fiercely down upon us. Every accessible point of rock from which a gun could be brought to bear on the chief castle was also fortified. It stands on the top of a lofty rock, with a deep chasm at its base, washed by the roaring Arc, a narrow path over drawbridges alone leading to it, while high towering above it appeared a snow-capped peak, which even a hardy chamois hunter could scarcely hope to reach. Added to all these means of defence, the high road itself passes over a long drawbridge, which spans an awfully deep chasm; so, suppose that point reached by an enemy, they would scarcely be able, even should they blow the fortress to atoms, to throw a bridge across without great delay. Altogether, we agreed that no army, even numerous as that of Xerxes, could possibly pass that way while the provisions and ammunition of the garrison held out. The object of the fortress was, we supposed, to keep an army from the side of France out of Piedmont. Now, I conclude, as the French garrison it, it will be of equal service in keeping an enemy who might succeed in crossing Mont Cenis out of France.

The village or little town of Modane is clean and picturesque. The Arc here passes it in a succession of waterfalls. The whole road, thence passing La Verney to Lans-le-Bourg, is a continual and steep ascent, with the Arc roaring and rushing along on one side, and a series of waterfalls splashing away down the mountains on the other; but carefully conducted under the road, so that they can do no mischief. As we were toiling up the mountain road, even with our four horses, one of the postillions, of whom I was asking questions, gave a lash to his horses, and looked very much as if he would like to lash me. "What a steep!

what an abominable road is this!" he exclaimed, vehemently. "It is all owing to those detestable English that it is not better."

"How so, my friend?" I asked; "I should have thought that the English, who use it more than any other people just now, assisted to keep it in repair."

"No, I tell you, if it had not been for the English this road would have been first-rate. The lower part was begun by that great man Napoleon; and see what those rascals the English did; they seized him and killed him before he had time to complete it. Had he remained longer emperor what a superb road he would have made!"

Perhaps Napoleon III. took a hint from my Buonapartist postillion, and resolved to possess himself of Savoy, that he might complete this road and win the hearts of all patriotic Savoyards. The greater number we saw of the poorer inhabitants of this magnificent valley of the Maurienne have a most wretched appearance — not so much on account of their poverty and rags, as from their sallow complexions, care-worn countenances, and the huge goîtres which numbers have on their necks, while as many are idiots or of weak intellect. Nowhere have I seen more hideous and painful looking groups as those which surrounded the carriage whenever we stopped. We also saw many other persons with goîtres much above the humbler classes. Suffering is doubly painful to witness when one feels how utterly unable one is to afford relief. The goître is a swelling which often increases almost to the size of the head, proceeding out of the neck. It is disputed whether it is caused by the snow-water which is drunk by the inhabitants, or by the confined and peculiar air of their deep and hemmed in valleys. Interesting as we found this grand valley to travel through, I should still, independent of the goîtres, be very sorry to live in it, though it might have a good effect in lowering one's self-estimation to its proper standard. Few positions, indeed, make me feel man's smallness and insignificance so much as when I find myself at the bottom of a deep valley, dark rocks, and snow-capped mountains, towering far, far above me, while there is no perceptible way of escape. As we continued to ascend, we found the air very much colder than we had felt it during our journey, so that we were not sorry to reach L'Hotel Royal at Lans-le-Bourg, and to find ourselves seated by a blazing fire. This inn, which we found a very good one, was, we were told, built by Napoleon's order for the use of his officers traversing Mont Cenis on their way to and from the conquered provinces of Piedmont

and Lombardy. The officers of a third Napoleon made like use of it, when they crossed the mountains to fight more battles on that same blood-stained field.

Oct. 15th.—We left our hotel at half-past seven, and immediately commenced our ascent of the mountain. The distance from Lans-le-Bourg to the summit of the pass is said to be eight miles. —— and I did not even mount the box, but as soon as the carriage was put in motion we started on ahead on foot. Having ascended some way, I took a sketch of Lans-le-Bourg, seen far down below me, and the surrounding mountain scenery. Then leaving the high road which went zig-zagging upwards, in a manner which would sorely have tried my patience had I remained on the coach box, I cut directly up the steep side of the mountain, helping myself on by the arbutus and other bushes which thickly clothed its surface. The ground was crisp with ice and frost, and a pure keen air blew in my face, which had the most inspiriting and exhilarating effect. I felt that I could have climbed up to the top of Mont Blanc itself without difficulty, and I could scarcely refrain from shouting and singing as I mounted higher and higher through the intoxicating atmosphere, Excelsior! Excelsior! Excelsior! There are twenty-six houses of refuge built on the side of the mountain, each inhabited by two *cantonnières* and their families. The business of these men is to keep the road clear of snow in the winter, and very hard work at times they have to do so. The women and children were seated at the doors of the houses, looking rosy and healthy, and not seeming to be at all aware how cold it was. How different did they look to the poor people in the valley we had left. On reaching Casa di Ricovero, No. 18, I inquired how much further I had to climb to reach the summit of the pass, and I was then told that I was already 5898 feet above the Mediterranean. Ascending a little higher, I turned round and sketched the house of refuge at which I had just before stopped, and the mountains which formed the sides of the valley we had left, and a fine wild scene the whole view presented. On again I went, till I found myself by the side of a lake of the purest water, and on inquiry, I discovered that I had reached the highest point of the pass. Although the cold was so great that I could scarcely hold my pencil, I made a sketch of the lake, and then went on a little further to the barrier, which is placed at the point where Savoy and Piedmont unite. Here I had to wait for the carriage to pay a duty which was levied on all vehicles entering the kingdom of Sardinia. That wild snow-covered

spot on which I then stood, now marks the boundary of France on the south-east. The French, who may find their way into their newly acquired province, are not likely to quarrel with their friends and neighbours the Sardinians during the winter season at all events.

A little beyond the barrier stands the Hotel of La Grand Croix, facing the lake. Here ——, who had preceded me, had prepared a delicious luncheon of a trout just caught in the lake and a white partridge. To convince us that it was a white partridge the landlord had sent in the wings and tail of the bird, which were certainly as white as snow; we were told that hares and rabbits are also found white on the mountain. This is one of the wonderful provisions of nature, that they may the better escape the keen sight of the eagles and vultures who would otherwise soon extirpate them. There was some objection made to my carrying away the wings, and I rather suspect that as the partridges on the tops of the mountains are rather hard to get at, the same pair of wings is made to do duty for many different birds which have worn others of a more sombre hue during their lifetime. However, as the bird, whether white or brown, was very tender, and the trout deliciously flavoured, we were not inclined to dispute the point with mine host. I took a sketch from the windows of the hotel, in a more satisfactory way than I had before done of the lake and the snow-capped pinnacles of rocks which towered up high above it. There is a small plain on the highest part of the pass which contains the hotel where we were, the chief house of refuge, and the lake I have described. Out of the lake the Arc descends on one side into the valley of the Maurienne, while a foaming cataract rushes down the Piedmont side of the mountain. Very little snow had as yet fallen, and what we saw crowning the summits of the mountains above our heads seldom or never melts; but there were already sufficient indications of the approach of winter to make us thankful that we had not longer delayed our journey, for when once the snow begins to fall we were told that the *cantonnières* have often difficult task to keep the road open.

On the walls of the dining-room in the inn travellers had amused themselves in writing verses in a variety of languages, a custom more honoured, I must say, in the breach than in the observance, though often indulged in by poetically disposed snobs. Among them were some lines written evidently by a youth of that genus.

"Italy's a fine place, there's no doubt of it,
But I am very glad to get out of it."

The writer must have had about as much claim to be considered an enlightened traveller as he had to be looked on as a good poet. I, on the contrary, for my part, was equally delighted to find myself about to descend into the rich and fertile plains of that justly famed lovely land. After spending half an hour at the top of the mountain we took our seats in the carriage, and with two horses and securely locked wheels we began a rapid descent of the mountains by six magnificent galleries, which wind steeply down the perpendicular face of a vast rock. There was a good parapet by the side of the steep road, or at the quick rate at which we went, with the sharp turnings we had to make, it would have been somewhat trying to our nerves.

ROAD CUT IN THE ROCK.—The descent from Mont Cenis towards Turin.

Foaming cataracts were roaring down, above, and below us, some passing under the road, while one, the largest, rushed on altogether clear of the galleries sheer down into a deep ravine, which looked as if it had been formed by a wedge driven into the side of the mountain. The road on the southern side is very much steeper than that by which we had ascended while the mountains appear even more stupendous and rugged. The distance from the barrier to the town of Susa is said to be fifteen miles. If it is so much, we got over it in a wonderfully short space of time. Susa, the ancient Segusium, is a moderate sized town, situated on a level space

at the bottom of the valley, on the right bank of the Dora-Baltea. Passing a ruined fortress, perched on a rock on our left, we entered the town by a bridge, which has a triumphal arch of white marble, erected in honour of Augustus. It stands across the old Roman road to Gaul. We merely stopped to change horses, and then proceeded along a level roal, with lofty mountains, however, on either side of us, till we had passed the village of St. Antonio. On numerous rocky pinnacles on each side of us, for the entire distance along the valley, were perched the ruins of castles and fortresses of all sorts, which spoke of a past and warlike age, when every man's hand must have been against his neighbour, and life and property must have been very insecure. However interested we may be in reading of a romance of that period, we may feel very thankful that we do not live in an age of iron. At the southern end of the pass were two ruined castles, perched like their brethren, on the summits of precipitous rocks, one apparently its watchful guardian, but which can now neither bark nor bite. How interesting it would be to explore that valley, to learn the history of all those once proud frowning castles, who were their owners, what they did, and how they passed away, and how their habitations have fallen to decay. I had time to make a sketch of the two last mentioned castles, and of a lofty rock opposite them, and then we galloped out of the pass into the plain of Piedmont.

ROAD BETWEEN SUSA AND TURIN LOOKING BACK TOWARDS SAVOY.

CHAP. IX.

Quit Savoy.—Turin.—Last Days of Charles Albert.—Palace of the King.—Description of Turin.—The best Object in Travelling.—Italian Mode of driving Four Horses.—Alessandria.—The Plain and Battle of Marengo.—Genoa.—History of the City.—Magnificent Scenery of Mediterranean Shores.—An Adventure with Brigands.—Terrific Suspense.

THE last scene on which our eyes rested in Savoy was not inferior in beauty to any we had beheld in that lovely Alpine region. On one side was a fine old castle standing proudly up even in its decay, on the summit of a lofty and precipitous rock overlooking the narrow pass. The road was lined on either side with tall Lombardy poplars and other trees, giving freshness and liveliness to a view which would otherwise have had too much of a gloomy grandeur about it to be altogether pleasing, while on looking back, like a huge wall before us, rose the Cottian Alps, towering upward towards the blue sky, range beyond range, their lofty summits tipped with snow, glittering in the bright sunshine, and we saw

how correctly the country we were in was called Piedmont (or Mountain-foot), for we were literally at the very foot of the mountains. I insisted on stopping a few minutes, when I made a hurried, but not incorrect sketch of the scene, and then on again we rattled as fast as ever. We changed horses at Rivoli. It contains upwards of five thousand inhabitants, and possesses I believe an old castle and palace, but we had no time to see either. Then on we dashed, the postmaster himself mounting as one of our postillions, along a very straight, broad, and exceedingly dusty road, between rows of trees, towards Turin. The appearance of the road and the civilised look of the country generally told us that we were approaching the capital of a kingdom. It was dark, however, before we reached Turin, and we took up our quarters at L'Hotel de l'Europe, the very best and the most comfortable inn we had occupied during our journey.

We resolved, very much to my satisfaction, to spend a day in this most civilised and beautiful little capital. Rattling along over the country with four horses is very pleasant and exhilarating, but the amusement grows wearisome if long continued, and a day's rest becomes doubly agreeable.

As soon as breakfast was over we sallied forth with a *valet de place* to lionise the city. He was, we speedily discovered, a somewhat useless incumbrance, for we could have found our way about perfectly well without him, and as for information, he had little or none to give, which Mrs. Stark did not much more amply afford us. At that time Charles Albert sat on the throne of Sardinia. Poor king! his fate was a hard one. He was an enlightened and patriotic man, but he was over ambitious, and over estimated the strength of his country. Defeated in his struggle with the hosts of Russia, he died in exile on the shores of Portugal — his fate a sad termination to human greatness. He was at that time probably forming the scheme of the accomplishment of which there now appears some prospect. It was to drive the Austrians out of Italy, and by uniting the various states to create one great Italian monarchy. The king was then absent from Turin and his palace was accordingly shown to strangers. To it our first visit was paid. We were first conducted up a fine staircase of marble, passing a large equestrian statue. The rider is of marble, but the horse is of bronze. On we went through several large ante-rooms to the king's grand audience-chamber. Next to it is the hall where the queen holds her drawing-rooms, and further on is another state chamber where the foreign ambassadors and other great personages are received. We also

visited the king's private dining-room and sitting-room. The rooms are generally small, but they are richly ornamented with gilding, the ceilings are well painted, and the floors are of inlaid wood. The private rooms had a pleasant air of comfort about them, but the public ones were in a very dirty state. If it was the Lord Chamberlain's business to see that they were clean, he certainly did not do his duty. Curiously enough I knew well the house in Oporto where the poor king breathed his last; it was situated high above the river Douro, looking down upon orange groves, with the blue Atlantic in the distance. The view was far superior to any which could be seen from the windows of his royal palace. The king had possessed a fine gallery of paintings, but he had lately, in the most liberal way, presented them to the public, in order to form a great national collection. A building, called the Palais de Madame, in the centre of the Piazza Castello, was also given up for the purpose, and the exhibition had then been opened about a month. The collection is altogether splendid. There are a number of small rooms, and the pictures are arranged so that many of the great masters have an entire room to themselves; other rooms are devoted to particular subjects or styles of painting. This arrangement is much less dazzling and perplexing than that of having a large collection in a gallery; at the same time large pictures require a large space.

The picture I thought the most beautiful, was one of the "Annunciation," by Gentilezzi. The deep humility which the Virgin's countenance expresses, and the gentle blush on her cheeks, is admirable. The angel is stooping forward as if to reassure her. His face is the perfection of beauty, and his figure most graceful. I noted many others which I then thought very fine. From the door of this palace we could see the regularity with which the city is built, nearly all the streets running at right angles with each other. It is completely surrounded with boulevards—broad roads lined with trees, so that, in whatever direction the inhabitants look, their eyes are cheered with the sight of green trees and green fields, and to the north and east, of the bright waters of the Dora Riparia and Po. The latter river closely washes its eastern side, flowing towards the north. A large and strong-looking citadel is posted on its south-western angle. Turin is the most compact, and at the same time most airy city I have ever seen. Many of the larger houses are built of a yellowish coloured brick, and ornamented richly on the outside with deeply embossed brick-work. The streets are very clean, having gutters of clear water running through their centres. The water is let in every night from the Dora, so

as completely to flush them and to carry off all impurities. The city was full of soldiers, mostly tall, soldier-like looking men ; indeed, I thought the Sardinians generally a very fine race of people. I was particularly struck with one regiment which passed, few of the men were under six feet, and I think those forming the grenadiers' company must have been nearly six feet six, and proportionately stout. Many of the squares have arcades along their sides, which also run down the principal streets, and add to the beauty of the city.

Turin has the best university in Italy ; its charitable institutions, such as hospitals for the sick, for destitute children, for the old, and lunatic asylums, are admirably conducted. It has also an academy of the fine arts, an agricultural society, a philharmonic society, a military college, schools for the deaf and the blind,—a *monte-di-pietà*,—penitentiaries, and other useful institutions. There exist various manufactories of woollen cloths, silks, hosiery, &c. &c. ; there are insurance companies, and a well-organised body of firemen ; indeed, it may well be considered one of the most perfectly civilised cities in Europe. It is about a mile and a half long, and half a mile broad, and stands on a level space close to the junction of the two rivers I have before mentioned. My chief walk was over a bridge across the Po to a new church, called Della Gran Madre di Dio, built in imitation of the Pantheon of Rome, by the municipality of Turin, to commemorate the restoration of the dynasty of Savoy, at the peace in 1814. It is cased with marble, and richly ornamented with marble pillars. Little did we think then what an influence another Napoleon would exercise over that same dynasty in later years. Had I been left to myself, I might possibly have visited some of the institutions I have mentioned, but the dull valet had of course no notion of going beyond the beaten track of churches and palaces, and in staring at them, without a word of information from his lips, the day was spent. Those who travel merely because they wish to move about, and hurry round in every city to the churches and picture-galleries, as do thousands of our countrymen, as well as of Americans, will soon heartily weary of the work ; but those who visit hospitals and asylums, colleges, schools, and other useful institutions, for the enlightened purpose of seeing how they are conducted, and of being able to give information for the improvement of those at home, will never grow fatigued or sicken of their task, because they cannot fail to feel that they may be of real benefit to their fellow-creatures. With such objects in view, many of my readers will, I trust, set forward

on their travels. In the evening —— and I went to the theatre of Carignano, and heard the opera of "Astartea ed Zadig." It was the first Italian opera I had ever heard, and I had not thought it possible that music so enchanting could be produced. It was infinitely superior to the French opera I had heard at Paris, and even the ballet was a much more refined and elegant performance. Indeed, everything we saw in and about Turin gave us the impression that the Sardinians are a highly civilised and enlightened people.

After breakfast on the 17th of October, our carriage wheels were once more whirling round at a rapid rate from the impetus given by four very creditable steeds. We had, however, but one postillion, who sat on the wheeler, and guided the leaders with short reins, aided by his whip. Where the postillions do not appear to be selected on account of being light weights, as in England, this is in some respects an advantage, as the whole strength of the leaders may be devoted to dragging. At the same time they have thus rather too much liberty, which they indulged by turning round and poking their noses in a most inquisitive way into the carriage windows. I have an idea that some travellers are in the habit of bestowing cakes and biscuits on them on such occasions. They are sagacious creatures, or they certainly would upset more carriages than they are in the habit of doing by their strange vagaries. Taking the road which leads along the bridge over the Po, we turned to the right, having that river on one side, and a hill on which stands a convent of Capuchins on our left. A thick fog obscured the landscape, but as it cleared off we enjoyed, as we looked back, a magnificent Alpine view. There was Mont Cenis over which we had come, and Rochmelon in the centre; Mont Blanc on the right, and Mont Viro, a conical-shaped mountain, on the left; the intervening spaces being filled up with lofty ranges of varied shapes and tints, many already thickly capped with snow. The first place of importance we passed through was Asti, a very extensive city, the capital of the province of Asti, and standing on the left bank of the Tanaro. It appeared to be surrounded by walls, but they were in a very ruinous condition, and utterly useless as a defence. We passed through some broad streets with some handsome houses, or rather palaces built of dark ornamental brick, but an air of departed grandeur seemed to pervade the place, and I have since found that though capable of containing nearly forty thousand inhabitants, its actual population does not much exceed half that number. Here Vittorio Alfieri, the first of Italian poets, was born in 1749; his

parents being nobles and residents in the city. It contains a Duomo or Cathedral, and eight or ten other churches. The appellation of Duomo, or The House—it should be The House of God—is given to all the cathedral churches in Italy. How often, alas! have they been converted into dens of thieves. About the middle of the 13th century, the bloody quarrels of the Guelphs and Ghibelines broke out in Asti, and for many years the unfortunate citizens were distracted by them. It fell into the hands of the French in 1387, and was in 1529 given up by the Emperor Charles V. to Charles III., Duke of Savoy. Since that period it has remained attached to the dominions of that house.

Galloping on, we approached Alessandria, the strongest fortification in Sardinia. It has lately become celebrated as having been the rendezvous of the armies and the head-quarters of the Emperor of the French and the King of Sardinia, when they were commencing that brief, but brilliant campaign against the Austrians, which produced results so inadequate to the terrible expenditure of life. I was much struck with the formidable appearance of the fortifications. Strong they need have been with enemies so greedy of Italian territory as the Austrians then were, and as a near neighbour gives some signs of being at present. The Po washes the city on the north side. We crossed it by a very long bridge entirely covered over, which has a curious appearance. Such was London Bridge in days of yore. We were now on classic ground — deeply blood-stained, unhappily, every foot of it. We passed, after leaving Alessandria, over the plains of Marengo. Here Napoleon fought, on the 14th of June, 1800, one of his greatest battles with the Austrians, under the command of their aged General Melas. The first consul had entered Italy across Mont St. Bernard, having carried his troops over the mountains by steps cut in the rocks, to avoid the little fortress of Bard. The town below the fortress he had carried by escalade, but the streets were still exposed to a hot fire from the fortress. To convey his guns over the mountain was impossible, so he effected his object by stratagem. Thickly strewing the streets with straw and earth, the pieces of cannon covered up with branches of trees were dragged along them by men keeping a profound silence during the dead of night. Many of the artillery men, however, were killed and wounded by the fire kept up continually from the fortress; but little did the Austrian commander suspect that the enemy's artillery had actually descended into Italy under his very nose. The French were however very nearly losing this same battle of Marengo. The aged Austrian

commander Melas, worn out with fatigue, had actually retired from the field, believing himself the conqueror, and leaving to General Zach the charge of completing the victory. The Austrians were in over hot pursuit of the flying French, when Napoleon and Dessaix rallying them, they once more attacked the enemy. Whole divisions of the Austrian army, surprised and overpowered, being wearied also by their prolonged exertions, threw down their arms. General Zach was taken prisoner. Others took to flight, especially the cavalry, which, instead of covering the retreat of their friends, rode down all in their way, nor did they make a stand, till they were driven back over the Bormida. The next day Melas entered into a capitulation, gaining permission to retire behind Mantua, and giving up Genoa, Piedmont, Lombardy, and the Legations to the French.

I have given a sketch of this battle for the sake of showing how important it is never to suppose a victory gained till it is actually secured, and never to despise an enemy. We must earnestly hope that we may never be at war with the French; but if we are, we must remember that no troops in the world, after being beaten, so quickly rally, or are better able to take advantage of any change of circumstances which may occur. No more notable example of this can be adduced than the battle of Marengo. Never forget this account given in Russell's "Modern Europe." The whole French army was flying,—Napoleon himself was in full retreat. When Dessaix saw the whole plain filled with flying soldiers, he thought all must be lost. He and Napoleon met in the midst of the greatest apparent confusion, and Dessaix thus addressed his chief:—"The battle is lost!—I suppose I can do no more for you than secure your retreat?"

"By no means," answered the First Consul; "the battle is, I trust, gained; the disordered troops whom you see, are my centre and left, whom I will rally in your rear; push forward your column."

Dessaix did so, and though he was killed, shot through the heart, his soldiers continued to attack the Austrians with fury. The result I have already described.

We reached Novi by half-past six, having had good horses and been driven capitally all day. Every little incident we observed showed us that the Piedmontese are a spirited, active-minded people, very different to the Italians of the south, and contrasting greatly with the slow-moving, phlegmatic Austrians on their northern and eastern frontier, while I fancy they have far more sincerity and earnestness of purpose than their French neighbours. So their roads are good, their horses are well-fed

and strong, and the postillions know how to make them go along. Novi is the capital of the province of Novi, and contains 10,000 inhabitants. It stands on flat ground, with the magnificent Apennines rising up beyond it. On leaving it the next morning at nine o'clock, though we still continued on a level road, we very soon found ourselves among most picturesquely shaped hills, the spurs of the Apennines, and covered thickly with fine chestnut groves. On our left we had the bed of a wide stream, crossed by several bridges, but which now, in consequence of the long continued drought, was completely dry. Aquata, where we changed horses, is situated on its banks. Having passed through Ronco we began to ascend one of the spurs of the Apennines, by a very fine newly cut road, having a torrent in sight, which, in spite of the dry season, bubbled and roared its noisy way along into the sea. Having ascended to the summit of this pass, through the Ligurian Apennines, I enjoyed my first sight of the blue waters of the Mediterranean. How often had I thought and read about those classic waters, and now I was about to visit them, wander along their shores, and bathe in their waves. The glimpse I got was, however, but for a moment, as we immediately commenced a rapid descent down the mountain, not much less, I fancy, than 2000 feet, with a roaring torrent by our side, till we reached Ponte Decimo, where we changed horses. Then we galloped through a beautiful valley with a river on our right, and lofty picturesque hills on our left, sprinkled thickly with handsome villas, rising up among olive and orange groves and mulberry trees, till at length we came in sight of the fortifications which crown the lofty heights around Genoa la Superba, as she is well called. We came down through a gorge in the mountains directly on it. Below us, in front, lay basking in sunshine the bright blue sea. On our right rose a lofty and precipitous mountain, which runs out a considerable way into the water, while on our left was the beautiful marble-built city itself, with its grand old palaces and magnificent churches; and with its numerous picturesque villa residences surrounded by gardens thickly clustered on the hills above it. We drove over drawbridges, between frowning strong-looking batteries, to the gate of the outer line, near which, on the Molo Nuovo, stands a lofty lighthouse, 300 feet high, and then along a beautifully smooth road to the inner line of fortifications, when at the second gate we delivered up our passports, signifying the hotel at which we intended to take up our quarters.

Passing some fine quays and docks we entered the Strada Balbi, narrow,

like all the streets in Genoa, but with fine palaces on either side, some of marble and paved with huge slabs of stone, which give it a very fine and clean appearance. The whole city is paved in the same way; indeed, on account of the narrowness and steepness of most of the streets, very few carriages are used in the town. People, when visiting, are carried about in sedan-chairs or litters. I believe that it is only through three or four that a wheel carriage can pass. In an open space at the end of the Strada Balbi, nearly opposite the Church of the Annunziata, is the Hotel de York, where we found some very comfortable rooms. Having got out of our dusty garments we lost no time in seeing what we could of that famous city during the few hours we were to pass in it. Even the finest streets, the chief of which are the Balbi, Nuova, Nuovissima, and Carlo Felice, are narrow, but then they are composed of whole rows of palaces: indeed, Genoa may well be called a city of palaces. I believe no other city at present existing has so many fine buildings crowded together in so small a space. It is more like one of the ruined cities of the East of late years brought to light,—all palaces and temples. The truth is that here, as was probably the case in bygone ages, the poorer classes live in hovels in out of the way corners or in the lower floors, or in the vaults of the palaces, or perhaps in the roofs.

I was told that just beneath and about the roof of the vast winter palace of the Emperor of Russia, in St. Petersburg, some hundred families were found, like house sparrows, to have taken up their abode. Their ascent was by some narrow stairs in the walls. I forget how many thousand people were said at one time to have been residing within that huge edifice. The palaces in Genoa are not of the same vast dimensions as that I have been speaking of, but I can easily understand that upwards of 115,000 people can be contained within the walls of the city, for such is said to be the population of Genoa. The first palace we entered was that of Signor G. F. Durazzo. In front is a fine façade of white marble columns. Ascending a handsome marble staircase, we found ourselves traversing endless suites of lofty rooms, furnished with much splendour and elegance. The ceilings are covered with fresco paintings, and some of the floors are formed of highly polished marble, and others of a composition to imitate it. It also contains a number of fine paintings, which of course we had no time to enjoy. We next visited the royal palace. The façade is inferior in beauty to that of the Durazzo. The finest suite of rooms run round a quadrangle. They all, however, appeared small, especially those

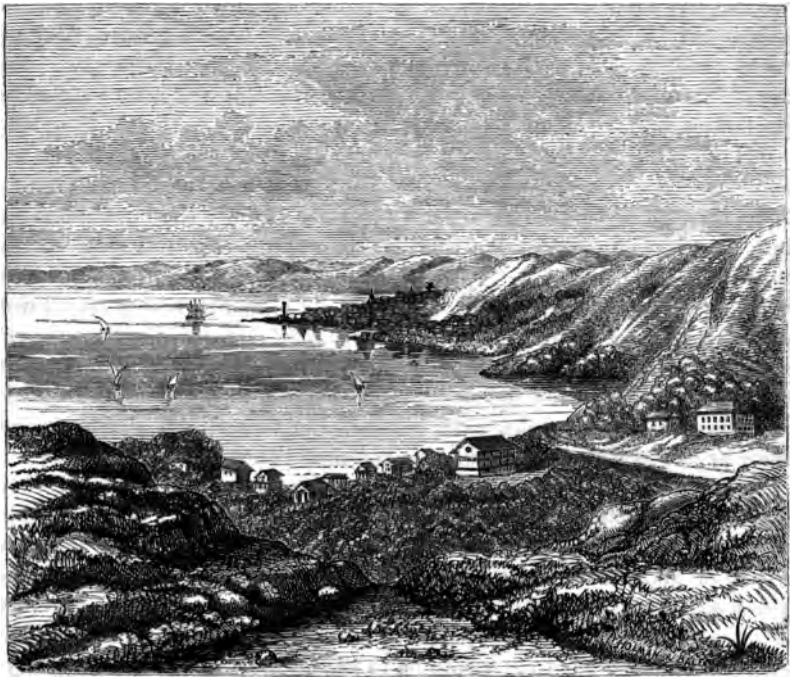
of the queen, which, as a recompense, look towards the sea, and permit the royal occupant to enjoy the sea breeze, a great luxury in that hot clime. In front of them is a fine broad terrace, with flower beds, on the roof of a suite of rooms on the story below it. In a city where there is no space for a garden, this arrangement is very delightful, as people may thus sit out in the evening and enjoy the cool sea breeze as if they were in the country. In the East most of the houses are built with flat roofs, on the top of which they have terraces or gardens. The rooms here are much less covered with gilding than those of the royal palace at Turin. There are some fine paintings here, a few of which we stopped to admire and note. We afterwards entered several churches which have their ceilings beautifully painted in fresco and are decorated in the richest way. Then we walked through the Stradas Nuova and Nuovissima, in the former of which is a palace built entirely of marble. Next we passed through a street which is excessively narrow, but contains the best shops; and returned by the ramparts and along the top of the sea wall of the city.

The harbour, over which we got a good view, is formed of two moles or piers, the mole Nuovo on the right, and the mole Vecchio on the left. Altogether, from the hurried run I had over the city, I thought it one o the most interesting and curious I was likely to see. Genoa was known in the days of the old Romans under the title of Genua. For many ages it has been a very independent city. From the eleventh century it was governed by magistrates under the title of counts, when the Genoese became formidable by sea, and, aided by the Pisans, drove the Saracens ou of Corsica, Capraja, and Sardinia. They took a prominent part in the crusades, and turned their arms also against the Moors. Early in the thirteenth century a rivalry sprang up between them and Venice, when they, having assisted Michael Palæologus to re-conquer Constantinople, obtained from him the suburbs of Pera and Galata, and the port of Smyrna. They also established numerous colonies and factories on the coast of the Black Sea.

The rule of the consuls was succeeded by that of the Podestas. After the country had been desolated by the Guelph and Ghibeline factions, the citizens weary of discord chose a supreme magistrate for life, to whom they gave the title of Doge. This system, after lasting two centuries, was changed by Andrea Doria, who established biennial Doges, and councils to assist and control them. During the last great European war Genoa met many vicissitudes, and was captured by the English under Lord William Bentinck in 1814, and in the following year, by a decision of the Congress

of Vienna, was united to the Sardinian monarchy. I did not forget, when walking through its narrow streets near the sea, that here Christopher Columbus was born, and that it might boast of being the birthplace of many other bold seamen and explorers. Here a large portion of the third Napoleon's army landed on their march towards Austria, and from thence the greatest of modern heroes, Garibaldi, set out on his expedition to free Sicily from the iron yoke of her despot king.

The next morning we were again *en route* soon after eight o'clock. Our road wound round the base of the Apennines close to the sea, among hanging vineyards, orange and olive groves, fig-trees, and cypresses, which



RECCO, WITH GENOA IN THE DISTANCE.

latter give a picturesque finish to the landscape. Every turn of the road exhibited to us some new view which we thought more beautiful than the

last. The road, a very good one, has been formed by cutting into the often almost precipitous cliffs. Sometimes it runs along on the tops of rocks just above the sea, and in other places it is led some way up the cliffs and is made to bend in and out as their indentations or promontories require. Looking back just beyond Recco I made a sketch of that place, and the little rocky cove in which it stands, with Genoa in the distance, and a fine headland round which the road winds above a precipice which descends sheer down into the sea.

After this we drove through a grotto or tunnel cut in the marble rock. Beyond it again we had another superb view of Genoa. We passed through two similar tunnels during the day.

I can but mention the names of the numerous places we saw. Rapallo is situated in a beautiful little bay. Chiavari is an attractive looking town standing close to the sea. The road runs close along the margin of the sea to Sestri, when, leaving the coast and having the river Fumera on the left, it begins a bold ascent of the Apennines. —— and I, having toiled up the mountain on foot a long way ahead of the carriage, reached two huge granite rocks, between which the road has been cut. Halting to breathe, we turned round, when a spectacle which I have not often seen surpassed met our sight. We were looking west. Below us was spread out the bright, bright blue Mediterranean, across which the sun, about to set beneath its joyously dancing waves, shed a glow like that of liquid fire, while the whole western sky shone with refulgent glory. Behind and around us on every side rose ranges of mountains one beyond the other, while scattered here and there, and often heaped together in the wildest confusion, were huge rocks, bare, rugged, and fantastic in shape, thrown there by one of nature's wildest commotions. The distance from the sea to the summit of the mountain is about eight miles, and we had therefore very much further to ascend before we could reach it. Up we clomb, however, enjoying the pure clear air, till at length we arrived at the little village of Mattarana, where there is an inn and post-house. By this time it was quite dark, and of course we heard that it would be very dangerous to proceed. Considering the precipices and the robbers and the certainty of being overturned, our lives would be in the greatest peril. In those days brigands were somewhat rife in many parts of Italy, in the Roman and Neapolitan States especially, and why should they not be further north? Indeed, I had a sort of fancy that it would be very tame and stupid, if not absolutely disgraceful, to make a journey through the country and to escape

being robbed or perhaps carried off by some heroic Mazzaroni to his stronghold among the mountains; that, at all events, to be attacked and to beat off a troop of brigands would be a feather in one's cap. So strongly did mine host of the mountain hostelry impress the state of the case on us, assuring us that he had five very comfortable beds at our disposal, that while the carriage was approaching, though the outside of the mansion was not prepossessing, —— was induced to go in to inspect the proffered accommodation. There was one room into which he was shown with much ceremony, in which a party of men, who might have been brigands, were sitting smoking.

"And where are the bedrooms?" he asked.

"There, signor," answered mine host, exhibiting five small recesses in the walls round the highly scented apartment, while dirt was the prevailing characteristic of the place. To stop there was deemed impossible, though since then I have been glad to find shelter in places very many times more dirty and inconvenient. The worst, perhaps, of all was on the borders of Spain.

Travelling on horseback with a friend, we arrived late in the evening at a house which was called an inn. The landlady was a very old woman, who had married a young man, whom she kept in the most complete thraldom—so it appeared to us. The public room was not very grand, we had a cask and a three-legged stool as our seats, and a bench as our table, but we supposed that the bedroom accommodation might be better. On being shown to the room where we were to sleep, not a particle of furniture was there in it of any sort or description. At last the landlord brought us two sacks half filled with corn.

"There," he remarked, "those will make very comfortable beds, and what better pillows can you require than your valises?"

"But the sacks are not long enough," we humbly expostulated. "They will only serve for our bodies."

"Enough too, surely. You don't want cushions for your legs," remarked the landlord walking out of the room. When we complained to our aged landlady of the want of furniture in her house,—

"Of course, I have none," she answered. "Thirty years ago, it may be more, I had plate, and linen and embroidered counterpanes, and good beds and wardrobes, and everything to be desired, but those scoundrels the French came and robbed me of everything. I have bitter wrongs to avenge on those miscreants. I vowed that should they come again they

should find nothing to carry off, while they would find me somewhat changed, likewise ; and you would not have me break my vow ! "

But to return to the little inn on the summit of the Apennines at Matarana. Though a palace compared to the one I have been describing in Spain, it was resolved to brave the dangers of brigands and precipices, and to descend the mountain in the dark. Horses were put to, and away we went. There were precipices undoubtedly, steep and profound on one side, and cliffs beetling up bold and rugged on the other. It was fully eleven miles, we were told, to Borgetto, the nearest place at which we could find an hotel. Our postillion, we thought, as we started, was more taciturn than usual, a fierce-looking fellow, the very essence of a brigand. Of course he was in league with the landlord of the inn at Mattarana, and of course an associate of the ill-looking fellows we saw smoking and drinking there. What more natural than to expect that he would, on the first convenient occasion, hurl the carriage down one of the terrific precipices on the side of the road, and, nimbly jumping off and cutting the traces so as to save his horses, leave us helplessly to become the prey of the rest of the gang. We went on some distance before this expected atrocity was committed. Generally the road descended often very steeply, but it occasionally rose again to cross a shoulder of the mountain. The sky was beautifully clear, and the stars were bright, so that we could well distinguish the grand outlines of the scenery. The road for some way had been worse than usual, when suddenly, without the slightest warning, our brigandish postillion turned sharply aside and drove into the midst of a thick grove of chestnut trees. This was better than being hurled down a precipice, but there could be little doubt that his intentions were of a most villanous nature. This horrible surmise was confirmed when, jumping from his horse and uttering some fierce expressions, the tenor of which we could not comprehend, he disappeared among the thick trees, leaving us to our fate in the gloomy wood. Unfortunately we had no pistols or fire-arms of any sort to defend our relative, but we did our best to allay her apprehensions, and were more successful with her than with my lady's waiting woman, who gave every indication of intending to scream, and continued to exclaim faintly, " Oh dear, oh dear ! gracious me ! what's going to happen ? Are we all going to be murdered ? " or something to that effect. During a lull, we thought we heard the footsteps of the treacherous postillion descending the mountain, and then the sound of human voices came up through the night air from the depths below. Awful was the state of

suspense we were kept in. Had we possessed arms we might have been able to fight and perhaps to shoot the brigands the moment they appeared without asking them questions or staying till they began robbing us, and thus, perhaps, by showing them the stuff Englishmen are made of, drive them off. That reminds me of a story I will tell by and by. At length footsteps approached. "Here they come," we exclaimed. So they did. First the treacherous postillion appeared, then two other men. They seized the horses' heads and began to drag the carriage into the further depths of the forest. On they went, utterly indifferent as to whether the stumps of trees took off the wheels, or the boughs above swept away the imperials and bandboxes, or the unfortunate lady's maid, from the dickey. I looked back now and then, expecting to see her clinging desperately to the wide spreading bough of a chestnut tree, or at all events to hear her cry out that her bonnet was hanging to one. But she behaved most heroically, only giving vent to her former exclamations, to which she adhered most pertinaciously, in a suppressed tone, however, for fear of adding to the alarm of her lady within. We might of course have rushed forward and knocked down the brigands, and as true Englishmen we undoubtedly ought to have done so; but the sound of more voices in front warned us that such a proceeding would have been highly impolitic, and that it would be better to try and come to terms with the brigands, and promise them a ransom if they would allow us to escape with our lives and such part of our property as would be of no use to them. This I consider was a very wise resolution. Our progress through that gloomy wood was slow, terribly increasing the horror of our position. After having been thus ruthlessly dragged on for some way, the lurid glare of a fire was seen among the trees, and soon an opening in the wood exhibited to us a scene such as Salvator Rosa would have delighted to paint. Above the dark shining foliage of the chestnut wood rose the rugged and lofty rocks of a mountain pass beetling up into the clear starlit sky. Round a blazing fire were collected groups of wild bandit-looking men, some lying down in every variety of attitude, others standing about gazing fiercely at us, and others busily employed in cooking their suppers, the plunder probably just carried off from the farms in the plains below—while behind them stood their horses and mules, and even some donkeys, tethered to stakes and munching their food. The robbery of travellers was evidently so every day an occurrence with them, that it was not worth their while to put themselves out of the way by assisting in the performance of the atrocious deed.

It was natural to expect, however, that some of them would spring up as we approached and commence the work of spoliation. We had got ready a most touching appeal to their feelings in the choicest Italian, not to speak of other arguments still more likely to succeed, the promise of a magnificent ransom, when we heard the postillion say, "Gracia, gracia, amici." (Thanks thanks, friends.) It seemed odd that he should thank the brigands for conducting the carriage into the middle of their stronghold.

Directly afterwards we found ourselves in the middle of the high road.

"Buona notte signori," said the brigands, lifting their hats, "bon viaggio." It was evident that they were only mocking us in our misfortune, to wish us good night and a pleasant journey when they were about to rob and murder us. We however touched our hats not to be outdone in civility, and —— offered them a silver coin, on which they said, "Lei ringrazzio molto," and took it with further bows. The postillion mounted his horse, cracked his whip, and away down the mountain we went, not a brigand attempting to follow us. How our escape had been effected it was impossible to say. Perhaps it might have been owing to a just apprehension of the anger of the British Lion, should it be discovered that they had attacked some English travellers. We only hoped that they would not change their minds and come after us. We could see the poor lady's maid, every now and then, casting furtive glances over her shoulder in the expectation of seeing some swarthy bearded brigand pop his head up behind the dickey, with the intention of carrying her off, at all events to turn her into that most romantic of all characters, a brigand's bride; but nothing of the sort occurred, and at length we reached the Hotel de l'Europe at Borgetto, in perfect safety. It was very far from a good one, but better than that on the top of the mountain; and though we heard that there was another very superior to it further on, we were thankful to stop there, as we should otherwise have had to cross a deep ford, an operation somewhat trying to the nerves in the night time. The landlord spoke French. "The road is being altered a little above this, and you had some little difficulty in passing it," he observed. "However, there were a number of peasants ascending the mountain, and they undoubtedly would gladly have assisted you. We are fond of the English about here. They are a brave people, and good customers."

"All that accounts for our escape," we remarked. "Of course, the brigands were afraid of the brave peasants, who would not allow them to injure their English friends."

CHAP. X.

Spezia.—Break Pole.—Marble Quarries.—Massa.—Reach Villa near Leghorn.—Description of Leghorn.—Lazaretto.—How to get rid of Fleas.—Religious Disputes; a Warning.—Arrival at Pisa.—Description of Pisa.—Duomo.—Leaning Tower.—View of surrounding Country.—The Campo Santo.—Beauty of the Scene.—A large Italian House.—How to learn Italian.—Italian Society.—My Italian Friends.—Italian Preaching.—Grand Duke's Farm.—Camels.—The University.—Professor Rozini.—Tuscan light Carriage.—A Black Prince.

I GAVE an account at the end of my last chapter of the near approach we made to meeting with a most romantic and thrilling adventure. Had we fired at the supposed brigands, it would have been, I doubt not, thrilling in the extreme. We did not fire for two reasons. The first was that we were tolerably sensible people, and would not have committed so gross an act of folly; the second was that we had no pistols to fire, at least not at hand. If we had any they were locked up in our portmanteaus. All people are not so prudent, and I am reminded that I had an acquaintance, when I was a young man, of a somewhat hasty and impulsive character. He was rather apt to act first and think afterwards. One night, as he was taking a short cut across some fields to a house at which he was staying, he heard footsteps following him. Robberies had been committed in the neighbourhood. The sound of the footsteps grew louder,—a person appeared emerging from the gloom. The stranger approached. "There can be no doubt that fellow intends to rob me," he thought; so doubling his fist, which was a very big and strong one, without saying a word, he knocked the man down. The man cried out, "Murder,—murder,—don't rob me, please don't, now." My friend helped the poor fellow up, and assured him that he had no intention of hurting him. The fellow, however, who was somewhat of a rogue, when he found out who he was, brought an action against him for assault and battery, and he had to pay heavy damages for his precipitancy. So should we, had we fired on the poor Sardinian peasants, when they were coming to help us out of the wood.

Grateful as we were for the accommodations afforded us at Borgetto, I cannot help saying that it was the most squalid looking place we passed on our journey through Sardinia. The road wound along the banks of the river Magra, and across numerous torrents which fall into it, but fortunately, as there were no bridges over them, they were at that season dry.

So we found was the terrible ford which had prevented us from proceeding on the previous evening. On reaching the summit of a lofty hill, we enjoyed a view of the town and lovely bay of Spezia, one of the most enchanting spots on that picturesque coast. It was in Spezia's bay that poor Shelley, a poet and writer of great taste, and possessed of talents and virtues of a high order, but with most miserably distorted and erroneous views on religion, met an early death, being drowned from the upsetting of his pleasure-boat by a sudden squall while attempting to cross it. As I looked down on its thickly clustered orange groves, and its pleasant villas, with the bright blue sea beyond, I thought that no more delightful residence could well be found. I have seen many lovely spots since, but none have been able to erase the picture I thus formed of Spezia from my mind. After leaving Spezia, we were galloping along over a very good road, when we came to a small arched bridge over a stream. The leaders had gone over it, and the wheelers were following, when crack went the pole, and with it broken short off, and clattering at their heels, along the horses dashed, deep ditches being on either side of us. In vain the postillion tugged and tugged, when just as we were whirling towards a ditch, the wheelers stopped. The hind leg of the off one had got in between the spokes of the front wheel. To mend the pole would have been impossible, but we had our shafts slung under the carriage, and, aided by some peasants, we soon got them hooked on, and away we once more went. The accident had occurred by the hostlers having hooked on the leaders to the end of the pole, instead of carrying the centre trace to the carriage itself. It was a mercy that it had not occurred during our passage through some of the many mountain regions we had gone over.

Crossing the Magra by a very broad ford, now nearly dry, we reached Sarzana, the frontier town of Sardinia. At the custom-house on the frontier the officers were very civil, and, as they did not even open our boxes, we were not delayed. Just before entering Lavenza, we passed on our right a fine old fortress in good repair. Not far beyond it is Carrara, near which are the finest marble quarries in Europe. They are well worthy of a visit. We passed on our left high marble cliffs, which looked very beautiful. It is curious to see the cottages in the neighbourhood with marble window and door-frames, while even the road glitters with marble. Of course, however, it is a material more easily procurable than stone in that region. These quarries furnish the material of all the beautiful statues produced in the north of Italy. Having ascended

another steep and lofty elevation, we had a fine view of Massa, also celebrated for its quarries, with a wide extent of country, partly wooded, as

ITALIAN PEASANTS DANCING.

far as Pisa below us, and with the mercantile city of Leghorn and the blue Mediterranean on our right. Carrara is a little principality of about

thirty square miles in extent, and belongs, as does the Duchy of Massa, to the Dukedom of Modena. By a magnificent road winding down the mountain, with substantial parapets on either side, we reached Massa, the capital of the little dukedom, built close to the sea. A clean new hotel, at which we stopped, gave promise of a pleasant evening in that pretty little city, but the unsatisfactory productions of a miserable *chef*, somewhat disappointed our expectations. On leaving Massa an old castle is seen perched on a high hill to the left. A level road, with lofty mountains covered high up with olive trees on our left, and an extensive plain reaching to the sea on our right, carried us past Pietra Santa. Then, crossing over another lofty ridge, we found ourselves in a broad and fertile valley with a stream running through it, across which a long bridge was thrown, and then, proceeding along a straight road, we entered the city of Lucca, the capital of the somewhat insignificant principality of that name, then governed by a weak and eccentric sovereign, and since, I believe, joined to Tuscany, to belong probably by late arrangement to Sardinia. Strong-looking fortifications surround the city. Changing horses, and driving through a handsome square with a cathedral in it, we proceeded on, with a river on our right and a mountain range on our left towards Pisa. About four miles off the well-known leaning tower hove in sight. Finding, however, that the relations with whom we were going to stay were still at a villa by the sea-side near Leghorn, we passed without stopping through the city, and drove on to their abode. Curiously enough, though, with the exception of the accident we had met with the day before, we had not encountered the slightest mishap, we were as nearly as possible upset by a heap of gravel over which the postillion drove on turning into the gateway of the villa. We thus happily concluded a most enjoyable journey, of nearly nine hundred miles, with only one rainy day. The house stood in the middle of a garden, a short distance from the sea, to the south of Leghorn. It had a flat roof with a terrace on it. Here Lord Nelson, with a number of naval and military officers, were at dinner, when information was brought him that the French fleet were at sea, bound for Egypt. Away he and his officers hurried, and, I believe, did not stop till they had fought and won the battle of the Nile. The coast near Leghorn is very flat and uninteresting. There is no sand, but dark rocks run into the sea and reach up here and there a little way inland. The small island of Gorgona is the nearest land seen from it; beyond it we got a glimpse of Corsica, and, at a great distance, a considerable way to the

south, we made out Elba. Although the rocks were very unpicturesque, they enabled us to enjoy a delicious plunge in the pure sparkling waters of the Mediterranean. As there is no sensible rise and fall of the tide in that sea, I was at all times able in the same place to enjoy the luxury of a bath, a thing not to be despised after a long and dusty journey.

I had ample time to lionise Leghorn, as the English call the chief commercial city of Tuscany. How they have managed to corrupt the name from its Italian one of Livorno, I cannot say. It is a trick we honest John Bulls have got of bestowing names of our own selection on places, without much rhyme or reason. Leghorn has very few of the characteristics of an Italian city. At once, on entering it, I saw that I was in a large commercial place where foreigners from all parts of the world predominated. One third of the inhabitants are said to be Jews ; the houses, not unlike those of an English town, have a matter-of-fact business look about them, as if not wishing to court remark or observation. There are several churches, and the Duomo especially is large, but the outside walls of all of them exhibit the bare brick of which they are built. It was originally intended to cover them with marble, but the piety of the Livornese grew lukewarm before the completion of the work, and there they remain, red staring monuments of their indifference to the religion they profess. The fact is, that there are not many rich Italian merchants in Leghorn, the wealth being generally possessed by Jews or by foreigners, who have very little respect for Roman Catholic churches. There is one very long broad street running across the great square with the Duomo at one end of it, the houses being of all heights and shapes, and though some are of good size there are none which can be called palaces. The streets are clean and well paved, but in hot weather in the middle of the day they look very deserted and forlorn, as was the case one sunny morning when I paid my first visit to the town. At such a time the Italians say, "Only dogs and Englishmen go abroad," they themselves always keeping in their houses, or if they do go out, hurrying along on the shady side of the street, or, when they have to pass beneath the sun's rays, guarding their heads with a thick umbrella. The very name of umbrella shows the purpose for which it was invented. In the evening the but lately lifeless city awakes up, and the streets are full of lively, talking, walking, well-dressed people. Among them may be seen representatives in their national costumes of all the maritime people inhabiting the shores of the Mediterranean. The sallow sharp-eyed Greek seaman, with his red skull cap, a thick shawl

round his waist, a knife or pistols in his belts, and trowsers of expansive proportions reaching to the knee. Near him the phlegmatic Turk, sauntering along with his usual nonchalant air, looking perfectly indifferent to all sublunary affairs; and not far off is a group of Egyptians, swarthy skinned, sombre dressed gentlemen, looking more strange than ornamental. Then there are numerous Moors and other inhabitants of the Barbary coast, some in large white turbans, and long snowy beards, adding much to the picturesqueness and variety of the moving panorama. At times a still greater number of handsome costumes of far inland countries is to be seen. This is when a number of vessels from the East get pratique together, that is, are liberated from quarantine, and the richer passengers have not had time to assume the garb of the West. The ex-Day of Algiers was at the time residing here, and he and his attendants might occasionally have been seen moving among the motley throng. Of course French, Spanish, and English seamen might be seen at all times, the latter rolling along with the true independent air of honest Jack Tars, who look upon the rest of the world as very little deserving of respect, but considerably so of pity, on account of their ignorance of affairs nautical. Leghorn possesses a large outer harbour formed by a mole a mile in length; it is defended by a fort, and a lighthouse stands on a rock a short distance from the shore. The dock or inner harbour, the Darsena, is small, and only vessels drawing little water can enter. The city is environed by a thick wall and a moat, but the suburbs, which are of considerable extent, press round it so closely that the fortifications would be of little real use in protecting it from an invading enemy. The walls are, however, of use in preventing smuggling out of the town.

Leghorn being a Porta Franca, or free port, no duties are levied on articles entering it. Canals leading from the inner harbour extend for a considerable way through the town. A great number of stone bridges are thrown over them. They serve for the transport of merchandise, and not, like those of Venice, for the use of passengers. On the quay near the south gate there is a large statue of Ferdinand I., Duke of Tuscany, the great benefactor of Leghorn. He stands on a pedestal, to which are chained four slaves in bronze larger than life looking up at his countenance; the execution of the group is very fine. I visited, outside the city, a magnificent reservoir for water, brought by an aqueduct from a great distance. The bottom is sunk a considerable depth below the surface and the edifice over it, supported by columns rising above it, has a fine appearance.

It looked more like a grand hall than a place to hold water. The Protestant burial ground, in which is Smollet's tomb, is worth a visit. Near the town is the villa in which he died. How sad it is to think that so talented a man should have left works, many of which are so wanting in refinement that they are unfit to be read. He died in 1771. Leghorn is considered cool in summer, and is then much frequented both by Italians and other residents in Tuscany who go there for sea-bathing. I took one delicious bath, and then a Sirocco wind began to blow like a blast from a furnace, partially cooled by the air, but retaining all other noxious qualities, and raising clouds of fine sand, which found its way everywhere, not excepting our throats, which it parched and dried, and made us all feel ill. It gave us an idea of what its effects must be on an African desert.

About a mile to the south of the town are two large Lazarettos, surrounded by high walls and moats, with canals running from the sea into their very centres, so that passengers from ships at the quarantine station find their boats rowed under a succession of arches, and the first shore they touch is that in the very middle of their prison. Here, if they have come from an infected place, they have to remain forty days. In one of the two, the crews of the vessels which have actually the plague among them, are shut up. The quarantine laws are very strict; and death is, I believe, the punishment of those who attempt to escape from the Lazaretto. As each vessel arrives, the passengers are put into separate parts of the building, and should any of the first comers communicate with the last, the former have again to commence their quarantine. There is a place grated off where people are allowed to go and talk to their friends inside. One day an unfortunate person from Leghorn, was seen to pick up a piece of paper blown from the inside, and he was sent in to perform a quarantine himself. The officers and servants of the Lazaretto cannot come out without performing a long quarantine, and those belonging to the plague lazaretto, consequently, scarcely ever come out at all. The relations with whom I was staying, had come from Malta, which is supposed to be occasionally visited by the plague. They had, consequently, to spend some time in this agreeable abode. Among other disagreeables, their rooms, they found, were terribly infested with fleas, which, with many hops, skips, and jumps, seemed resolved to take possession of their persons. They tried by sprinkling vinegar, and by every means they could devise, to get rid of their tormentors; but the fleas considered themselves the first possessors of the

place, and refused to quit. They had with them a Maltese servant, a man of an ingenious turn of mind. Though probably himself very indifferent to the assaults of the tiny blood-suckers, he at once undertook to dispose of them. In a few minutes he appeared with his trowsers tucked up and his legs besmeared with a sticky composition of brown sugar and some other ingredients, and began walking with becoming gravity about the rooms in every direction. The unsuspecting fleas instantly began to leap up to suck the sugar, but unable to retreat, his legs were quickly covered thickly with them. When, complacently looking down, he considered that there was no room for more, he said that he should go and wash them off in the canal and return for a further supply. This he did, and by persevering in the system, the rooms by the evening were entirely free from fleas. At the time I speak of, there were two English clergymen, who held services in different places, and by the way in which they expressed their differences of opinion brought the Protestant faith into disrepute, and caused infinite satisfaction to the Roman Catholic priests, who were perfectly acquainted with everything that was going forward. I mention the circumstance that I may warn my readers when they grow up, not to engage in such unseemly disputes. It is difficult to calculate the extent of the injury which similar dissensions cause to true religion. Let them by all means try to overcome gross error and superstition; but they should even then remember that "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall inherit the kingdom of God." Free trade and free religion seemed to be allowed at Leghorn; and among other religious edifices there was a large synagogue of the Jews. I regret not having attended the services, for, although the form may be altered and deteriorated from its ancient magnificence, such could not but prove exceedingly interesting.

On the 31st of October we left the Villa Micali for the Casa Aula on the Lung' Arno at Pisa. The two cities are now united by a railway. The road is perfectly level, the first part across a marsh with numerous canals cut through it to drain it. Pisa offers a very great contrast to Leghorn. As we drove into it we felt that we had arrived at a thoroughly Italian city, venerable in its decayed and deserted condition, and full of interesting memories of the past. Pisa stands on a perfect flat with a high range of hills to the north and east. The river Arno runs completely through it dividing it into two nearly equal parts. Handsome houses, many of them well worthy of being called palaces, are built on either side of the river, between which and their fronts is a broad quay, or rather a road with a

low parapet wall. The river makes a curve with the convex parts on the north so that the houses on that side look south. That side is consequently called Lung' Arno de Mezzo giorno. By far the finest houses are found on this quay, and here most of the English have their residences. Pisa was considered one of the warmest cities during the winter in Italy, and consequently numbers of invalids resorted to it. Indeed there were but few days during the winter in which the most delicate people could not venture out on the Lung' Arno. The city is surrounded by a lofty very ancient stone wall, said to be five miles in circumference. At each side of the city, where the river enters and leaves it, a stone bridge is thrown across the stream, guarded by high towers of venerable aspect. About the centre of the city, and nearly opposite the Casa Aula, a handsome marble bridge extends over the river with handsome buildings at each end of it. In one of them the governor resides. Under his rooms there is a prison, and above them public offices and a large school. From one end of the bridge, in a northerly direction, a very old street runs, called the Borgo, with low very old looking arcades on either side of it. In the most northern part of the city there is a wide extending level space, containing the finest group of buildings to be found anywhere in Italy, no inferior erections being allowed in the neighbourhood. In the centre stands the Duomo or cathedral, a church of great size in the form of a cross, built of black and white marble in alternate checks. Near it is the Battisteria or Church of St. John, a circular building with a lofty dome like the pantheon ; and by its side rises up the Campanile, or far-famed leaning tower, while just beyond them is the Campo Santo, or holy burying field, with its rows of graceful columns and arches, forming a fine back ground to the picture. Altogether the buildings form a most striking collection of architectural beauties, and so deep an impression did they make on my mind, that often and often since have they appeared vividly before me during my hours of sleep. The architecture of the Duomo is Gothic of the simplest style. Marble steps on all sides lead up to it. The doors of the chief entrance are of bronze, and covered with basso-relievo figures from Scripture subjects. The interior struck me as one of the most superb of the numerous churches I saw in Italy. The whole roof is covered with the richest gilt mouldings, and on each side of the nave and transepts are rows of marble pillars of various colours and different orders, but so well disposed that they do not appear to be out of place. The chancel is divided off by marble balustrades, and here is the high altar where all the chief ceremonies are per-

formed. The interior of the dome, which is of great height, is covered with Mosaic work more curious than beautiful. The pavement is also entirely of mosaic. The exterior of the baptistry is, like the Duomo, coated with black, white, and dark red marble. From its peculiar shape the echo in it is very loud. The doors are fine, and it is hung round with paintings, yet there is nothing very beautiful in the edifice itself. But the most interesting building by far in Pisa is the Campanile or leaning tower. It stands to the east of the Duomo, and is built of a circular form, entirely of white marble. It consists of a centre shaft surrounded by columns placed one above the other, decreasing in size as they approach the summit. It leans so much that while the lower column on the north side is entirely visible, that on the south is almost hidden by the ground. The whole basement indeed has sunk so much that several steps are required to lead down to the entrance door, while a low balustrade encircles the whole of it. After constantly examining it I came to the conclusion that the base sunk before the work was completed, or perhaps the top fell off leaving the lower part standing, when the original architect, not to be defeated, or perhaps a successor in an after age, completed the edifice by making the upper part of the columns lean in an opposite direction to the lower, throwing the centre of gravity into the real centre of the tower. As I first gazed at it I could not help fancying that it was coming down by the mass, about to topple over that very instant on my head ; at the same time I naturally wondered why it was so long about performing that operation. Indeed, as it was built in the twelfth century, it has certainly been rather slow in coming to the ground. After a day or two my eye got accustomed to its lean, and I began to think that its crookedness added beauty as well as interest to the extraordinary structure. Mathews, in his amusing diary, warmly expresses his admiration of it, and says, "It might well, like Alexander's wry neck, bring leaning into fashion among all the towers of Christendom." I only hope it may not, because some would very likely tumble over in making the attempt. A narrow but gradually winding stair in the wall of the shaft leads to the summit of the building. The shaft on looking down its centre, has the appearance of a deep well. From the top I soon made myself acquainted with the streets of Pisa and the surrounding country, far better than I could by merely studying a map ; indeed the scene below my feet was as a map spread out before me.

To the west of the city was a plain extending to the sea with the Arno

winding through it, at the mouth of which river was once, in the days of Pisa's glory, to be seen its port where rich argosies were wont to take shelter. Now scarcely a trace of it is to be found. Instead, now clearly visible were the towers and houses of Leghorn, while in the same direction were the woods of the Chachine or Grand Duke's Farm, reaching to the sea. To the east were the hills which surround the diminutive principality of Lucca, and to the north a thinly wooded country with the river Serchio winding through it, and finding its way to the sea. A peal of large bells hang near the summit. On reaching the highest circle of columns, I could not resist grasping hold of one of them, and leaning over the edge, when it was difficult to overcome the feeling that I was about to be launched down with the whole upper portion of the edifice. It is naturally supposed by many that a tower or other lofty building falling, would send the upper portions to a great distance, but such is not the case, it literally crumbles down, and few of the fragments probably would reach many feet from the base. To the north of the three buildings I have described is the Campo Santo, the holy field, or burying ground. Hither was conveyed from the Holy Land some hundred shiploads of earth, or I suspect the wise merchants brought it in the shape of ballast. The object was that those who were sufficiently wealthy to indulge in the luxury might enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that their bones would be deposited in the soil of Judæa. They forgot that numberless unbelieving Jews, heathens, and Mohammedans rested in the same, without deriving any advantage to themselves, while comparatively but few of our Lord's disciples were buried there. At that period, however, it was the fashion to attach peculiar sanctity to certain spots, and to put faith in relics; indeed the grossest superstition was prevalent throughout Christendom. The form of religion was widely diffused, but the spirit was sadly wanting.

The Campo Santo is a low oblong building, the roof not visible from the outside, and so it has the appearance of a wall with two iron gates in it. Cloisters run round the whole of the quadrangle with the most beautifully light trellis-work of stone between the arches. The centre is open to the sky, and the ground is covered with the most luxuriant grass, doing full credit to the unctuous quality of the persons deposited beneath. The walls are covered with fine frescoes, the subjects taken from Dante and some from the Scriptures, but they are fast becoming obliterated. Round the cloisters are placed tombs and antiquities brought from all parts of the world, making an odd mixture of sacred and profane subjects. For the

first two months of my stay at Pisa, I spent a portion of nearly every day at the Duomo Square, wandering round and round the buildings, and examining every part, both inside and out of them, but it was the exterior, the whole mass together, which has left the deepest impression on my mind.

The place the next in interest to this was the Piazza del Cavaliere, with its church and handsome marble façade, and its curious old palace covered with frescoes now sadly obliterated. Frescoes are oil paintings on lime-covered walls. They do not stand when exposed to the weather. When properly protected, they have endured for centuries. The art of fresco-painting was known to the ancients, and the colours on the walls of the buildings in Pompeii and Herculaneum are as fresh and bright as when first put on. This structure is called the Palazzo dell' Orologio. Adjoining it is the Torre della Fame, in which Count Ugolino, a Pisan nobleman, and his whole family were starved to death, the keys of the building being thrown into the Arno. I should, however, fill far more space than I can spare, were I to give a full description of Pisa. There are a great number of very beautiful churches, while it is said that, in comparison to its size, it has more priests than even Rome itself. A very curious little building is the church of the Spina, built of white marble, and not twenty feet high, after the model, I fancy, of the cathedral of Milan. It stands close to the river, on the south side, and has an odd appearance, with its intricate ornaments and tiny towers scarcely reaching above the heads of passengers in carriages or on horseback. The most creditable building in Pisa is the college. It is a quadrangle with a colonnade round the interior, into which the halls of the professors open, each of which is furnished with a desk and a row of benches. I must describe the Casa Aula, as it will give a good idea of a large Italian house of a somewhat decayed family of the present day. My relations rented, though we could not occupy more than half, the whole of the second piano or floor of the palace, for such in size it truly was. On the ground floor were shops, and a long dark hall leading to the staircase, common to all the occupants. On the first floor or mezzanino, the ceilings of which were very low compared to those of our rooms, resided an English and an Italian family, the Finochettis, who owned part of the house. Our floor, the second or principal one, contained five large long rooms, with a single window in each, looking on the Lung' Arno. Some other rooms looked into a narrow lane by the side of the house, and they all opened into a large central hall. At the back of the house there was a large dining-room, a kitchen, and several

other rooms, and an enormous room which was evidently built for a banqueting-hall. The back rooms we, however, found so cold that we were unable to inhabit them, while our banqueting-hall was thrown away on us. In many of the rooms there were large stoves made of pottery ware, which stood away from the wall, and threw out a good deal of heat, but at times caused the air to feel very oppressive. To prevent this, I used to put water in a flat basin on the top of them, which by its evaporation, restored the moisture they consumed. The kitchen range consisted of a brick table full of round holes the size of saucepans with grates under them in which charcoal was burnt. The plan though pleasant in summer was in the cold weather inferior in comfort to that of warmth-giving English fireplaces. On the third floor above ours lived a large Portuguese family, and above them two other families, one of whom took care of the house, and kept the common stairs clean. Altogether there were six families, and certainly no one could have been crowded. Houses arranged in a similar manner are to be found in Edinburgh, and in many continental cities.

I was not idle during my stay in Italy. My ambition was to master Italian in a short time, and I set to work at once to study it. I read it with a master in the morning ; I soon made several Italian acquaintances. I used to go out and walk and talk with them, sometimes I visited them, and they visited me, and we read together. Then when I had gained some further knowledge of the language, I attended the lectures of the different professors at the University, and constantly, when plays were acted, went to the theatre. Besides this, several times in the week, I went into Italian society at houses where I had the *entrée*. For several months there was a very good opera, and for the greater part of the time the same piece, the "Pirata," was performed night after night. Nobody appeared to be tired of it, and certainly I was not. Only the finest airs, however, are listened to after the first few nights ; for it is the custom of Italian ladies to receive visitors in their boxes as regularly as they would in their drawing-rooms, and I used to go about from box to box all the evening, talking away to my various acquaintance, returning to my own stall only when some of the favourite scenes were acted. I am perfectly well aware that I made a number of very curious mistakes, and afforded much amusement to my friends ; but they were very good-natured, and laughed with me rather than at me, and as they had the opportunity of observing the progress I made, that mattered little. I had determined to learn and talk Italian,

and as I lost no opportunity of doing so, in two or three months after my arrival I was able to speak it fluently, if not with perfect correctness; indeed, in one month I was able to get on with perfect ease in society. I mention this not to boast of my proficiency, but that others who wish to learn a language may follow my example. I soon became acquainted with a number of the students at the University, young men from different parts of Italy, and one or two Greeks. My greatest friend and constant companion was a Florentine, the young Count Luigi di F——. A more pleasing, gentlemanly person I never met. We corresponded for many years afterwards, and I still see his name as one of the leading men in Tuscany. He already spoke English very well, and so we agreed in our walks that during one half of the time we were to talk in my language, and the other half in his, and it was no fault of his if we did not keep to our compact. He also introduced me to his Italian acquaintance, and I introduced him to the English whom I knew at Pisa. On one occasion he attended the English Church service, held in a large room, the walls of which were ornamented with fresco paintings. He was much pleased with the service, and wished to know in what way the paintings were connected with it. I was struck at the first English dinner-party to which we went together, with his great politeness, when the lady of the house asked him what dish he would like. Bowing, he replied, that he left it entirely to her, as he was sure that she would give him what he should like.

Sermons are not often preached in Italian churches. After F—— had accompanied me to my service in the morning, I went with him to hear one at the Cavaliere Church. It was especially directed against heretics and free-thinkers, but was very far from eloquent; indeed, eloquence in the present day has departed almost entirely from the Italian pulpit. And why? Eloquence can rarely, if ever, be found, except on the side of truth and conviction. That Italians can still be eloquent, Father Gavazzi gives ample evidence. May many more lion-hearted men like him arise to spread the truths throughout Italia's fair land. To return to the preacher in the Cavaliere Church. At a point in his discourse he stopped, blew his nose, coughed, and spit. It was the signal for everybody in the church to do the same, and such blowing of noses, coughing and spitting in concert, I had never before heard or seen. Among my acquaintance was a Greek student, who completely upset all my notions of what a descendant of Alcibiades should be,—for he was a

short, sturdy fellow, with a good-natured, jolly countenance; his complexion however, being sallow like that of most of his countrymen.

One of my first visits out of Pisa was to the Grand Duke's farm. A long avenue leads to it. On the right hand side was the Grand Duke's villa, used as a hunting-box, on the other the farm-house. The chief interest in the place are the number of camels employed as beasts of burden about it. They are said to have been brought here in the time of the Crusades, and to have been bred there ever since. It was curious to see them coming in a long line laden with fire wood and other produce of the farm into Pisa, and kneeling down in the market place to be disburdened of their loads. I could almost fancy myself suddenly transported to an Arabian city. Occasional extracts from my journal may perhaps prove amusing.

December 10th.—Went in the evening to the P—— box, to hear Professor Rozini's new play performed, "La Consequenza improvista d'uno Duello." It was fairly acted and much applauded; but jolly old Miss B—— was in the box, and talked so much and so loud, that I could not hear one half of it.

11th.—Attended a lecture on experimental philosophy. The professor is a very young and enthusiastic man. The first time he lectured, when the students applauded, he burst into tears. I met F—— there, and together we went into Professor Rozini's hall, where we found the students thundering applauses at him for his play of last night. What would be said if such a proceeding took place at an English or Scotch university. I rather fancy, however, that the professors at them don't write plays. The name given to the college is La Sapienza—literally "The Wisdom," or "The Place of Wisdom."

20th.—F—— and I started for Leghorn. Our carriage was the lightest and most primitive little vehicle I ever saw. It consisted of an oblong frame, with a mat stretched over it on which to rest the feet. A seat to hold two persons was fixed with springs on the frame, and the wheels are very large. The driver sits in front on the tray, which also contains any small packages. We drove along the road at great speed. Wishing to afford F—— some nautical experience, I engaged a boat, and we pulled out across the harbour as far as the lighthouse. The Italians delight in giving appropriate nicknames. We met a young Englishman whose real name I did not learn, but he is always known among the Italians as Mr. "How do ye do I hope." A lovely day. We took an hour and a half returning to Pisa.

24*th*.—Christmas Eve. F—— called for me at eleven o'clock at night, and we went together to hear high mass, but the church was badly lighted, and the music was poor and dull. We then went on to the Cavaliere Church, but the ceremony going on there was utterly without interest, so we agreed that we should have been better off had we remained at home. The truth is, that in spite of fine churches and numberless priests, religion so called is at a very low ebb in Pisa, indeed throughout Tuscany. On our way back we looked into a coffee-house to take a cup of coffee. While we were there, a huge tall black man walked in. F——, somewhat to my surprise, walked up to him, and politely inquired whom he had the honour of addressing.

"Who are you, I should like to know?" exclaimed the negro in good English. He had heard me speak to F——. Without giving any other reply, he walked up and down the room in a state of the greatest excitement and anger, and every moment I thought that he was going to attack us. Our wisest plan would have been to have gone away; our curiosity kept us. At last he stopped, and with teeth grinning and eyes rolling furiously, he looked at us, exclaiming. "You ask who I am. I will tell you. I am a prince. My uncle was a king—aye, king of a great people. He was king of St. Domingo. A larger country than this I think. I have come here to visit my relations; but I did not expect to be insulted. See I tell you the truth." He pulled out his passport, and sure enough he was there described as a prince of St. Domingo. "Now I have told you who I am, let me hear who you are?" We did our best to explain this, and to appease his anger; but our task was difficult, for I am sorry to say that his royal highness the black prince was very tipsy. However, at length we contrived to leave the coffee-house without further disturbance. The prince was coming, he told us by the bye, to pay a visit to the widow of Christophe, and her daughter, who reside in Tuscany. F—— said that he had no doubt of the truth of this statement. They used at one time to live in or near Florence, and regularly attended the court of the Grand Duke, when he and his Duchess used to receive them with all the state and ceremony paid to royal personages.

27*th*.—F—— and M—— the Greek, called and introduced me to the Stanza, where there are rooms for reading and a ball-room. We then walked outside the city, where close to the north wall we found ice nearly an inch thick, but broken to supply an ice-house. Count F——, a Bolognese, who speaks English very well, called. He is a short man with red hair, unlike the ideal of an Italian.

CHAP. XI.

Study Italian.—New Year's-day.—Italian Opera.—Social Parties at Pisa.—Opening of St. Ranieri's Tomb.—Baths of Pisa.—Priests at Parties.—Calesh on Fire.—Despair of Driver.—The Carnival.—The Corso at Pisa.—Ceremony of taking the Veil.—Spiritless Behaviour of Country People.—Lent ill-observed in Pisa.—Last Walk near Pisa.—Start for Naples.—Civita Vecchia.—Bay of Naples.—Vittoria Hotel.—Beauty of the Chiaja.—Description of Naples.—Character of the Population.—Calesh Drivers.—Service at the English Chapel.—Sunday at Naples.—Present State of Affairs at Naples.—The Borbonico Museum.—Mode of unwinding Rolls of Papyrus.

THE winter I spent at Pisa was a very happy and pleasant part of my existence. Although many people would have pronounced it a very dull place, I did not in any way find it so, because I had given myself plenty of occupation. This my determination to learn Italian afforded me, and so when I was not in the house at work with my grammar and dictionary I was out of doors talking with somebody or other, and as Italians are fond of talking, and are, moreover, very kind and considerate, I was never in want of people on whom to exercise my powers of conversation. I kept my journal too with tolerable regularity, and I will, therefore, continue to give the extracts which I commenced in the last chapter. As will be seen, I went out a good deal into society, as well as to balls and concerts and plays and the opera, and whatever may be thought of the way I spent my time, I do not describe it that my example in that respect may be followed.

I will take up my journal at the commencement of the year 1833. It may appear to my readers a long time ago. To me it seems but as yesterday, so vividly do all the scenes I am describing rise up before my mind's eye.

January 1*st*.—Left cards or called on several of my acquaintances, as is the custom on this day.' In the evening went to the opera, where I visited the boxes of all the people I knew there. Among them was Signora C——, who is considered a great beauty. Her face is lovely, and her manner pleasant; but her voice is harsh and nasal. The Italians have a saying, "La lingua Toscana in bocca Romana." A Tuscan tongue in a Roman mouth. The Tuscans speak with the greatest purity, in other words, they are the best educated people in Italy, but their accent and tones are harsh compared to those of the inhabitants of Rome. Then again

the Neapolitans of the lower order speak a dialect so strange and indistinct that even the Italians can scarcely understand them. Two or three English ladies who have resided some time in Italy, are said by the Italians to speak their language with sweeter tones and with as perfect correctness as the Italians themselves. The Pirata is a great favourite. The poetry of the piece is very good, and the story is interesting, though the moral, or, at all events, the sentiment is as false as that of most operas. The prima donna sings well, but her acting is not enthusiastic enough to please the Italians. She is an educated person and, I believe, deservedly very much respected. The tenor is a very delightful singer and a great favourite.

3*rd*.—F—— called in the evening and took me to a party at the Countess Mastiani's. Her small rooms only were open, which are most comfortably fitted up in the English fashion. She once went to England, and laughing, told me, that it rained or fogged the whole time she was there, so she quickly came away again. Her manners are most agreeable and easy, though she has long passed her prime. The prima donna and tenor sang to a pianoforte accompaniment, and we then had dancing— quadrilles and waltzes. The gentlemen assembled talked chiefly with each other, and very few addressed the ladies. When music began they all got together at one end of the room. This was a fair specimen of the ordinary social meetings among the upper class of Italians. After this, I went once every week to the same sort of party at the house of the countess; I went also to numerous English parties, chiefly for the sake of introducing F——. They were generally most uninteresting meetings. Cards were played, which I have always hated. I can only just endure a very noisy round game with merry players, which people here are not. Then we had hot fires to create external heat, and ices to cause internal cold, and dull remarks or the twaddle of scandal to bring on drowsiness. I will not, therefore, particularise any of them. Only I cannot help thinking that it is a pity when people do leave their books and firesides, that they do not make more strenuous efforts to amuse each other. The Italians seem to succeed very much better than we do. Of course I was satisfied when going into Italian society, if I found any one with whom I could enter into conversation, or who could give me information about the country.

23*rd*.—Ice floating down the river in large lumps, but the sky is clear and blue. I hear that people often get skating near Florence, which is a very much colder place than this.

25th.—A party at La Mastiani's. The Prince de ——, who has hurt his foot, acted as master of the ceremonies, and certainly kept people moving. He introduced a cotillon, into the fun of which the Italians entered with great glee. The Italian ladies do not equal our own fair countrywomen in beauty, nor do they even dance as well. They are however, very animated and lively. Their education is often sadly neglected, and I hear them constantly uttering expressions which no English lady would allow to escape her tongue, such as "O che d—o," and other similar oaths. Most of the married ladies seem inclined to grow fat, and they do not walk gracefully. It is not the custom generally for the young unmarried ladies to enter into general society, lest, I fancy, they should be inclined to give their hearts to gentlemen who might select them as wives. There is also not that confidence placed in their discretion, which English young ladies generally obtain and deserve. Several, however, came to La Mastiani's parties, and very attractive they were. Still the young men of my Italian acquaintance, who are at all intimate with the English, all say that they would prefer marrying English women.

26th.—The weather is beautifully fine, but the scarcity of rain is creating a great deal of distress among the agricultural population. Even the cattle are diseased, and grave fears have been entertained for the crops of next year.

Pisa is under the especial patronage of St. Ranieri, who is also supposed to preside over and direct the movements of the clouds. Who he was I do not know, probably he was a lineal descendant of Jupiter Pluvius, the old Roman tutelary deity of showers. Now it might naturally be supposed that the priests, knowing the importance of rain, would have at once applied to the saint for assistance, but as F—— observed, they have been waiting for a change of wind before they attempt to propitiate him. This morning F—— called on me, and laughing heartily said, that the wind had shifted round to the south—that clouds were gathering, and that he had information that the tomb of St. Ranieri, in the Duomo, was to be opened, and that an especial mass was to be performed, and offerings to be made at his shrine. There is a curious coincidence in the name, but I do not suppose that our English word rain is derived from the name of the saint, or *vice versâ*. The tomb was duly opened, and the priests, for the honour of their saint at all events, hoped that the wind would not change.

27th.—The opening of the saint's tomb, or the gifts offered at his shrine,

or the masses, or the prayers of the priests, or the change of wind, have been most triumphantly successful. The rain is falling in torrents, and the country people, pence in hand and with umbrellas over their heads, are coming in from far and near to the Duomo, to return him their thanks and to exhibit their gratitude. In spite of the wet I also went, armed with an umbrella, to witness the ceremony. Hundreds of Contadini, under yellow and red and light blue umbrellas were coming into the city walking two and two, with crosses borne before them, and repairing to the Duomo. Then having knelt at St. Ranieri's tomb and offered up their humble gifts, they sallied forth again, perambulating the streets and singing hymns in his praise, before they once more with grateful hearts, departed to their homes. Grievous it is that so much genuine gratitude and piety should be so misdirected. I was far less inclined to sneer at the poor people than were some of my Italian friends, but I was less leniently disposed towards the priests, who reaped a profit from their superstition. I never have seen the Duomo so full of worshippers, and seldom have beheld so large a number of dripping people collected together.

31*st.*—This evening the prima donna took her benefit at the opera. She is very justly much respected. The ladies here, who would not receive her predecessors, admit her to their houses and treat her with every attention. I mention it to show that even Italian actresses, if they behave well, are looked up to. The house was well lighted up, and sonnets to her praise were handed round.

February 5th.—Walked with ——, one of my Italian acquaintances, to the baths of Pisa, which are about three miles to the north-east of the city. The residences for those who go to bathe, consist of some large substantial looking houses standing in a square. We climbed to the summit of the lofty hill seen from Pisa, but so thick a fog hung over all the low country that not a glimpse of it could we obtain.

8*th.*—The last party which La Mastiani will give this season. We had music and quadrilles with a variety of new figures, as also waltzes, Prince —— acting as master of the ceremonies. At the end we had a cotillon, danced with a great deal of spirit and much fun, especially when the ladies seized upon some of the old professors, and made them spin round with them in the waltz. There were several priests present at the commencement of the evening, and they seemed to listen with much pleasure to the music, but when the dancing began they went away. I have, however, frequently seen them snugly ensconced in the boxes at the opera. It strikes

me that they either ought to denounce dancing if they think it wrong, and not continue to associate with those who indulge in it, or else remain when it takes place, and give their sanction to an amusement which is generally considered unobjectionable.

12*th*.—Drove with J—— in a calesh to Leghorn. On the road the end of a cigar fell into the thickly padded hood of our carriage, which, being perfectly dry, burnt like tinder. Not a drop of water was to be seen on either side. We might possibly have thought of cutting round the burning spot with our knives had not our driver occupied our attention by his extraordinary antics, acting the part of the man in the fable, who calls upon Hercules to help his waggon out of the mud, but never thinks of helping himself. He jumped to the ground, on which he dashed his hat, wrung his hands, tore his hair, calling all the time on all the saints of the calendar to come to his aid, and when they did not come, and the calesh went on burning, he began to swear most terribly, and to abuse them and us and the human race generally. Nothing we could say would pacify him, till at last I bethought me that dust, of which there was an over-abundance under our wheels, might answer the purpose of water, and so it did most effectually, for by applying handfuls of it we quickly extinguished the fire. Our object in going to Leghorn was to attend a ball given by Mr. P——, one of the first merchants in the city. It was a very handsome entertainment. The ball-room was large, and the garden was lighted up with coloured paper lamps. The guests consisted of people of all nations, Italians, Jews, Greeks, and Turks, but there were no Turkish ladies that I heard of.

14*th*.—This is the first day during the carnival that the Corso is held. The Corso is the term used when the carriages parade up and down the Lung Arno during this period. The people in them used to be dressed in fancy costumes and wear masks. People do not seem to be inclined for this sort of amusement, for there were very few carriages, and scarcely any of the people in them wore masks. The authorities, it is said, have attempted to put a stop to masquerading during the carnival altogether. This occasion has frequently been chosen for popular outbreaks, and the Grand Duke, though possessed of many good qualities, is far from popular. Most of the masqueraders who appeared were on foot.

18*th*.—Accompanied some friends to the chapel of the Hospital, at the Duomo Square, which is attended by nuns similar to Sisters of Charity, to see a young Irish girl take the veil. She had been cruelly left here by her mis-

tress, an Irish Roman Catholic lady, and it was said had entered the convent unable to obtain any other means of support. The nuns of this order, we were told, may quit it whenever they like, but they seldom do so. An Italian girl professed at the same time. They were both prettily dressed in green, with combs in their hair, and white lace handkerchiefs thrown over their heads. In front of the altar was a table, to which they were led up with lighted tapers in their hands. They then knelt down before it, and a mass, consisting of prayers and singing, was performed. The officiating priest, a coarse burly Capuchin, whom his rich embroidered robes but ill became, cut off a single lock of hair from the head of each girl, and then the organ again struck up. The friar, we heard, had come from a distance to officiate at the ceremony. At the end of the piece of music the candles in the girls' hands were blown out, and they came up to the altar and received the sacrament and the priest's benediction. They now retired, and on again coming forward their gay dresses were taken off and dark ones put on, and their head-dresses were changed for plain white veils, and on their heads, to show that they had become the brides of heaven, golden crowns were placed, which were prevented from tumbling off by their high combs.

The girls maintained the most perfect presence of mind and coolness during the whole ceremony. The Capuchin then delivered a discourse on the usefulness of the occupation in which they were to be engaged, of which there could be no doubt.

"Humph," exclaimed our friend ——, who was of an eminently practical turn of mind, "I should have thought two servant girls could become hospital nurses without all this fuss and parade."

"Ay, but ye ken that they couldna then get the puir lassies to serve withoot wages for the rest of their lives, which they maun now do," observed our Presbyterian friend, Mrs. Mac——, who rather piqued herself in seeing through what she called an inch plank with half an eye. This was undoubtedly a very matter-of-fact, if not an irreverent or unromantic way of viewing the state of the case, and probably the nuns, or at all events the priests, would have had something to say in favour of the ceremony.

We were invited to partake of a breakfast given by an Irish Roman Catholic lady at the convent. An old English nun presided. The Capuchin joined us, and looked far more respectable in his dark robes than he did in his embroidered dress, which had been carelessly put on. He then looked surly and negligent, as if he did not at all like the part he had to perform. He possibly felt much as our friend did about the matter.

19*th*.—The last day of the carnival. There appeared on the Corso a larger number of carriages with ladies in them, and more masks than on previous days, but still anything like spirit or humour was wanting. Some say that people are influenced by political motives. They do not like the paternal government of the Grand Duke; others whisper that they do not make themselves merry, being about to fast and pray during the forty days of Lent, because neither the one nor the other do they do. It is no farewell to meat with them, because they fully purpose to eat as much meat as usual. The whole affair seemed to be a great bore to them. I walked about among the crowd, who were perfectly orderly, almost even to stupidity; and as for beauty among the Contadinas—the country girls—there was none which was remarkable. In the neighbourhood of the cities, where the country people have long been subject to a system of misrule and tyranny, as well as to the profligate conduct of the nobles, and to a debasing superstition, anything like liveliness or spirit appears to be crushed out of them. In vain they try to laugh heartily—a faint imitation is all they can produce. In the evening I went with my friend N—— to a masked ball at the theatre called the Veglione. The pit was boarded over, and there all the lower orders assemble. We took a turn among the crowd, but the masqueraders did not exhibit the slightest humour or fun. They wandered about, stupidly looking in each other's faces, without attempting a joke, while the dancing, such as it was, degenerated into complete romping. Altogether the scene was calculated to produce, we agreed, a melancholy effect on our minds. The ladies remained in their boxes, to which we went round and paid visits. Some wore dominos and masks.

20*th*.—Attended the service in the English chapel. Although Lent has commenced, I find that there is to be no cessation of the usual amusements; but the Pisani seem rather to be determined to show their impiety and disregard of religious observances. There are to be balls every Sunday, and as Pisa is one of the few cities in which acting is allowed during Lent, one of the best companies in Italy have been engaged to come here for the next few weeks.

28*th*.—I attended a lecture of Rozini's on Tasso. I can understand all he says, and find it very amusing. I learned a great deal of Italian by going to the theatre. My plan was to study the play first, and then, book in hand, I read it over while it was being performed. I thus saw "Manfreddi," "Filippo," and other celebrated dramas acted. Alfieri's plays are by far the most difficult to understand, even with previous study.

Metastasio's and Goldoni's are much easier. For the study of modern conversational Italian, Goldoni's dramas are superior to any works to be found. I would advise any one who wishes speedily to acquire the power of speaking Italian, to learn some of them by heart. Although operas may not be performed during Lent, concerts constantly take place, as well as plays and balls. I cannot here discuss the subject at large. The question is, ought the period of Lent to be kept holy or not? If it should be kept holy, without amusements and devoted to fasting and prayer, as the Roman Catholic church orders, these things are certainly a terrible abuse.

March 7th.—Started with F—— on foot. He wanted to show me what an Italian could do as a pedestrian. We began by passing over the Serchio (a small winding river to the north of Pisa) in a large cart boat, which was poled across the stream. Our first visit was to a farm where all the cart horses used in this part of Tuscany are bred, a monopoly, I fancy, of the Grand Duke's, then we wandered through a forest where the Duke hunts; and found ourselves by the sea-side near the mouth of the Serchio. We had unwisely started without any food in our pockets, and now becoming ravenous, hunted about for a place where we could procure some. At last we saw a hut, towards which we made, but there, alas! nothing but rancid fish and sour black bread was offered, which, even hungry as we were, we could not attempt to swallow, so observing a tower rising up among the trees, we worked our way up to it. Here we found a house in which some soldiers were quartered, to guard the coast from smugglers. When they saw us they hailed and ordered us to come up from the beach, towards which they would not let us return, in spite of our protestations that we had nothing to do with smugglers or contraband of any description. They knew that well enough, but thought that perhaps we might be acquainted with their officers and inform against them. We, however, procured some eggs and tolerable fish and bread, on which we satisfied our appetites, and then from the top of the tower enjoyed an extensive view over a large part of Tuscany, which, between us and the far distant range of the Apennines, appeared thickly wooded. The sun set soon after we left the tower, and we walked on along green grassy glades though the forest, very uncertain which direction we should take to reach Pisa. We at length reached the Duke's farm, where we met a long line of camels returning to their stables for the night. A high road now led us back to Pisa, but when, about eight o'clock, we got there, we found the gate shut, and had to go round a considerable distance

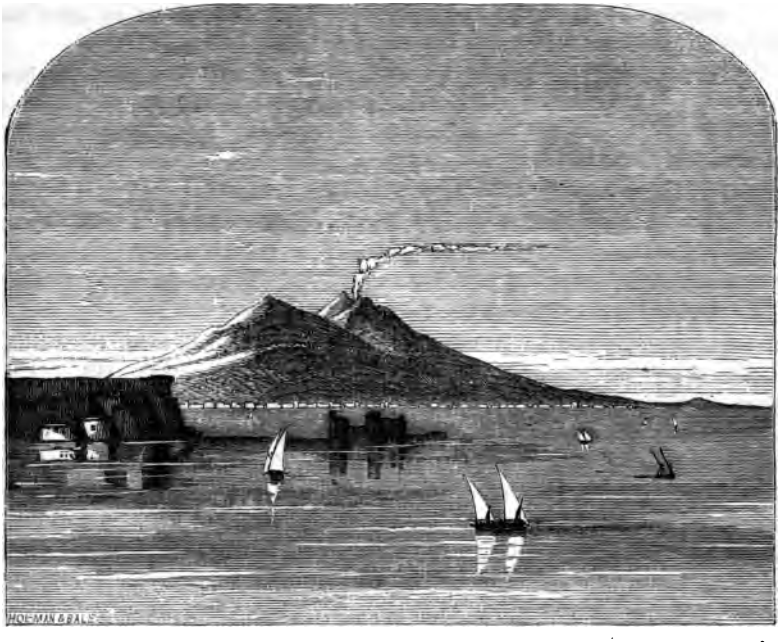
to another on the north. One on that side and one on the south are alone kept open during the night, when a small toll is demanded, to pay the porter, I conclude. Our walk was certainly not less than twenty miles, which was a very long distance for an Italian, but F—— was in no degree knocked up. His spirit would have kept him from acknowledging that he was so.

I enjoyed a great advantage during my stay at Pisa in the society of an Englishman of unusual talent and learning, combined with much originality of thought and independence of character. Altogether he was a most delightful companion. My friend N—— was about to start for Naples, and it was arranged that we should go and return together.

On the 13th of March N—— and I started in a calesh for Leghorn, when, having got through the temper-trying passport business, and received letters of credit on Naples, and letters of introduction, we embarked at 5 P.M. on board the Francesco Primo steamer. She was a fine vessel, (so we thought her) of 300 tons, and was about to make a coasting voyage round the shores of Greece and the Greek islands, touching at all places of note to enable her passengers to visit the ruins and other scenes of interest near there. The price charged for the voyage was, I believe, 100*l*. After the true Italian fashion, the steamer did not get under weigh till eight o'clock, and as it was too dark to distinguish even the outline of the shore, we turned into our berths. I slept soundly till 5 A.M., when on going on deck I found that we were passing between the island of Giglio and Mount Agentaro. The island is composed of high rocky hills, and there is a small town at their base. The wind blew fresh from the north-west with hard rain, which continued all the morning and then shifted to the south-east. At about noon we came to an anchor in the harbour of Civita Vecchia. It is formed by two stone piers circling out from the land like claws, with an island between them, at each end of which there is an entrance. On the land side of the south pier stands a castle. Our captain declares that it blows too hard for him to venture out to sea, and that he will not sail till to-morrow, so that having obtained a permit from some Papal official to land, we have taken up our quarters in some new pleasant rooms in L'Albergo del Europa, looking out on the sea. Having dined, we sallied out, in weather which reminded us of the far north, to inspect the town and country. No place can look to advantage in a drizzle, and this is indeed dreary enough, though the country appears to be cultivated. We walked along the shore and round the town, passing

a large strong prison—such edifices are, by the by, somewhat in vogue in the Papal states—three churches and two other buildings, with a regiment of the Pope's exceedingly dirty ragged soldiers. In the centre of the town is a square. It is entirely walled round, and has a deep moat. Rome is about fifty miles off, and carriages can go there in a day. It rains and blows very hard.

15*th*.—We did not paddle out of the harbour till 1 P.M., when the weather improved. The land is very low, and we kept some distance from



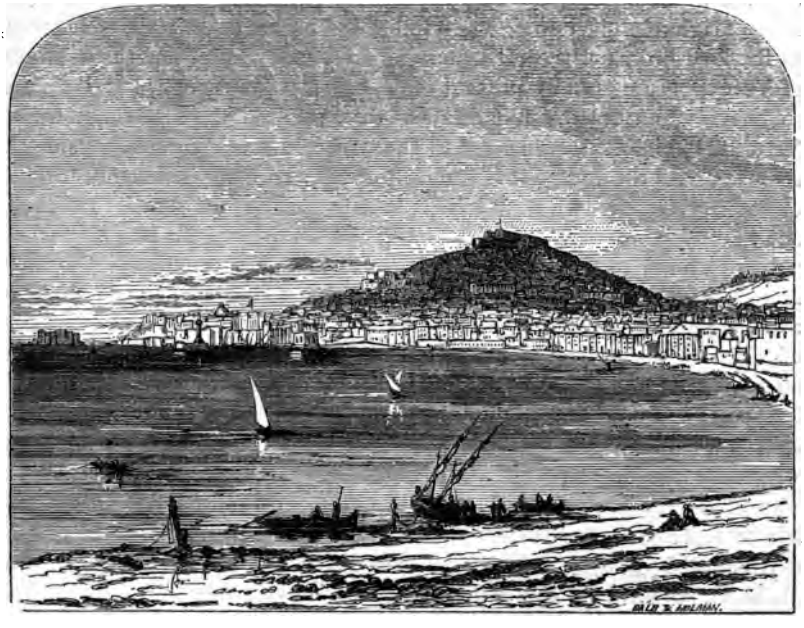
VESUVIUS, FROM NAPLES.

it. At 5 P.M. came off the mouth of the Tiber, where there is a high white tower.

16*th*.—I went to sleep with the thought of the interesting scenes I was the next day to witness. By 5 A.M. I was awake, and on going on deck found that we were close to Ischia, a small island with a triangular shaped rocky mountain in the centre, and several villages or hamlets sprinkled

about at its base. A little further on we came near the small island of Procida, which rises very much towards the south, where we saw a moderate sized town. A silvery mist hung over both sea and land, and prevented us seeing clearly even those objects which were nearest to us, while it completely concealed those at a distance. About six miles beyond Procida we came off Cape Misenum, a lofty, rugged, and barren rock, with two small forts on its summit and a cavern on the south side. Just as we doubled it, the gauze-like mist seemed to rise up like a curtain before us, and the whole lovely panorama of the wide extending bay of Naples came like a magic picture into sight. Higher and higher the curtain of fog rose, as the land breeze of the early morning freshened, and at length the whole of Vesuvius rose grandly in front of us, conspicuous enough, but not quite so lofty as I expected, while to its right appeared the high land above Sorrento, which, extending out to the west and south, forms one side of the bay. At the end of this promontory appeared the small hilly island of Capri. On our left, from a little bay, peeped out the town of Pozzuoli, and beyond it was seen the island of Nisida, on the summit of which stood a large white fort. It was not, however, till we had rounded Nisida that Naples itself, shining brightly with the blue waters of the bay below it and the blue sky overhead, broke upon our sight, climbing up a steep hill crowned by the frowning walls of the castle of St. Elmo. We passed the black looking fort called Dell' Uovo, built close down to the water, indeed, it appears to be wading out into it, when the remainder of the city opened upon us. The palaces and museums, convents and churches, not only were seen climbing from the water's edge up the hill, but extending a long way to the south towards Vesuvius—the suburbs, indeed, cover the spot where Herculaneum once stood. We rounded a magnificent pier, and entering the harbour, which was crowded with vessels, anchored near H. M. S. Actæon. Some hours passed before the officers of the Board of Health deigned to pay us a visit, and till they came and gave us pratique, we were not allowed to set foot on shore. It was very trying to our tempers, especially as we knew that mere laziness detained them. It was a specimen of the way most matters, public and private, are managed in the dominions of Naples. In the meantime the vessel was surrounded by boats filled with soldiers and sailors, who seemed to have nothing else to do but to bawl at the top of their voices. What they said it was impossible to discover. If they gave orders, no one obeyed them, still they went on bawling, and shouting, and laughing, as perseveringly as before,

and when at length the health officers did appear and signed some papers, and we were allowed to go on shore, by which time it was one o'clock, they or their successors were bawling away, to as little purpose as ever. Our baggage being examined, it was shouldered by stout Lazzeroni porters, who walked off with it, we following closely to the Vittoria Hotel, situated near the sea, and facing that most beautiful of esplanades, the Chiaja. Our windows looked out on a broad open space, and directly down the magnificent public walk called the Villa Reale, which extends for a mile



NAPLES.

along the shores of the bay. I should like to give a description of Naples before I continue the account of my own particular adventures.

The most beautiful part of Naples is the Chiaja. Those who know Weymouth may have some faint idea of it. A line of palaces extends round the bay, with the rest of the city rising up the hill behind them, while in front is a broad road, paved with lava, and between it and the sea a garden, in which in long lines grows every variety of trees, to afford shade to those

who walk in it enjoying the sea-breeze. When the sun shines, which it does constantly in that happy clime, the Chiaja is crowded with people of high and low degree, enjoying themselves in the occupation in which the Neapolitans especially delight, of doing nothing. There is another principal street, called the Strada di Toledo, which runs in a straight line for a mile and a half towards the north from the shores of the bay. The houses in this street are large and handsome, and it is the chief place of whatever business is done in Naples, which is, by the by, considering the population, wonderfully small.

There are several piazze or open spaces — squares we should call them in England; one before the king's palace, another in front of the theatre of St. Carlo, but the rest of the streets are narrow, gloomy, and unattractive. Many of them are on the slope of the hill, and ought to be at least clean, but they are dirty and disagreeable in the extreme. A prominent feature in Naples is the fort called Castel dell' Uovo, which runs a considerable way out into the sea near the harbour, and forms a picturesque object in the landscape. Beyond it is the mole, the especial lounge of the Lazzeroni, and further on is another fort, that of Del Carmine, not far from which is the market-place, the *Mercato*, celebrated as the spot in which Massaniello addressed the fishermen of Naples, and aroused them to drive their tyrants from the city. Poor Naples! her people have so long been subject to tyranny and misgovernment, that they scarcely know the meaning of true liberty. Give the Neapolitans Punchinello and as much maccaroni as they can swallow, and they consider themselves as happy as any people under the sun. So, perhaps, the Lazzeroni are, but the moment a man rises out of the scum and becomes possessed of any intellectual superiority or even of wealth, then the pinch is felt, and he discovers that he is a slave. Most of the Neapolitan nobles are degenerate, profligate, and poor, the middle classes are mentally superior to them, and the lower, indeed the great mass of the population, are superstitious and ignorant in the extreme. Still they dance and sing, and shout and laugh, as if they had no cares, and the world was going smoothly and happily with them. Perhaps it is fortunate that they have such a disposition. I believe a more thoughtful people could not live contentedly in the close neighbourhood of such a fire spouting mountain as Vesuvius, and indeed on the crust of such furnaces and cauldrons as are smouldering or boiling under the whole of the surrounding country.

Now to my journal again. After breakfasting N—— and I went out and

left our letters of introduction, and then took a walk about the city to gain some notion of its form and dimensions. We passed through the Piazza Reale, a large square, in which stands "La Reggia," the Royal Palace, a fine building, where the king resides. Opposite to it stand two fine equestrian statues in bronze, representing Ferdinando Primo and Cosimo. Opposite to it is the Chiesa de St. Francesco, with a handsome dome and a portico supported by fine pillars, but the outside only is finished.

The next object of note we passed was the theatre of St. Carlo, the largest opera-house in the world. It is a magnificent building, with a colonnade in front, and a superb portico, the upper portion of which is ornamented with basso-relievo representations of the Nine Muses. To the right Orpheus is playing to the beasts, and on the left he is bringing his wife from the shades below. The bustle and gaiety, the noise and movement, people bawling and screaming, rushing here and there without any apparent object, and carriages driving furiously about, form a strong contrast to the order and quiet of Pisa. I never saw people drive so fast or shave so close as the Neapolitans. It is amusing to watch the behaviour of the calesh drivers in front of our hotel. The moment a stranger appears, half a dozen will drive furiously at him for the purpose of gaining his custom, pulling up only when he fully expects to be run over. I never went out of the hotel without being thus assailed. At first I tried to get out of the fellows' way, just as a man does when he first hears the whistle of a cannon ball to avoid it, but it would have been as easy to have avoided one as the other; for after me the drivers dashed, pulling up, however, more complaisantly than would a round shot, when the points of the shafts were close up to my nose; and so at length I learned to stand stock still and face them boldly, assuring them that I did not require their services.

We dined at our hotel, and afterwards walked up the fine street of the Toledo, and then round the Chiatamone by moonlight. I suspect few cities can afford a scene more romantic than the one we enjoyed. We afterwards spent the evening with the Rev. Mr. N——, who is the chaplain here, but is about to return to take charge of his living in England.

Sunday.— It rained, but notwithstanding we sallied out after breakfast and took a walk round the Chiatamone before attending the service held in a large hall in the house of Sir Henry Lushington, the Ex-Consul-General. The service was beautifully performed by my friend N——,

who has since become a bishop. I afterwards walked about the city for some time, delighted with the picturesque views, and amused with the strange scenes which met me at every turn. It would be difficult to do justice to a description of Naples on a Sunday ; the utter abandonment of the population to idleness and do-nothingness. Yes, they are employed, by the by, but it is chiefly in hunting entomological specimens which shall be nameless through each other's heads ; the rest of the population, not so employed, are engaged in sauntering up and down the Chiaja or the Chiatamone, or in looking at that most persevering of puppet-players, Punchinello, or in gambling with the most greasy and dirty of cards, or in sleeping under the shade of some tree or arch,—while the nearly naked children tumble about in the dust, or mud if it happens to be rainy, or beg of passing strangers from morning to night. Everybody has heard of the way the Lazzeroni eat maccaroni, by lifting up the well-boiled tubes with their fingers and letting them drop into their mouths. This mode of eating suits their tastes, because it saves them the trouble even of chewing. What with fish and an abundance of fruits of one sort or another all the year round, "what more," they ask, "can mortal man desire?" I say that I was amused,—so I was, — but now I come to think about the matter, how sad it seems that thousands and thousands of human beings should thus spend their days from infancy to their graves, intellectually scarcely raised above the brutes that perish ! While I write, news comes from that lovely land, that one, who is truly called the liberator of Italy, has entered the city, accompanied by another who has proved himself to be the undaunted protestor against the errors of Romanism, and who declares himself to be the great reformer of the Church to which he belonged. Who can fail to hope that these two men are sent for an especial purpose— Garibaldi, to free the bodies of the Italians from the thraldom of slavery, Gavazzi, to emancipate their minds from the shackles of superstition, and to enable them to enjoy the true light of the Gospel ! I have little doubt that these two great men will be fully equal to the difficult tasks they have undertaken, but my only fear is, that the people themselves will not be equal to the advantages offered them. Will a population so long sunk in slavery and superstition, so long addicted to idleness, so ignorant and profligate, at once abandon their former course of life, and perform the various tasks which must be imposed on them if they will maintain their freedom, if they will advance in religious enlightenment, in education, and civilisation? We cannot see into the future. Surely we may pray for them. If

any people require protection, the poor Neapolitans do, till they are able to take care of themselves. I speak of the Neapolitans as they were many years ago, and certainly under the terrible system to which they have been subject they are not likely to have improved.

These recollections of my visit to Naples are at the present moment especially interesting to me; I hope they may be so to my readers when that city has become the centre of interest to the eyes of all Europe. My journal descriptive of Naples is, I find, very full, but I will only transfer some of my remarks to these pages. On Monday morning, having, as good travellers should, breakfasted early, I set off to visit a building called Degli Studii, which terminates the north of the Strada Toledo. It is of red brick, with marble doors and window frames. It contains the Borbonico Museum, which is especially rich in sculptures, and the library is very valuable. The most interesting portion to us, however, was the room in which the books of papyrus are preserved discovered in Pompeii and Herculaneum. Some are still in lumps, looking very much like cinders, and others are already opened and placed in frames under glass. A very simple machine is employed for unwinding the rolls. The ends of several ribbons are gummed on to the outer edge of the roll of papyrus, and the other ends are secured to a wheel like a spinning machine, which being turned in the most careful manner the roll of cinder is made gradually to unwind. The task of deciphering these manuscripts is not difficult. I should think that they must at times bring to light very curious histories of the past. Many, however, are copies of well-known books. The papyrus is an aquatic plant growing abundantly in Egypt and Syria. Its soft cellular flower-stem afforded the substance from which paper was manufactured. The general notion is that the dried leaves of the plant were used, but if such had been the case how could the long rolls now discovered have been formed? I was much struck by the statues, and had not supposed that marble could have been made to present so life-like an appearance. There are numbers of frescoes taken from Herculaneum and Pompeii, and other lately discovered ruins, which are excessively interesting as illustrating the customs and religion of the ancients. I had to regret that I had not paid more attention to my classical studies at school, so that I was not so well able to understand the allusions and descriptions as I ought to have been. One room is devoted to mummies and mummy cases or coffins, and sarcophagi brought from Egypt, the latter richly painted, and the colours remaining as bright as when first put on.

CHAP. XII.

A perfect Neapolitan Cicerone. — Desperate driving of Neapolitans. — Grotto of Posilippo.—Lago d'Agnano.—Grotto "dei Cani."—Temple of Jupiter Serapis. — Puteoli. — Solfaterra. — A Tomb. — Amphitheatre. — Monte Nuovo. — Fondo Theatre. — Start for Pompeii.— Herculaneum.— Reach Pompeii.— Street of Tombs. — Description of a House in Pompeii. — Streets. — Temples. — Theatres. — Baths. — Return to Resina. — Ascend Vesuvius. — The Hermitage. — The Crater. — Reach Naples.

19*th*.—I to-day did what I had soon cause to regret. As N —— could not accompany me, and I was anxious to see as much of the neighbourhood of Naples as I could in a short time, I engaged a *valet de place*, that I might not be delayed by having to make inquiries as to my way and what was best worth seeing. One was quickly forthcoming at the hotel, but he was very fat, and very stupid, and very lazy, and a rogue into the bargain. I had intended walking about, as by far the best way of seeing a country, but of this Giuseppe had no notion. Whenever I proposed to go on foot he declared that it would be utterly impossible—that such a thing had never been done or thought of, even by the maddest of Englishmen; so, with a weakness and credulity for which I even now blush, I gave up the point. Then, whenever I asked him how much I ought to pay, he always told me twice the sum required, and with the most perfect effrontery slipped half the amount into his own pocket. He also invariably suited his own convenience rather than mine in visiting places, and, indeed, proved himself a most accomplished Neapolitan cicerone. Yet I was assured that he was one of the best. I mention honest Giuseppe simply to advise my friends not to employ any of his tribe, unless they are ignorant of the language of the country in which they are travelling. In very different esteem do I hold an honest simple guide, who will show the way up a mountain or across the country, answer when spoken to, and just say what he knows and has seen or heard about. I always take a guide when I can get an unprofessional one, but Master Giuseppe completely sickened me of cicerones. However, we must be off, he sitting by my side in a light calesh, with the driver standing up behind. Away we dash at a rate almost terrific along the Chiaja and up the Strada Nuovo. I only hope the horse will not come down and spill fat Giuseppe and me out on either hand. Every instant I expect to have our wheel whisked off as we shave by other vehicles passing us at the same rate; but the driver would laugh at my

apprehensions, so I do not speak of them. He delights in shaving closely, so that a sheet of paper would scarcely slip between his wheel and that of the carriage he meets; then again how rapidly he will wheel round and round, and again dash on as if he was going to run right into the next carriage we meet; but no, he and the driver of it, or rather of its horse, perfectly understand each other, and simultaneously pull their animals up on their haunches, and grin at each other or cut some joke,—a very good one, doubtless, but it is in the Neapolitan dialect, which I do not understand; then they laugh heartily, and on they go again. Certainly, there are no more daring drivers than the Neapolitans. At last, having ascended a slight hill, we reached the entrance to the Grotto of Posilippo, cut by the Romans through the hill to shorten the distance between Niapolis and Pozzuoli and the other places where their luxurious villas once stood. The extreme end of the mountain is known as Cape Coroglio. The tunnel is fully seven hundred feet in length, a work of no little difficulty in those early days. At the entrance is a chapel cut in the rock, where dwells a monk, who acts the picturesque part of a hermit, but is a most importunate beggar. The grotto is not so lofty, nor by any means so broad, as the one we passed through in Savoy, and as it is, moreover, very insufficiently lighted, people bawl and halloo, and sing, and make all sorts of noises to avoid running against each other. It is not a passage which people with weak nerves should attempt. On emerging from this darksome cave the bright blue bay, with the gulf of Puteolano, the isle of Nisida, the hills above Pozzuoli and Baiæ in the distance, burst on my sight. Then, taking a cross road on the right, I soon found myself on the shores of the Lago d'Agnano. It is of a circular shape, surrounded on all sides by hills, and must once have been the crater of a volcano, whose unextinguished fires still smoulder beneath the soil, boiling water, and emitting gases; indeed, I bethought me that I would almost as soon live in a powder manufactory, or a firework maker's house, down a coal-mine, or with the sword of Damocles hanging over my head. The fat Giuseppe assured me on his veracity that the ruins of houses could be seen at the bottom of the lake, but certainly such was not the case, as the lake has not increased in size since Lucullus and other luxurious Romans of old had villas and baths built in its vicinity, the foundations of which villas are still to be seen on its margin. Sulphur bubbles up round the edges. It is curious that no streams are seen to run into it or out of it. It may be supplied by subterranean rivulets, while the water is kept in constant motion by the gases

which rise from below. Close to it are some natural vapour baths, which I visited. The walls are built of mud, and contain several small rooms. In each room the degree of heat is very different. The steam, I ought to have said, issues out of the ground. The inner room was so hot that I could not, without suffering, remain in it. The floor, as I stamped on it, sounded as if there was a hollow space below. It was not pleasant to feel that I was standing on so thin a crust with a boiling cauldron beneath my feet; however, I, like others, in time got accustomed to the smoke and steam, and sulphurous gases and boiling water, and thought no more about the matter. The steam was found, I conclude, coming up through the earth, and the mud edifice was erected over it to form the baths I have described.

Near the baths, and to the right, when looking on the lake, there is an excavation in the hill side called the grotto "dei Cani." An exceedingly noxious vapour rises from the ground, of which I was sensible on putting my nose down to it. It was discovered by a shepherd's dog having gone in there for shelter and being found dead, or else from the shepherd himself losing his life by going to sleep in it;—at all events it has ever since been the bane of a race of curs kept in the neighbourhood to exhibit its noxious qualities.

The cave was presided over by a big, burly, bandit-looking fellow, who called one of those unfortunate creatures to him, and holding its nose down to the ground it soon became senseless. On being thrown unceremoniously out again into the open air, after a few gasps it speedily recovered, and, with its tail between its legs, ran off, not much the worse for the unpleasant experiment. I should think, however, this constant poisoning must shorten the poor beasts' lives. A burning torch held to the ground was extinguished by the vapour. The custos of the cave demanded for exhibiting its powers twice as much as the cur and the torch together were worth, of which, of course, honest Giuseppe took his percentage. I regained the high road by a rough path, and drove along the shore of the bay, with high rocks to the right and a succession of headlands and promontories running out into the water in front, passing the island of Nisida, which has a Lazaretto on it, till I reached Pozzuoli, about four miles from Naples. This is a most irregularly shaped town, the houses of a great part being perched about on every little platform and ledge on the almost precipitous sides of the hill, and the rest scattered around at the water's edge. I first visited, near it, the temple of Jupiter Serapis, of which but three immense pillars are

now left in a perpendicular position, although numbers are prostrate on the ground. There is a raised circle in the centre, on which stood the high altar. As the foundation is entirely covered with water, stepping-stones have been placed to enable visitors to reach the columns. I have since seen it stated that this temple has been lowered and raised several times by the sinking and rising of the earth, and that some eight or ten feet up the columns are excavations formed by marine creatures which only work under water. Pozzuoli, though at present a dirty half-ruined fishing village, is interesting from being the ancient Puteoli where St. Paul landed, and where he tarried seven days on his way to Rome. In those days it was a flourishing seaport, and, indeed, the whole surrounding country was thickly populated, and covered with fine towns and handsome and luxurious villas. How sad is the change! The powers of nature, as well as man's folly and wickedness, have managed to sweep away all this wealth and magnificence, and ruins and dirty huts mark the sites of cities and palaces. All round the temple of Jupiter Serapis are baths built of brick, the water in them heated by nature's fires. Ascending a hill I reached the Solfaterra. This is the crater of a volcano which can scarcely be said to be extinct. From a hole in one part of it a large quantity of steam proceeds, and forms a regular natural steam kitchen. The only operation I saw was placing water in pans in the ground, when it quickly boiled. If this were in America, some speculator would long ago have erected an hotel here, and performed all his cooking operations by steam. No expense for fuel would be incurred at all events. It is a dreary region, like a huge basin with lofty barren sides. I visited in it a sulphur manufactory. It is a very simple process. There are a number of small furnaces, over which pots with holes in the bottom are placed. The earth, which is full of sulphur, is shovelled into the pots, and as the sulphur melts it runs out through the holes, the dross alone remaining. A little way down the hill, in a vineyard, is a tomb lately discovered. It is a small room, with an arched roof, the walls being covered with mosaic. Four highly carved marble coffins were found in it; two still remain, with their lids broken. Could the occupants return to life how astonished they would be to find that all their beautiful palaces and villas, and baths and temples have disappeared, or been reduced to heaps of ruins. Not far from the tomb I came upon a reservoir which supplied the town of Puteoli with water. That at all events is still almost in perfect repair and full of water. It is a vaulted chamber, the roof supported by pillars, of which there are

eight one way and four the other. The present degenerate inhabitants prefer drinking brackish water and avoiding washing, to taking the trouble of making an aqueduct from the reservoir to the town. A short way up the hill are the ruins of a large amphitheatre, a considerable portion of which is covered up with earth. The windows, however, of the first and second stories are nearly perfect, and the circles of seats rising from the ground to the summit may easily be traced. The outside is formed of a succession of marble arches, which are now turned into pigsties. It may well be said that the present race of people live in mud huts and their pigs in marble palaces. From the higher part of the town there is a superb view, embracing Lake Avernus and Lake Lucrinus, and other spots described by the Roman poets, besides Monte Nuovo, a mountain a thousand feet high, which they did not describe because it did not exist in their day. It was formed in a single night by a terrific eruption which took place in 1538. The earth opened and up rushed huge pumice stones, ashes, and earth, and liquid mud, which finally settled down into a cone with a round base. Fancy how astonished the people near must have been when, looking out in the morning, they saw a large mountain sprung up before them; how they must have rubbed and rubbed their eyes to assure themselves that they saw aright. Jack's bean-stalk was nothing to it, because bean-stalks naturally do grow fast. It is now completely covered with verdure, so that it externally exhibits no traces of its fiery origin. Some pillars of a temple of Jupiter now form part of the church of St. Proculus. Descending again to the water I visited Caligula's mole, of which a number of piers remain stretching out in the direction of Baiæ.

Leaving this interesting spot, I once more turned my face towards Naples. Again passing through the Grotto of Posilippo, I turned to the right to inspect the church of Santa Maria, where there are two fine statues of Minerva and Apollo. Do not be astonished at hearing of such works of art in a Christian church. To the profane eyes of heretics, Jews, and infidels they appear in their true characters of a heathen god and goddess, but for the benefit of pious Catholics they have been transformed by the priests, wise in their generation, into saints of the Romish calendar; and, although their original occupation is very evident, they act their parts with tolerable propriety. I met N—— at our hotel, where we dined, and afterwards went to the Fondo theatre, where a most amusing comic opera was represented, "Il Marito Desperato." Lablache, the first of bassos, then paying a visit to his native city, took the part of the

"despairing husband." A great part of it is in the Neapolitan dialect, which suits music, and is at the same time very ridiculous. I laughed quite as much as I should have done at an English comedy. The Fondo theatre is very pretty, but much smaller than that of St. Carlo. It is, however, better suited for music. The same actors perform in both. St. Carlo is at present undergoing repairs, and therefore closed.

20*th*.—To my very great regret N—— is compelled at once to return to Pisa, and I believe that I ought to accompany him. I am very much disappointed also in not having, as I anticipated, his society when visiting the numerous spots of interest in the neighbourhood. He intends leaving to-morrow morning by the steamer, and has taken my passport with him to get it through all the ridiculous, though required, legal ceremonies. To leave Naples without having visited Pompeii and Vesuvius would have been to store up a certain source of regret for after years; so, ordering a calesh, with the obese Giuseppe by my side, I started along the shores of the bay to the southward, in a direction exactly opposite to that I took yesterday.

Naples, like London, has walked out of town in this direction, and there are houses nearly all the way to Portici, about four miles distant from it. Portici contains a royal palace and a museum, but its chief interest consists in its standing over another buried city which is some eighty or a hundred feet below the foundations of its houses. Probably the builders of Portici little dreamed, when they were erecting that town, that a large city lay beneath them. Workmen were still employed in making excavations to explore the ancient city. I first visited that part of it where they were labouring. A very narrow street has just been laid open, and into this I first descended. The houses appear very small, and though two or three stories in height, the rooms are mere cells. Of the houses very little more than the roof is destroyed. As soon as the excavations are made, and the long-hidden treasures are brought to light, they are again at once filled up, to avoid the risk of the houses of the modern city tumbling in. A great number of statues, vases, and articles of daily use have been discovered, as well as frescoes, and papyri manuscripts. Leaving this street, once more thrown open to the light of day, the guide led me to a circular hole, down which I descended by a flight of steps, till I found myself in the theatre of the ancient city. The lava which flowed into it was of a nature not to adhere to stone, so that it has been without difficulty cleared away, and a great part of the building has been restored. The whole length

of the stage, and many of the rows of seats, are perfect. I passed through the corridors which led to them, and could not resist walking the stage with tragic strut on which old Roman or perhaps Grecian performers acted some eighteen hundred years ago. Herculaneum was destroyed, it is supposed, by the same eruption which overwhelmed Pompeii, A.D. 79, during the reign of Titus. Lights are required to see the theatre to perfection. Leaving Herculaneum, I drove on to Terra del Greco, a modern town between the two places, where I breakfasted. It must be somewhat of a phœnix-like nature, for although it has been thirteen times destroyed by the lava and ashes sent forth from Vesuvius, it has each time risen again from its ashes. I did not spend any long time over my meal, but, hurrying Giuseppe, I set off eagerly for the modern gates of Pompeii, about thirteen miles from Naples. Here guards are very wisely stationed to prevent people from carrying off any of the treasures. One of them is sent round with every party of visitors. He also acts as guide, and gives the names of the different buildings and localities, which mine did in a very satisfactory manner.

I entered Pompeii by its street of tombs. Such was its Appian way, the chief approach to the city, so that going out or returning, every day the inhabitants must have been reminded of the state to which they were destined some day to come. It was very striking—that long rows of tombs on either hand. They are of fine marble, many of beautiful and graceful shapes, elaborately carved. Some are not completed, and by their sides lie the slabs with the marks of the chisel on them, the sculptors probably being warned to fly while engaged in their work. Pompeii was founded by emigrants from Greece, and even possessed certain Grecian characteristics, while its inhabitants appear most undoubtedly to have delighted in maintaining Grecian manners and customs. It was delightfully situated on the slopes of Vesuvius, then not dreaded for its fatal powers, while the sea almost washed its walls, and a navigable river, the Sarnus, flowed through it in a bright and pure current, and all the surrounding country was rich, fertile, and thickly populated. Altogether it was looked on as a very delightful abode. An earthquake, Tacitus tells us, had already shaken its walls not many years before the hitherto undreaded Vesuvius sent forth those showers of stones and ashes which overwhelmed it. At length the mountain burst forth; most, probably, of the inhabitants fled, but many we know were overtaken and destroyed.

An exact and graphic account of the catastrophe is given us by the

younger Pliny, when writing to Tacitus, he himself being a spectator of the scene. The elder Pliny, at that time in command of the fleet at Misenum, on observing the eruption sailed across to help the inhabitants, but, going on shore, was himself overwhelmed by the ashes. Since then the sea has receded half a mile from the city, while the river Sarnus has become a sluggish streamlet. So completely was the whole country covered up, that even the site was not suspected, and the land was ploughed over, and corn was sown above where it lay hid. Great, too, is the contrast which the present tumble-down dirty houses of Terra del Greco and Resina, and their as dirty and slovenly inhabitants, offer to the neat handsome edifices of the ancient city and the enlightened and active-minded people who lived in them. But it is now time that we enter the resuscitated city, having passed through the street of tombs, which is outside the walls. On entering the city of the past I found myself in an exceedingly narrow street; yet it was as wide as any to be found, with the walls of houses on either side of me, just as they had stood when the shower of ashes came down on them, the roofs only having disappeared. The walls are stuccoed and gaily painted. There are no windows, the entrance door alone opens on the street. In some instances, there is a dog formed in mosaic beneath the porch, where the door-mat is usually placed, with the words *Cave canem* over his head—rather a churlish salutation by the bye—but intended only, probably, as a warning to evil doers. One house is very much like another. They are mostly on one floor. This saved those luxurious people the trouble of going upstairs. Some, however, have two or three stories, like that of Diomedes. He must have been one of the wealthy men of the place—a rich banker or lawyer, perhaps. His house, or villa it is called, is at the entrance of the city, and from the upper stories a delightful view must have been enjoyed. I will describe, however, one of the ordinary gentlemen's houses. At first I entered, through a vestibule, a small court with pillars supporting a roof, projecting from the walls, forming a colonnade. The centre of the court was open to the sky, it once had perhaps an awning over it. On the ground is a small tank, called a *compluvium*, to catch the rain water. This first court is called the *atrium*. There were chambers on the right and left as I entered, and recesses for seats. The floors were entirely covered with rich mosaic, the walls were painted of the richest and at the same time most harmonious colours. The atrium was the reception hall, where guests were received. There were niches where statues must have stood, and it was evidently in every respect richly ornamented according to the

taste of the day. Passing on through a wide passage with pillars and recesses on either side, called the *tablinum*, I entered another larger court, the *peristyle*, with a colonnade round it and a tank in the centre. Some houses have a bed of earth for flowers instead of the tank. On either side of the court were doorways opening into small sleeping chambers, very small and without windows. Probably these chambers possessed merely a pallet bed, on which the men slept with their clothes on. On one side of the *peristyle* was the kitchen, with a stove, much like those used in French kitchens in the present day, for charcoal. Opposite the kitchen was the *triclinium*, or dining-room. Here the family and guests reclined rather than sat round a horse-shoe table. Near was the store-room, where provisions were kept. Beyond the court, and directly facing the front entrance, a doorway led into the garden, which was small, completely walled round, with a tank in the centre, and undoubtedly filled with the sweetest of flowers and fruit-bearing trees. The floors throughout are paved with marble or mosaic, and the walls are covered with colour and often with elaborate frescoe paintings, generally emblematical of the use to which the room was put, the dining-room had fish and birds and fruit painted on the walls, and so on. Many of the paintings are very beautiful, and in the most perfect preservation. All the houses are in the style of the one I have described, though they vary in details. The great object was to have coolness and air. This the doorways at either end and the open courts were well calculated to afford, while the sun's rays were kept out by thick walls, there being also no windows to allow them to enter. The shops and many of the smaller houses have a painting over the doorway, indicative of the business carried on within. Two men carrying a wine jar denotes a wine shop; a goat, that milk was sold there. The shops have seldom more than one large room, and the counters, and even the jars, in some of these remain. In a baker's shop loaves, just taken from the oven, were actually found. In a surgery, surgical instruments.

Although many of the inhabitants may have made their escape, a considerable number must have been destroyed, from the skeletons found in the streets and in the houses. At the Herculaneum gate I was shown a stone sentry-box, where the skeleton of a soldier was found at his post, with his arms by his side. He had of course been posted there by his officers, and, notwithstanding the dreadful shower falling thickly around him, he remained firmly at his post; a fine example of Roman discipline. In one street a skeleton, supposed to be that of a lady, from the rich orna-

ments on her wrists and neck, was discovered, with four others, probably her slaves carrying various articles. In a vault where wine and oil jars still stand, below the house of Diomedes, seventeen skeletons were found, two of them children, all crouching together, evidently having fled there for safety and been suffocated by the ashes which found their way down the stairs. Another was found with a bag of gold in one hand and a bunch of keys. Of course it is impossible to ascertain with any certainty to whom the houses actually belonged. Those of Diomedes, Sallust, Pansa, are merely suppositions, but Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, who visited Pompeii soon after the time I speak of, collected all the legends and stories connected with it, and adding some from his own rich imagination, aided by his extensive classical knowledge, has worked them up into a tale of the greatest interest, called the "Last Days of Pompeii," which will give a more perfect account of the city and the life of the inhabitants than any book of travels is able to do. There were, perhaps, not more than forty or fifty houses uncovered at my visit, there are now upwards of a hundred. The streets are not more than thirty feet across. I could easily distinguish the marks of carriage wheels deeply worn in the stone. They have narrow pavements on either side, and stepping-stones to enable people on foot to cross from one side to the other. In many of the streets two chariots could not possibly have passed each other; however, in those days, as there were neither steamers nor railway trains starting at fixed hours, a short delay was probably of little consequence. I walked on through the streets, visiting the houses to the right hand and to the left, when I found myself in the quarter of the city near the Forum, where most of the temples are congregated. Standing among them I saw on every side of me flights of marble steps leading up to platforms, surmounted by marble columns in great numbers, with the porticoes and altars, some of the columns shattered and others completely prostrate, but many entire, so that I could almost repeople the scene with the false priests in their robes, as they moved around the altars, and the superstitious votaries of the gods ascending in crowds the flights of steps. Here stands the temple of Jupiter, and near it that of the Egyptian Isis, which is smaller, but more complete. The statue of the goddess was discovered in the temple, and so was the skeleton of one of her priests, attempting to escape from the shrine with a bag of gold in his hand, while round the altar numerous other skeletons were discovered, evidently of her votaries, who had rushed there to seek that shelter which the deluded wretches found, too late, that no false god could afford. I wandered

about the mass of temples, every instant gaining more knowledge of the style of life of the ancients than I had picked up during years of my schoolboy existence. Again I found my way up to the high altar of the temple of Isis, to which none but the priests ascended. Behind it was a secret chamber, in which they concealed themselves to deliver the false oracles with which they deluded the people. These contrivances are scarcely necessary to convince us that they were arrant rogues, who lived upon the ignorance and credulity of the people. I have heard it asserted that they have had a very considerable number of successors down to the present day. The ruins of the hall of justice, or Basilica, is to the right after crossing the Forum. It is upwards of 200 feet long and 80 feet broad, the roof being supported by massive columns. The public baths, the constant and daily resort of the Romans, are in excellent preservation. They are large and arranged with perfect taste. The chief apartment, which is circular, is richly decorated with frescoes, and had also windows of glass, though but of small size. Roman gentlemen, in hot weather, were accustomed to bathe several times in the day. The truth is, their toga was of a somewhat coarse material, of ill-prepared wool, and must often have been very disagreeable. The public bath was, however, resorted to not only for the sake of bathing, but it was a lounge, and served instead of a club or a reading-room. Here the citizens met to discuss the news of the day, politics, science, and literature. As they had no newspapers or magazines, and books of any sort were scarce, they came here to gain that information which we moderns can obtain in our libraries. In truth, the greater part of the population not compelled to labour, although they slept and took their meals at home, spent their time almost entirely in public.

Among the interesting buildings I visited were two theatres, which are very perfect. The back and sides of the stage are marble columns, with walls and doors between them, which served for the exits and entrances of the actors. No scenery was introduced. They are in the shape of a horse-shoe. The seats are of marble, looking like flights of steps, rising in a semicircular form, one above another. The pit had seats across it, I fancy. The smaller of these theatres was roofed in. At some distance off was an amphitheatre, which I visited. It was of very large proportions, calculated to contain 10,000 people. Fancy a large circular building, with a level circular area in the centre, and from it flights of steps, or rather seats, rising one above another to the summit, so that every

spectator can see equally well. There are two walls, an inner and outer, between which are corridors leading to the different tiers of seats. From the size and number of the places of amusement we may judge how much the inhabitants must have lived out of doors. The city was a small one, for in no part does it measure more than a mile across. A large proportion of the inhabitants are supposed to have been men of independent fortune, who had taken up their abode here on account of its pure air, delightful situation, and the amusements it afforded. I must not dwell longer on Pompeii.

There are few places in the world which can afford so much interest to a person possessed of any classical knowledge, especially to one, as I was, fresh from school. It made a very deep impression on me, and even to this day the scenes which I then beheld rise up with extraordinary vividness before me. I would gladly take a trip to Italy for the sake of spending a couple of days at Pompeii, and as many more at the Museum Borbonico, where the treasures collected from it are deposited.

With the greatest regret I tore myself away from the city and returned to Resina, the little town at the foot of Vesuvius. I expected to have to leave Naples the next morning. It would never do to go away and not to have been to the top of the burning mountain. I informed Giuseppe of my resolution, and desired him to accompany me. He started back with horror.

"Me go up the mountain! *Impossibile, signor;* but I will look after the horse and calesh, and take my supper in the meantime; that is my duty," was his answer. "If you like to leave your purse and watch, or anything else you value, with me, it may be well; you are very likely to be robbed, perhaps murdered; perhaps you will tumble down the crater. However, if you come back alive; we will have a pleasant drive into Naples." Giuseppe's agreeable remarks did not in the slightest degree alarm me, and thinking that he was much more likely to run off with my purse and watch than any robbers I might encounter, I kept them in my own pockets.

"At all events you will take a mule or donkey," he urged.

"Shall I ride up quicker than I can walk?" I asked.

That seemed doubtful, so I preferred keeping on my feet, and engaged as a guide a young man, the son of a well-known old guide, called Salvatore. The day was, however, advancing before he and I started together, with stout sticks in our hands, to ascend the mountain. The path all the way was exceedingly rough and uneven, but, fatiguing as it was, I was amply repaid

when, after ascending some distance, I turned back and enjoyed an enchanting view of Naples, the blue waters of the bay, and the surrounding picturesque scenery. There is a recess or nook in the mountain's side, into which the lava does not run during an eruption. Here was built a cottage, called the Hermitage, in which a man resided, and a party of soldiers was stationed to guard visitors from the banditti infesting the neighbourhood. It was rather a perilous position, but I fancy that in general the mountain gives enough premonitory symptoms to enable the men to make their escape in time. I was eager to go on, so I scarcely waited at the Hermitage longer than to enable one of the soldiers, who was to accompany me as a guard, and a boy with a basket of eggs, apples, and bread, to join us. A short distance only above the Hermitage the beaten path ceased, and I found myself standing at the base of a steep cone covered with loose soft cinders, except in one or two places where the lava, which flowed forth during an eruption which took place in the previous December, had formed long but not altogether unbroken lines, and afforded firm footing. As I looked up, an almost perpendicular black mass rose before me, appearing insurmountable, still the guide said it was to be done, and, of course, I determined to make the attempt. The guide went ahead and I followed, but though I dug my stick into the ashes and sprung up, my feet sunk back again almost as fast as I could move them on. A treadmill is a disagreeable machine to work in; but then a person may feel that he is undergoing a deserved punishment, or grinding corn, or assisting to do something useful. Now, however, I was toiling away, lifting one foot after the other, and yet gaining scarcely an inch at a time. I had experienced something like it when attempting to beat up a river against an ebb-tide, and I knew that as long as even an inch at a time was made good I must ultimately succeed. I could, however, fully enter into the feelings of Sisyphus, that unfortunate fellow of old, while engaged in the disagreeable occupation of for ever rolling a huge stone up a mountain; at the same time I felt myself far more fortunate than he was, or even than a squirrel in a cage, because I could at any moment give up the attempt, or might, besides, by perseverance, gain my end. I did persevere, and at last got footing on some hard lava. Now I sprung up again with renewed spirits. Occasionally the lava disappeared, but the guide assuring me that I should find it again, I persevered, and ultimately stood on the edge of the crater. The ascent had occupied so long a time that it was now almost dark, and my eyes could afford me but a very indefinite notion of the objects sur-

rounding me. There was the crater, and there was smoke, and vapours, and disagreeable sulphurous odours, and the ground below my feet was very hot, and the air blowing about my head was piercingly cold. I walked about and looked down into the prodigious chasm whence such abundant materials of destruction have ascended. It was very black and very terrific. However, one object I had at all events gained, I felt I should be able to say, to the end of my days, that I had been to the top of Vesuvius. With this consoling reflection I sat down, with some complacency of mind, under a huge lump of lava, while some eggs and apples were roasted in a stove, of which every part, including fire and fuel, was supplied by nature. Having recruited my strength and discovered that my trowsers were somewhat the worse for resting on hot lava, and that my shoes were almost burnt off my feet, I wandered about a little more, and then slid down the cinder heap in four minutes the whole distance which had taken me so long to mount. The neighbourhood of Vesuvius has always been celebrated for the delicious quality of its wine, but I suspect, had it been vinegar, I should have thought the bottle the hermit of the mountain put before me very refreshing. Both guide and guard behaved, I am bound to say, very well, and with renewed spirits I set off down the rugged path, the lights of Naples glittering in the distance, to return to Resina, which I reached in safety. The calesh took me back to my hotel by eleven o'clock at night. I know that my shoes nearly tumbled to pieces off my feet as I walked into the room. N—— was waiting for me.

"Well, have you got that passport business done?" I asked.

"No," he answered. "I found it impossible; it was necessary for you to appear in person: but never mind. You have not seen enough of Naples. Wait for another steamer; depend upon it, you will not regret the delay."

21*st.* — Believing that I ought to do my best to return with N——, I went early to Mr. Temple, the British Secretary of Legation, and he was good enough to desire Mr. Craven, the Consul, to write to Prince Cassaro, the head of the police, to beg him to expedite the many forms to allow of my departure. The Prince was not at the police office, and the end was that I could not get this foolish formality gone through before the steamer sailed. I therefore saw my friend on board the steamer, which paddled off, leaving me behind. I never had been in a strange place before entirely alone in my life. An extraordinary feeling of being deserted and helpless came over me as I walked among the noisy, bustling throng of Naples. I felt how much I wanted a companion of my own age.

and tastes, to enjoy the numberless objects of interest with which I was surrounded. I did the wisest thing I could. I called on Mr. B—— for advice, and he at once put me in good spirits by recommending me to see more of Naples, and then to go by land to Rome, there to spend the holy week, and thence on to Florence. This plan I arranged to follow, and wrote to my relations at Pisa, saying what I was about to do. I, however, was not aware that it was necessary to pay all letters on their being posted. This unfortunately I did not find out till some time afterwards, and when I did, greatly dismayed I was.

The rest of that day and the following one I spent at the Museum, in wandering about Naples inspecting innumerable churches, in dining on board the Actæon, in walking over the huge theatre of St. Carlo, and in visiting Virgil's Tomb, which is situated on the hill to the left over the grotto of Posilippo. Only a small chamber with an arched roof and niches in the side of the walls, now remains. On a wall near at hand is the following inscription, supposed to have been written by the poet: —

"Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc
Parthenope; cecini pascua, rura, duces."

Virgil had always been an especial friend of mine; and so, as I thus found myself on the spot where the ashes of the poet were supposed to rest, I stood and mused, grateful for the pleasure he has afforded to so many successive generations. Near the tomb is the old English burying ground. I took near it one of the few sketches I made at that time of part of the city and Vesuvius in the distance.

23*rd*. — There were still many interesting spots to be visited in the neighbourhood of Naples, so not wishing again to have the society of Giuseppe the stout, I hired a steed, and like a knight-errant of old set out in search of adventures. Passing through the grotto of Posilippo, I took the road along the shore towards Pozzuoli, having the sea on my left, and lofty, rugged, broken cliffs on my right. I rode along the quays of Pozzuoli, which are very narrow, and leaving it about a mile behind me turned to my right till I reached the summit of a hill above the lake Avernus, a spot once so surrounded with horrors that the poets fixed on it as the site of the infernal regions. It is small, of a circular shape, and entirely surrounded by high ground. It had all the appearance of being the crater of an extinct volcano. I cannot say that it is at present characterised by any especial horrors; indeed, it has somewhat the appearance

of a quiet Highland loch. "Facilis descensus Averni" is true enough, as certainly I had no difficulty in getting down to the shore of the lake. I observed the ruins of a house on its shores. It might well have been called old Charon's villa. Near it were the ruins of several other houses. Returning by the same path, and then continuing along the shore, I reached the banks of the Lucrine Lake. That piece of water, once looked upon as so beautiful, has now dwindled down to a pool of a few acres only in extent, separated from the sea by an embankment, on the top of which the road runs. Close to it are some hot baths, the water for the supply of which is heated by subterranean fires. Once upon a time the shores of Lake Lucrinus, we read, were lined by beautiful villas whose luxurious occupants delighted in the shell-fish it supplied; but earthquakes and volcanoes have played sad havoc in these regions, and have both decreased the lake and upset all those beautiful and majestic villas, the ruins of which strew the ground around on every side. Leaving the lake I still kept along by the sea over a short, rugged, and unfinished path with cliffs to my right, out of which every few yards I saw projecting portions of ruined buildings, showing how thickly inhabited had once been this part of the country, and how terrific must have been the convulsions which have overwhelmed them. Descending to the sands I saw a little pier within which a few small vessels were moored, the miserable representatives of the fine fleets which once congregated in the harbours of Cumæ.

CHAP. XIII.

Temple of Mercury.—Baiæ.—Piscina Mirabile.—Stygian Lake.—Return to Naples.—Character of King Bomba in his Youth.—Population of Naples.—Start for Rome.—Journey.—St. Paul's resting Places.—Pontine Marches.—Rome.—American Companions.—Sketch of Rome.—Commence lionising.—The Tiber.—St. Peter's Style of Worship.—The Jew Peter.—The Vatican and its Thunders.—Cloaca Maxima.—Arch of Janus.—Temple of Romulus and Remus.—The Forum.—Viâ Sacra.—Horace.—Partial Study of Roman History.

I CONCLUDED my last chapter with a description of the Lucrine Lake and a notice of the once celebrated harbour of Cumæ. Very interesting it was to wander among the ruins of cities, towns, villas and temples, spots so replete with historical associations; but far more interesting I should have found my trip had I been more deeply read in the history of the times when that point of land was one of the most thickly populated and civilised on the globe. On I wandered among ruins, the tombs of worldly pomp and departed magnificence. Among others I passed under the once celebrated Temple of Mercury. It is a high circular building of bricks. The roof is arched and but slightly fractured. In the wall are niches, probably for the statues of the gods. Tubs are now manufactured here! How are the great ones fallen! The road leads through part of the majestic ruin. A little behind it and under the hill is the Temple of Diana Baiana. It is a circular edifice, with a low arched roof. The only aperture to admit light is in the centre of the roof, and here it is slightly broken in. The rest is entire. There is a strong echo in the building. Near it is a temple of Venus in a very ruinous condition. It is not so surprising that those temples, cities, and palaces should have been thus shattered, as that any should have escaped the terrific convulsions to which they have been subject. I here took a boy as a guide, who led me past the town of Baiæ, which I saw on my left, with its castle built on a lofty rock, till I reached the extensive reservoir called the Piscina Mirabile, intended to supply the Roman fleets with water. It is a vast covered chamber sunk in the ground, the roof supported by a great number of columns. It is now quite dry. It is said to be two hundred feet long and one hundred broad. If repaired it would hold, I suspect, enough water to supply not only the Roman fleets of those days, but the whole British fleet at the present time. What a contrast

between the two ! Why, one sloop of war would have played havock with the whole of Cæsar's squadrons. From a garden a little beyond the reservoir I enjoyed an enchanting view of the bay, the rugged headlands, ruins scattered about, and the picturesque island of Procida on one side, while below me was the Mare Morto, the Stygian Lake of Virgil, beyond which again were spread out his Elysian fields, now, however, like every spot around, so changed that they in no way deserve the high character bestowed on them. Even a North American Indian would undoubtedly turn up his nose if they were pointed out to him as the scene of his happy hunting grounds. The Stygian Lake has an outlet to the sea. I regretted that I had not my Virgil with me, for I should then have doubly enjoyed my ride, every spot I visited being celebrated by his descriptions. I now turned my horse's nose once more towards Naples, and on my way visited a ruin called the Cento Cennereli, which at present consists of several small arched subterranean chambers, supposed to have been prisons.

On my return I made arrangements with a veturino, Angrisani by name, to convey me to Rome. There are no regular stage coaches, but certain men called veturini, who have carriages, engage to take passengers, and to start as soon as they can collect a sufficient number. A family can also engage the whole of a carriage ; the veturino then starts at the hour they may choose. I passed in the evening a large body of fine-looking troops. The young King of Naples has a strong martial mania on him. He has raised so many regiments, that Austria, under whose thumb he is, sent him a message directing him to disband some of them. He is said to dislike the English, and to take every opportunity of showing his dislike. He must by all accounts be a most atrocious savage. He married a daughter of the King of Sardinia, whom he treats most abominably. One day as she was going to sit down, he pulled the chair away, so that she fell to the ground. A most abominable and cruel trick. If he treats his queen in this way, how is he likely to treat his subjects? He probably fancies that his well-drilled troops will keep them in order. His younger brother, the Prince of Capua, is very fond of the English. The other day he took a sail in the Actæon about the bay, and was delighted.*

* The King here spoken of is the one lately dead, nicknamed King Bomba. He did not improve as he advanced in life, and from his tyranny and brutalities died deservedly hated by all his subjects. The young king who lately fled from his kingdom was then a

24th.— My last day in Naples. Had I found a companion, I should have again visited Pompeii, and I have much to regret not having done so. I had enjoyed but a glimpse of it after all, and it is well worthy of days of study. This was a lovely day, and the whole population was out of doors, either on foot or in carriages, rattling, dashing, or bawling, squalling, singing, dancing, or leaping about. I spent the day in visiting the Botanical Gardens, the Museum, and various churches, in walking in the beautiful gardens of the Villa Reale, opposite the Vittoria Hotel, and in taking leave of Mr. B——. At no place is it more necessary for a person to have his wits about him than at Naples. I was walking in front of the Palace, when a gentleman passed me and said take care of your pocket. I instantly clapped my hand to it and felt my handkerchief jerked away. I made chase after a little urchin, who dropped it. A sentinel who was posted near not only gave me no warning of the theft, which he was watching, but laughed when he saw the boy running off. The midshipmen of the Actæon told me that they sewed their handkerchiefs into their pockets, and scarcely ever went on shore without having them pulled at.

I dined at an excellent restaurant, where I paid a quarter the sum for my dinner that I did at the Vittoria. This I now find is the most expensive in Naples. I might have lived at a third of the expense at many other very good hotels, by taking my meals at restaurants. This plan is adopted in most continental cities. And now farewell to beautiful, enchanting, but deceptive Naples, with smoking furnaces and boiling cauldrons, her brutal tyrant king, her slavish soldiery, her bawling, roguish, idle, noisy, good-for-little population, her delicious climate, her picturesque streets with balconied windows, her marble palaces and churches, her unrivalled caleche drivers, her daring bandits, and her expert pickpockets. I might enumerate other classes of her population. I might dwell longer on my description of her ruins and remains, and of her unnumbered churches; but I am anxious to be off for Rome.

25th.—At six o'clock on a lovely morning, Angrisani, the veturino, drove up to the door with four strong horses, and I took my seat on the box with a hood over it, having for my companion a courier returning to the north; a convenient associate, as he was able to give me all the

child. He seems to have closely imitated his father. The Prince of Capua soon after this married an English lady, Miss Smith, and gave up all claim to the throne and connection with Naples.

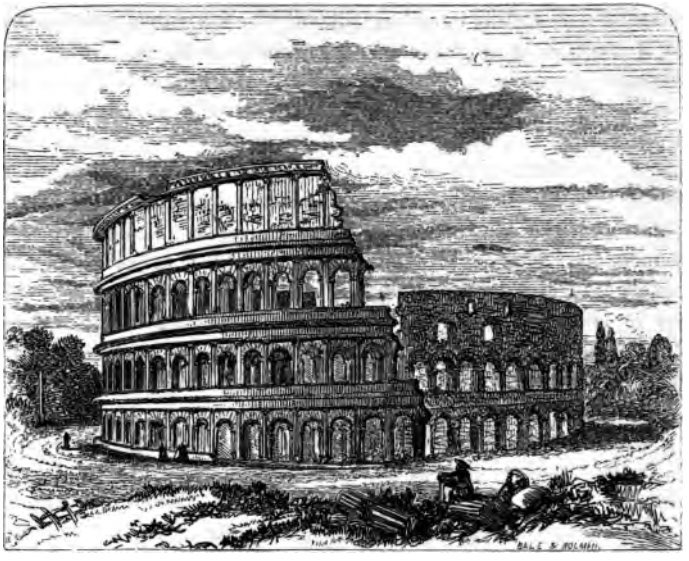
required information about the road. Inside were three young American gentlemen, and a strong-minded English lady. We changed horses at every post, so that we moved along at a very good rate. The first town we passed after leaving Naples was Aversa, where there is a lunatic asylum; then Capua, a fortified place, irregularly built on the banks of the Volturno. The Prince takes his title from this ancient town. We passed near Sessa, a small town on a rocky height, and thence the road wound down into a most romantic valley full of orange-groves and productions of the south. No small number of robberies had lately been committed in the valley; but to prevent any such pleasant adventure in our case, the whole road was lined by soldiers placed within hail of each other. The chief danger to be apprehended was, that the soldiers themselves might rob us. The whole kingdom of Naples seems to be overrun with brigands. It is a sign of the system of government pursued in this country. Not long ago an English lady was carried off by brigands, and a heavy ransom demanded and paid before she was liberated. I had been inclined to fancy the stories I had read of brigands and their deeds mere bits of romance, but from the accounts I have heard I have no doubt that many of them are perfectly true, with the exception that the brigands are low, dirty, ugly-looking scoundrels, with not a spark of the chivalry or generosity attributed to them.

A little above the valley were the walls of an amphitheatre, an aqueduct, and other remains of a large town, probably Minturnæ. We dined at Mola, a small town situated among orange and olive groves a short distance from the sea. Beyond Mola is a high building surrounded by trees, supposed to be the tomb of Cicero. He had a villa near here, and when despairing of his country's liberty he fled from Rome; it was in this neighbourhood that he was overtaken by the myrmidons of Mark Antony and murdered. The road here is most lovely and romantic, sometimes passing at the bottom of valleys, the sides of which are covered with rocks and olive trees, and then running close to the bright blue sea. We passed Itri and Fondi, close also to a most pestiferous salt-water lake, or rather marsh. A little after this we reached the boundaries between the territories of Naples and Rome; we did not, however, stop till we arrived at Terracina, a romantic looking place close to the sea. By this time, however, it was too dark to enjoy the scenery. Our passports and luggage were examined, and the usual fees extorted by the modern harpies, who, in the shape of police and custom-house officers, infest the confines

of nearly all the continental states, but who are especially hungry and clamorous in Southern Italy. Having taken some hot coffee, a slight preventive against the ill effects of the damp air we were about to breathe, we resumed our seats and commenced the passage of the Pontine Marshes, a distance of some forty miles or so. The road is level and very good, bounded on either side by trees and a canal or ditch, into which the waters are drained. Far as the eye could pierce through the gloom, a dead flat could alone be discovered, while, during the whole night, not a sound was heard but that of frogs croaking in the most dismal of concerts. Post-houses have been built alongside the road at intervals, but the occupants are said to exist but a very few years, which I can readily believe from the pallid, wretched appearance of all the people we saw, while all the postillions who drove us had miserable racking coughs, which evidently would very soon bring the poor fellows to their graves. I have never passed through a scene of more utter gloom, misery, and desolation. It was dark, but I cannot fancy that the light would have improved matters. Cattle are fed on it, but it is necessary to drive even them away to the hills during the heat of summer: the less fortunate human beings, who must remain, perish. Soon after morning dawned we reached one of the wildest, most savage-looking places I saw in Italy. It stands partly on the summit of a high rugged rock, and partly on the sides of the steep hill, extending down to the valley below. It was either Velletri or Arecia. Neither will fight for the character I must bestow on it, for a more dirty, savage place I never entered; while the inhabitants, as they sauntered out of their half-ruined domiciles, and glared at us under the brims of their high-peaked hats, with their dirty brown cloaks thrown over their shoulders, were very pictures of fierce, lawless bandits. They looked at us as if they felt most reluctant to allow us to pass without levying tribute. The country all the way to Albano was wild and picturesque. Here we breakfasted. The scenery around was very interesting. Near here Pompey had a villa; so had Domitian. The Alban Lake is near at hand, and so is the Alban Mount, where the early Latins paid worship to their gods. We were now on the Appian Way, the great southern approach to Imperial Rome. We had passed several well-known stations of old; the Forum Appii, the Three Taverns, Ad Medias. St. Paul describes how "the brethren came to meet us as far as Appii Forum and the Three Taverns." Over that road, trod by the truest of Christians and boldest of men, we were now travelling; the localities are

still known. We now entered the Campagna, and as we advanced within a few miles of Rome, the country assumed a most remarkable character. There were here and there a few cultivated spots; but the general aspect of the scenery was that of the wildest ruin and desolation. Scattered about far and near were aqueducts, arches, and pillars, the walls of tombs, temples, and villas; heaps of masonry, the form no longer distinguishable, while bricks, marble, and blocks of stone strew the whole region around and give it the appearance of Arabia Petræa. What a language do these ruins speak! what a tale does this utter desolation tell of centuries of gross misrule, of tyranny, and neglect! History tells us, the very ruins themselves speak of the prosperous and industrious, powerful and great people who once inhabited these plains; but they were heathens, and for their sins and idolatry they deservedly fell; but here a Christian power has ruled, claiming (impiously, it is true) to be the head over all other Christian authorities, and yet such is the condition into which the territory, in the very sight of its chief, has fallen — a sad epitome of Roman greatness. From Albano to Rome the distance along the Appian Way is about fourteen miles. We entered the imperial city by the Porta St. Giovanni, having on our left the magnificent church of that name, and on our right three long aqueducts. I was in Rome, that great and important city, about which I had read so much since my childhood's days, but the actual existence of which I had so little realised. I had never expected to find myself there, and now I was in the very midst of its ruins, palaces, and temples. We drove on past the vast Colosseum, which I required no one to point out to me, and then up the Corso, the finest street in Rome, till we reached the Dogana (the custom-house), the front of which is adorned with a number of beautiful columns taken from some edifice of ancient Rome. Here my poor carpet bag was examined, and, setting out with a porter, I in vain endeavoured to obtain a room at three different hotels. Rome was crowded, for it was the Holy Week; but it was crowded, not with pious worshippers come up to keep the sacred festival and to pay their adorations in the great temple of the Christian world; but, alas! shall I say, by strangers, mere idlers generally, collected to gaze at the spectacles of the period, with no more reverence than they would at the scenery of a theatre or a panorama. I wonder what would become of the ceremonies if no strangers came to the city. I suspect that it would soon be noted that they did not pay, and that most of them would be given up. Hunting about from inn to inn — perhaps my single carpet bag and

travel-stained appearance made the landlords suspicious of me—I at length got a room on the third piano of La Sybilla, a small hotel on the Corso, for which I was to pay four pauls a day. This was a large sum



THE COLOSSEUM.

for so bad a room, but as I hoped to occupy it only during the night, its badness did not signify. I forthwith, having dressed, went out to search for dinner, for though I was in the imperial city and surrounded by classical associations of intense interest, it was necessary to fortify the inner man to be able to enjoy them. I was fortunate in finding an excellent trattoria in the Via Condotti, where I also had the pleasure of meeting my American travelling companions. It was the first time that I had ever associated with any of our transatlantic cousins, and most agreeable, kind-mannered, gentlemanly young men I found them. From the tone of their conversation I felt that I was perfectly safe in associating with them, and with one of them, Mr. E——, I arranged to start to-morrow morning and commence an inspection of the city. I met at this trattoria several other Americans; indeed numbers were at that time flocking over to visit Italy. Among them was N. P. Willis, whose acquaintance I made.

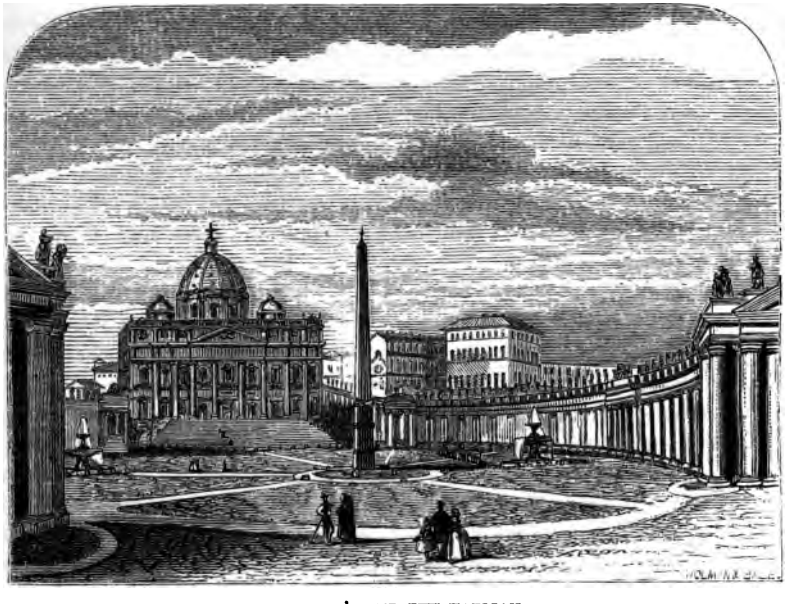
It was, I believe, during his first visit to Europe. He was already known to fame as a literary man. I spent the evening walking about the city; but thoroughly fatigued, I was at last obliged to seek for rest at my hotel, to be ready for the pleasant occupation of the next day. There, in spite of its discomforts, I slept most soundly till sunrise summoned me on foot. Instead of attempting to give a general account of Rome, I shall continue my travels in the form in which I originally wrote them, describing each day what I saw and heard, the places I visited, and the adventures I met with. This will, I think, be more interesting to my readers than the former plan, for words can after all convey but a very imperfect idea of great Rome, wonderful still with its mixture of magnificence and melancholy decay, its slavish population, its assassins, its ruins, and its dirt.

The morning after our arrival, E—— and I breakfasted together at a capital café, and arranged our plan of proceeding. It was a question whether we should visit ancient or modern Rome first; the Forum and the surrounding ruins, or St. Peter's and the Vatican. Now, however much a man may dislike Papacy and the Pope, despise the priests, and utterly abhor the ceremonies of their Church, he cannot be in Rome without longing to gaze on that wonderful temple of which he has heard so much, as well as the treasures of art contained in the neighbouring palace. The truth is, St. Peter's and the Vatican are Rome. They are intrinsically *per se* more worth seeing than anything else in Rome — throwing associations out of the account. With them in the balance it is the other way, and the scholar and classic might well wander for days about the immortal city and go away delighted, without casting a glance at the cathedral or the contents of the palace of the Pope.

We, however, decided on visiting St. Peter's first; and with as much zeal as Gordon Cumming ever set out on a shooting expedition in the wilds of Africa, we sallied forth to see the lions of Rome. No city is more irregularly built than Rome. The more modern part of the city is to the north; the Forum, the Colosseum, and chief ruins are towards the south. The Tiber passes through the city, coming in at the north-west, and taking off a slice on the west. On the north-west it separates a somewhat deep nook with a hill at the further end. Fortifications run round the hill and surround the nook. In the nook at the bottom of the hill stands St. Peter's and the Vatican, with the Tiber spanned by the bridge of St. Angelo in front of it, and guarded by the circular solid-looking fort of the same name. At the very northern point of the city

there is a wide open space called the Piazza del Popolo. Out of it branch three principal streets—the centre is the Corso, which runs directly south, cutting the city almost in two, till it reaches nearly to the Capitoline Hill and Trajan's Column. The larger portion of the modern city is on the north-west, bordered by the Tiber. Modern Rome has slid off the hills towards the north and west. The chief hills of ancient Rome are in the eastern and southern portions of the city. The most central is the Capitoline Hill, and next to it the Palatine, with the Forum to the north of it, and the Colosseum to the east. Rome is full of open spaces, piazze they are called, and palaces — some of marble ; others of fine stone, and columns and fine fountains, the water gushing forth from richly carved figures ; and churches innumerable, of varied degrees of beauty and excellence; and then there are narrow streets and lanes, and tumble-down houses, and squalid, ragged, ruffian-looking people, and filth and misery inconceivable. There are various quarters in which the people are enclosed at night, the Jews' quarter and others. The Jews are numerous, and of course flourish in Rome. This is modern Rome. There are even in this part columns and temples and other remains to be found, but ancient Rome is chiefly outside all this, scattered about to the south and east, on and around the far-famed hills on which the once glorious city reared its proud head. This short description of the geography of the city will I hope render more intelligible the account of my adventures which I am about to give. E—— and I made our way down the Via Condotti towards the Tiber, over which we crossed by the Ponte St. Angelo. This is a very fine bridge. To the right, the north end of it, stands the Castle of St. Angelo, a circular building of beautifully cut stone. It was erected as a mausoleum for Adrian, but converted by one of the popes into a castle. It has, however, modern outworks. The Tiber was not nearly so muddy or so narrow as I expected to find it ; at the same time its waters have a sufficiently yellow tinge to gain for it the name of the Yellow Tiber. In the winter the current is very full and rapid, truly "chafing with its shores." A sad accident had happened a short time before. A young lady was riding across the bridge of St. Angelo when her horse shied and threw her over the parapet. The rapid current carried her down, and she was drowned before any assistance could be rendered to her. When Julius Cæsar and Cassius had the swimming match with their armour on, "upon a raw and gusty day," I am not surprised that the former found some difficulty "in stemming it with heart of controversy."

Leaving the Porte St. Angelo and passing along a narrow street, we found ourselves standing at one end of a vast piazza. In the centre was a lofty obelisk, and on either side fountains throwing up on high bright jets of water; but we scarcely observed those things, for with magnificent colonnades circling round on both sides of the piazza, and reaching to it, before us rose the superb portico and the lofty dome of the far-famed St. Peter's. A broad flight of steps leads up to the front entrance. I cannot



ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN.

describe its grandeur and its beauty further than this. To the right over the colonnade appeared the square massive palace of the Vatican, with the hill of the Vatican covered with gardens behind it. St. Paul's is a church worthy of a great capital, but its grandeur is concealed by the surrounding buildings, and its beauties are dimmed by smoke. St. Peter's on the contrary is seen to the greatest advantage from the wide-extending space in front of it, while its elaborate façade and its marble statues look as fresh as if just come from the chisel of the sculptor. We only learned the size of the piazza as we crossed it and ascended the broad steps. On

entering and advancing up the centre, we found ourselves surrounded by a blaze of coloured marbles, of elaborate carving, of rich gilding, of mosaic pavements and of mosaic ceilings, grand columns and shrines innumerable; but even when we stopped beneath the vast dome we found it difficult to realise the size of the edifice. Here we stood, and it was the wisest thing we could do till we became sensible of the grandeur of the edifice we were in. High, high above us towered that majestic dome, covered with the richest mosaic work, while stretching out before us were the massive columns which support the roof, each seeming like masses of coloured marble. The best idea of the height is gained from an object which looks as if it were placed there for no other purpose. It is a Baldachine — a canopy supported by four bronze twisted columns, partly gilt, ninety feet high. A man working at the top when we were standing close to it, looked like a little boy; yet at the other end of the church this unmeaning erection appears to be a small altar under the dome, so vast is the height of the latter. Wherever we turned were monuments, paintings in mosaic, statues, and the richest marbles. On either side are chapels with shrines dedicated to various saints, each as large as many an ordinary church. The finest statues are about the high altars. To the left there is a monument to Paul III. representing Prudence as an old woman and Justice as a young girl, the latter clothed in a petticoat of bronze. To the right, mounted on a high pedestal, sits a large bronze statue of no very elaborate or delicate workmanship. It is called the statue of St. Peter, but the right hand, in which he holds his keys, is uplifted, as if he was about to throw them at somebody's head. One foot most conveniently projects over the pedestal. "Aye, I see without doubt it is the 'Jew Peter,'" observed E——, repeating a somewhat old joke. The truth is that a statue of Jupiter was dug up somewhere or other, and not being considered worthy of admittance into the gallery of the Vatican, it was altered without difficulty into what was to serve as a representation of St. Peter, a bunch of keys being thrust into his hand instead of a thunderbolt, and placed on the pedestal where we saw it that it may receive the adoration of the faithful. While we stood there, several worshippers came in. Whatever they did else I do not know, except dip their fingers into a basin of holy water at the entrance, but one and all came up and kissed the toe of the statue. Children were lifted up. People of moderate height reached it without difficulty. One lady I rather think had a footstool carried for her, and she wiped the toe with a cambric handkerchief

before kissing it; but at last a little old woman came in, who at first in vain attempted to reach the desired point. At length by an active spring she contrived to get her hands over the foot, and then by drawing herself up, her mouth reached the bit of bronze, and bestowing on it a hearty smack, she sank down again with a sigh indicative of the exertion she had made, and went away again with an expression of perfect satisfaction.

Such was our first introduction to the style of worship practised in St. Peter's.

"I know nothing about kissing toes in the Bible," said E——, musing. "Certainly neither St. Peter nor St. Paul would have allowed such a proceeding to have taken place with regard to themselves. What did St. Paul say on one occasion: 'We also are men of like passions with you, and preach unto you that ye should turn from these vanities unto the living God, which made heaven and earth, and the sea and all things that are therein. Either the Pope and the cardinals wish to encourage idolatry, or they have read the Bible to very little purpose."

"Hush, hush, my dear E——," said I; "do not speak so loud in this place."

"Not speak loud!" he exclaimed. "I am a true born American. No man shall put me down. I will speak the truth."

It would be very easy to go into raptures about St. Peter's, and with a guide-book before me to describe in detail all the wonders it contains; but the truth is that, after dragging our legs about over the pavement, and with open mouths gazing at statues and paintings and monuments and mosaics till our necks ached and our heads felt dizzy, we left the vast edifice with a feeling akin to disappointment, and a belief that after all it was not so big or so fine as we expected. It is, however, both vast and grand; it was owing to the incapacity of our minds that we did not perceive its size and grandeur. From the discovery of that fact, I have learned a point of the most vital importance. Whenever I have been tempted to discredit a statement of holy writ, or a doctrine it reveals, I have asked myself, "Is it that this statement is incredible, or is it not rather that my mind is so occupied with worldly affairs, that it is not capable of comprehending the glorious truth?' Turning to our left under the colonnade, we entered the Vatican. This is the chief palace of the pope. He has others in different parts of his dominions. We hear of the thunders of the Vatican; we read also of the Vatican fulminating anathemas at the heads of potentates, and doing a number of other things which

might lead us to suppose that it must be a very noisy building indeed; whereas we found the interior containing a remarkably quiet, well-ordered establishment. "Perhaps," as E—— observed, "Mr. Pope has exhausted the contents of his fire-work manufactory, while, as to thundering, I guess his thunders have grown rather tame of late years." I need scarcely explain that the Pope or the Pope's government is spoken of as the Vatican, the building standing for those who sit in council inside it. It has three stories, on the outside of each of which there is an open gallery. From the upper one we obtained an extensive view over Rome, with its steeples and domes and columns and massive palaces and ruins and tumble-down modern houses, backed by the hills of the ancient city. We looked upon to-day's excursion chiefly as exploratory, and thus we did not intend to expend much time on any one object. We were, however, tempted to visit some of the paintings, and entered what are called the rooms of Raphael. There are four; on the side of each of them is a fine fresco painting. I admired most the "School of the Philosophers;" a battle between Constantine and Maxentius (the latter is represented as drowning in the middle of a river); the fire at Rome during the pontificate of Leo IV. I may have shown no great taste in my selection, for my eye has as yet been but little practised in the study of pictures.

The Vatican, besides being the Pope's residence, and containing his council chambers and public offices, possesses several magnificent galleries of statues and paintings. Among the statues are some of the most celebrated specimens of ancient art, two of the most notable of which, if not the finest, are those of the Laocoon and the Apollo Belvidere. One trembles to think that, in the commotion to which the seven-hilled city is doomed, these superb works of art may also be destroyed.

Quitting the head-quarters of the papal power, we recrossed the Ponte St. Angelo, and passed through a number of very dirty streets. Suddenly we came to a wide opening in the ground with an arch over it; a stream of water was running into it. We agreed that it was amply wide enough for a boat to pass through. "What can it be for?" said I. "I know," replied E——, as we descended down to it. "Why this must be the great main sewer of old Rome; it beats all modern contrivances." He was right; it was the Cloaca Maxima, the great main drain which carried off the sewage of ancient Rome. It is a question whether Rome ever was a healthy city. It certainly is not so now. People do live there, cer-

tainly, but they have grown accustomed to be decimated, and hold their lives of little value under papal despotism. When reading Roman history, I do not know that people think much about the healthiness of the capital; but if we look into the matter, we shall find that most of the wealthy inhabitants had their villas on the high grounds in the neighbourhood, and that they only remained in Rome much for the reason that people go into London to transact public business. This Cloaca Maxima has undoubtedly existed some two thousand four hundred years, and is so admirably built that neither floods nor earthquakes have injured its solid arch. The people who formed it must already have made considerable progress in civilisation. It is by examining works like these that we are able to form some estimate of the condition of the people who erected them. They are silent but trustworthy illustrators of history.

We descended by a winding path to the foot of the arch. The passage was wide enough for a boat to pass through, down to the waters of the Tiber. Curiously enough there flowed forth out of the bank a stream of the purest and most sparkling water. Ever pure and clear, it has for ages flowed on. The Roman slaves who built that arch drank from it to refresh themselves at their labour. Not far from it we came upon the most perfect of the edifices of ancient Rome, called the Temple of Vesta, but which it is not. It is a small circular building surrounded by graceful columns of Parian marble. Hundreds of thousands of models have been made of it, to be seen throughout England and America, in bronze, terra-cotta, lava, and cork. It has a low pointed roof clapped down on the top of it, like a Chinaman's hat, which would somewhat astonish the architect who planned the elegant edifice, could he see it. Next we reached the Arch of Janus, known as Quadrifons, where the merchants of ancient Rome were wont to meet to transact their business. It is a heavy massive building of considerable height, with each side alike. There are niches for statues, but they, with the merchants, have long since departed. Thence, on we went till we entered the Forum. What numberless associations of deep interest will the name produce in the reader of Roman history. On every side ruins of temples and columns and theatres and arches rise up, telling of the magnificence of ancient Rome. The Romans lived in public; their private residences were therefore low and retiring, in no way interfering with the grand outlines of their public edifices. This must have given a superb appearance to Imperial Rome which no modern city possesses. But I must try and give an idea of the Forum as

I saw it. The shape of the Forum is oblong with hills on either side, and much wider at the end where we were standing than at the other. At each end is a fine marble arch, and in the centre rise those three elegant columns, of which we everywhere see models, called by some the Columns of Comizio, but supposed by others to have belonged to the Julian Basilica. The first arch we visited was that of Septimus Severus at the foot of the Capitol. Next we found ourselves before a superb portico with six Corinthian columns, and two other pillars on either side. They form the front of the modern Church of San Lorenzo in Miranda, but once were part of the magnificent temple of Antoninus and Faustina, who flourished in the second century. Beyond again is the Church of the twin saints, Cosmas and Damianus, Who they were I do not know, which, of course, shows profound ignorance; but we discovered that once upon a time the edifice was a heathen temple, dedicated to Remus the brother of Romulus, but afterwards called the Temple of Romulus and Remus.

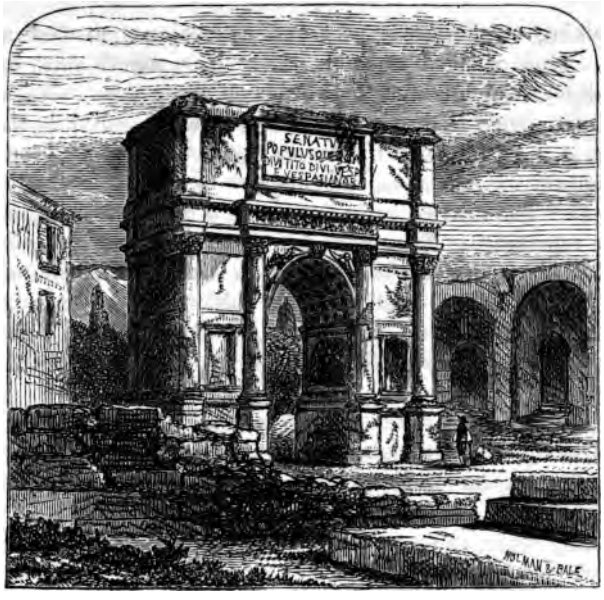
"I have it," exclaimed E——, with whose opinions I did not always agree. "When heathen Rome was putting on the garb of Christianity, the once high-priests, those wolves in sheep-skins, had to look about for Christian saints to supply the posts of the Pagan divinities they were compelled to displace, and so do you see they set up Cosmas and Damianus instead of Romulus and Remus. We shall find a good many similar examples, I guess, as we continue our explorations." In the church we found the following inscription: —

URBANUS VII. PONT. MAX. TEMPLUM GEMINIS
URBIS CONDITORIBUS SUPERSTITIOSÈ DICTATUM
A FELICE IIII. S. S. COSMÆ ET DAMIANO FRATRIBUS
PIÈ CONSECRATUM, VETUSTATE LABEFACTUM
IN SPLENDIDIORUM FORMAM REDEGIT
ANN. SAL. MDCXXXIII.

I had nothing to say, except to differ with my companion as to the period of the transformation. Once upon a time the temple contained a statue of the veritable wolf which suckled Remus, but I do not know that any miraculous power was ascribed to it by the Romans; but it now possesses within its sacred precincts an image, which, if it cannot walk, can, at times, at all events talk, as the following inscription asserts. "L' imagine di Maria Santissima, che esiste all' altar maggiore, parlò a S. Gregorio Papa dicendogli, 'Perchè più non me saluti? Mentre passando eri solito salutarmi.' Il santo domandò perdona, e concesse a

quelli che celebrano in quell' altare la liberazione dell' anima dal Purgatorio, ciò per quell 'anima per la quale si celebra la Mesa." This wonderful and highly satisfactory announcement is made, not in Latin, the language in which the Roman prayers are offered up for him, but in modern Italian, that some at all events may be able to read it. It may be fully translated. "The image of the most Holy Mary, which stands on the High Altar, called to the Pope St. Gregory, saying to him, 'Why do you not bow down before me? It was always the custom for those passing to salute me.' The saintly Pope begging pardon, the liberation of their souls from purgatory is granted to all those who worship is that altar. Also for that soul for whom mass is celebrated." I did not know much about the faith of the Romans at that time, but E—— and I agreed that this did not sound like the Christianity we had been taught from our Bibles. However, we have wandered away from the Forum. Let us go back. The bronze doors of the shrine of Remus are very ancient and very curious. Leaving the temple, we passed the tall solitary column of Phocas; why so called I am unable to say; and then we found ourselves before the red brick pile, the remains of the Basilica of Constantine. Three lofty or vaulted arches with part of the roof and back, and a few other walls, remain to attest its size. In front of these buildings is the Via Sacra, well known to all who have read Horace, and as I walked up and down it I thought of him and quoted, "Ibam fortè Via Sacra, sicut meus est mos."

"Man's nature has not altered since his days," said I. The same idle garrulous fellows exist now as the one who caught him by the hand and would not let him go. They have less excuse though, now, with unnumbered books and means of employing themselves.



THE ARCH OF TITUS.

CHAP. XIV.

Horace. — The Via Sacrum. — Heathen Rome. — The Forum. — The Capitol. — The Museum of the Capitol. — The Mamertine Prisons. — Holy Stairs. — Baptistry of Constantine. — Aurora of Guido. — Romanism the development of Paganism, not of Christianity. — Baths of Caracalla. — Pantheon. — Studio of Thorwaldsen. — Statue of Byron. — Visit to Cardinal Weld. — Ceremonies of the Holy Week explained. — Attend the Ceremonies at the Sistina Chapel.

It is pleasant to visit scenes we have read of in our early days, and so it is to meet people whose works we have perused with pleasure and profit. Of all the classical works put into my hands, during my schoolboy career, I read Horace with more pleasure than any other author. He had the wit of Sheridan, and the power of Burke, but he was, I suspect, a greater

man than either. E—— and I agreed that we liked him, because when we began to read his productions, we were too big to be beaten into mastering them.

Thus talking of the great poet and satirist, we strolled along the Sacra Via. How changed since his day! How superb must have then been the edifices which reared their heads on every side: what masses of ruins now surrounded us, deeply interesting, if not beautiful, in their decay and desolation. At the end of the Forum stands the Arch of Titus, a structure of beautiful white marble, a monument to commemorate the taking of Jerusalem. The interior part of the arch is decorated with bas-reliefs, on one side representing Titus with his soldiery returning triumphant to Rome, and on the opposite side a procession with spoils of the temple, the captive Jews, the golden candlestick, the table with the shew-bread, &c. It is said that to this day no Jew will go under that arch. No wonder it reminds him too clearly of the crime of his ancestors and the degradation of his people.

On our right, as we stood looking at the vast Colosseum, was the Palatine Hill, covered with ruins, on our left the Temple of Venus and Romulus. Besides the temples and arches and columns I have described, there are numberless other ruins of palaces, baths, and prisons, cropping up from among vines, cabbages, and cauliflowers: — yes, vulgar kitchen gardens and heaps of manure cover up the dwellings of the mighty Cæsars. What a sermon is the whole of this scene on human pomp and pride! What can pictures, statues, gorgeous churches, marble palaces, superb theatres, and the other sights after which travellers generally run, teach us compared to this one spot in ancient Rome! Here we may come and learn to estimate rightly the value of regal splendour, of human greatness.

Fallen, indeed, is the once great mistress of the world, truly grovelling in the dust. Still what was that greatness we are inclined to regard with so much admiration? A few master minds and iron hands gained the ascendency, and ruled the rest of the community with the most cruel despotism. The mighty Colosseum, whose still lofty walls rise before us, could its stones speak, would corroborate my assertion. Built by slaves, it was devoted to spectacles of the most brutal and sanguinary character, and which, there can be no doubt, tended still further to corrupt the people they were instituted to amuse. When reading the history of Rome, never let us be misled, by the glowing descriptions we meet with of

her glories and triumphs, as to the real character of the great mass of her population. They were sunk in the grossest idolatry, abandoned to licentiousness, and addicted to the basest and most horrible vices; destitute of all charity or kindly affection, they were revengeful, blood-thirsty, and implacable; indeed the very qualities which they boasted of as virtues we now know to be among the worst of vices. Let us therefore, to whom the glorious gospel of salvation has descended, never cease to be thankful that our eyes have been enlightened by its revelations, and our hearts purified by its influences. The great complaint I have to make against my schoolmasters is, that these important facts were not constantly and prominently brought before our notice. From being so generally occupied in classical studies, we were naturally and insensibly taught to fancy that the manners, customs, religious belief, and morals of the ancients were worthy of admiration, if not of imitation; and certainly we never looked upon them with the abhorrence which they deserved, or felt thankful that we were born in more enlightened and happier times.

We did not go into the interior of the Colosseum that evening. Human nature will go through a great amount of fatigue when sight-seeing, but I must confess that so desperately hungry did we become, that we had no longer an eye for the classical or beautiful, but could only exert ourselves to hurry towards the quarter of the city where the best *trattorias* were to be found. "I guess that I am as hungry as a lion, and no wonder, for we've had a fine days' lionising," observed E——. Thus ended my first day at Rome; for after dinner it was dark, and we neither of us felt inclined to wander forth into the horribly dirty, unknown, and maze-like streets of Rome further than to reach our respective hotels, with the possibility of an assassin's stiletto being inserted by mistake into our backs, and the probability of a shower, of no ambrosial odour, from a window.

On the next morning, E—— and I, accompanied by another very pleasing gentlemanly young American, W——, set forth on exploratory rambles intent. Our first visit was to Trajan's pillar, a beautiful marble column, ornamented with a spiral band of the richest bas-reliefs, reaching from the foot to the summit, representing the victories and deeds of the emperor. It is said to contain two thousand five hundred human figures, besides animals and buildings, &c. The interior is hollow, and a flight of steps leads to the top. Round it are the remains of a temple or basilica, excavated by the French. The grandeur of this column alone, still standing

in almost all its pristine beauty and freshness, will give us some idea of the magnificence of the edifices of ancient Rome. That magnificence, when reading Roman History, I had, as is the case with most school boys, never before sufficiently realised. As our ancestors, when acting Roman characters on the stage, used to dress up in full bottomed wigs and long coats, with gaily coloured waistcoats, so I had pictured ancient Rome something like the older parts of London; houses with projecting eaves, lattice windows, and quaint gables and high pointed roofs; how different from the superb reality! Our next visit was to the Capitol, one of the most imposing spots in modern as it was in ancient Rome. Picture a large square space on the summit of a hill with palaces on either side, with a large equestrian bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius in the centre, and other statues placed about in different directions, while a wide and noble flight of upwards of a hundred marble steps, leads up to it on one side, and a long inclined plane on the other, from the Forum, by which the victorious generals of old Rome ascended to the Temple of Capitoline Jove. The two most interesting statues are those of Julius and Augustus Cæsar. I think all historians seem to agree that Julius Cæsar was not only a great general, but an enlightened, wise, and sagacious ruler; one of the greatest, if not rather the greatest man, who lived in pagan times. He conquered the greater part of Europe, but, in conquering, introduced civilisation and the arts and sciences, and paved the way for the introduction of Christianity.

W—— owned that he was a very great man, but not up to Washington. The latter was not ambitious, was content to labour for the good of his country and to establish a government which he had hopes might endure; the other had a mighty ambition, aimed, according to his own notions, at benefiting the whole world, and at establishing the vastest empire in the world. He wished to do more than man could accomplish, and his empire speedily tumbled to pieces; while, I trust, by remembering the fable of the bundle of sticks, and following that true and great patriot's wise counsels, that of the United States will endure to the end of the world. Having made our bows to the great Cæsar and his successors, we entered the museum of the Capitol. It is full of statues, busts of emperors, and other works of art, but there is one statue there calculated to make a deeper impression than all the rest. It did on me. It is that of the Dying Gladiator, and at this moment I have the features and the expression of countenance of that hapless Dacian more vividly before me than those of my most intimate

friend. Never has a work of art been more perfectly described by an abler poet, than has that statue by Byron in "Childe Harold." It is a painful subject: the strong man, but lately glorying in his strength and manhood suddenly struck down; the immortal spirit giving a grandeur to the frail tenement ere it takes its upward flight, and leaves it to corruption and decay. Were I to attempt to describe all the statues and pictures my friend and I stared at, I should fill a volume, and only tell a tale which has been told a hundred times much better. To confess the truth, my companions went ahead rather too fast to allow me to take very exact notes, or to put down my reflections and sensations at the time, so my readers will be spared them. The gallery of Roman emperors is curious, and I could not help fancying how astonished they would be to find themselves grinning at each other across the hall, if their spirits could but come back and animate their busts. Murderers and the murdered might be apt to say disagreeable things to each other. Leaving the museum, we went through a house, No. 139, on the Capitol, into a garden where cabbages grew, and which is on the top of the Tarpeian Rock. How many associations did that terrible name conjure up! and of course we expected to look over a fearful cliff with a dark chasm below. Approaching the edge with something like awe, we looked over, when our eyes encountered a heap of ashes and filth but a few feet below us, into which a leap would be rather more disagreeable than dangerous. Things have changed strangely in Rome. It requires a powerful imagination, and considerable enthusiasm, to draw forth ancient Rome and its classical associations from the ruin, dirt, and decay which overwhelm them. Descending from the Capitol by the inclined plane, we crossed the Forum and mounted the Palatine Hill, covered with the foundations of once majestic palaces, now scarcely rising above the cabbages planted over the ground; taking a look, after this, at the Mamertine prison, a dreadful vault scooped out of the rock, in which the Romans assert St. Peter was confined by Nero; but as their only authority is tradition, which is apt to make very strange mistakes, we need not put faith in the statement, especially as there is no authority whatever to lead us to believe that St. Peter ever came to Rome at all. Here, however, there seems to be no doubt that the hapless Jugurtha was starved to death, and here also the companions of Catiline were strangled. It was here also that the Roman daughter nourished her aged father till she could obtain his pardon and release. What tales of horror indeed could not those gloomy dungeons tell. We finished the day at the

Vatican, in company with Apollo, Laocoon, and other unsurpassed works of art.

29th.—Soon after leaving our breakfast place, we passed the Fontana di Trevi. It is placed against the side wall of a huge palace, and consists of vast masses of rock, with Neptune and Tritons, and sea-horses scattered about, with water flowing from the nostrils of the horses, the conches of the Tritons, and from numerous other points, frothing and sparkling into a semicircular bason. Whatever may be said of the taste of the design the effect is very good, and, during hot days in summer, we should be glad to see a hundred such scattered about London.

Our first visit was to San Giovanni in Laterano, a magnificent church inferior only to St. Peter's in size, and of great antiquity, the original edifice having been built by Constantine. At its side stands an hospital, and opposite the hospital are the Scala Santa, the holy stairs said to have been brought from Pilate's judgment hall at Jerusalem. As they were certainly not brought to Rome before Jerusalem was destroyed, and as that destruction was so total, that not one stone of the rebellious city was left upon another, how these steps came to be recognised it is difficult to say. There they are, however, and up them penitents mount on knees and hands, hoping by this most uncomfortable proceeding to obtain pardon for sins which deserve punishment how far different. We stood watching the poor misguided people ascending. Some, not feeling the weight of their sins so great, or so accustomed to cheat that they could not resist the temptation to cheat on the present occasion, or purposing to make two ascents instead of one, went up with one knee and one foot, thereby considerably lightening the labour. It was too melancholy a spectacle, too sad a degradation of religion for merriment, and yet, under other circumstances it would have been impossible to have helped laughing as we watched the fat, and tall, and thin old men and women, mostly of the lower orders, working themselves up that steep flight of steps, stopping every now and then to say a prayer, and then to go on again. There is a flight of steps on one side up which heretics may go to the chapel at the top, and down which the devotees descend. It is right to say that people should not laugh or sneer at the religion and customs of the people in whose country they are travelling. Still I will not for a moment allow that it is not the bounden duty of a traveller when he returns home to point out the faults and errors of the people he has visited, that they may be avoided, just as *he describes the* objects he has seen worthy of imitation. While I praise

the statues, paintings and edifices of Rome, am I to be dumb as to the habits, manners, and customs of the people? Naturally at Rome we might expect to see the religion of Rome, at its source, purer and brighter than anywhere else. What is the case? No where is vice more rampant; superstition more debased; true religion less comprehended. Why is this? Because the source itself is foul and turbid. Romanism as it really exists is scarcely seen at a distance from Rome.

As a muddy stream becomes somewhat purified by rippling over a pebbly bottom, so Romanism by the time it reaches England appears less foul and poisonous to English eyes, and many Englishmen learn to regard it with less abhorrence than it deserves. I write this because I have lived many years in Roman Catholic countries, and know what Romanism is. The creature is set up instead of the Creator. The church, in reality the priest's dictum, is put in direct opposition to the Bible. Man strives by penance or payment to wipe away his sins. No faith is put in the working of the Holy Spirit; no real faith is put in the atonement of Christ. The belief is that works and deeds, and penance, and payments will gain something, not that works and thanksgivings result from faith and love; are done in obedience to Christ to show faith and love. Instead of the one Mediator between God and man, another though highly honoured among women, yet treated by our Lord himself as a woman, is set up as a mediator, and idols and saints without number, many of whom never had existence are set up as mediators and worshipped as such; not they only, but the stocks, and stones, and pictures which represent them. "Let any young Englishman, Protestant, or Roman Catholic, go to Rome with an earnest prayerful desire to be led aright, to see and comprehend the truth, and I feel assured that, if he is faithful, he will return home a sound and true Protestant." One of my earliest and truest friends, brought up a Roman Catholic, left the errors of Rome, and expressed himself to me as above. I never argue with Roman Catholics on the points of their faith. I merely say: read the Bible in a prayerful temper. Seek earnestly and sincerely for the guidance of the Holy Spirit. Desire to be shown and to believe the truth, and leave the rest to God. Exactly what I say to Roman Catholics, I say to my young Protestant friends. Let truth be your aim, but do not expect to arrive at it without prayer and pains, constant, unwearied seeking for it at the Throne of Grace.

Having visited the Church of Santa Croce, an old friar invited us to enter a convent which is next door to it. With much civility he showed

us over it, of course expecting some fee levied on all visitors to similar establishments, for how else could the poor monks live? The interior was unusually neat and clean, though not handsome. From the windows there was a fine view, embracing many ruins scattered about, and close to the walls of the city on the south side, was the Anfiteatro Castrense, only half of the walls of which remain. Close to Santa Croce is a building called the Baptistry of Constantine, where, the civil old monk informed us, Constantine was baptized. Here tradition misled him, for Constantine, fancying that the rite itself would tend to absolve him of all his sins, was not baptized till on his death-bed; besides which, he did not die in Italy, but near Nicomedia in the Eastern empire. The baptistry is a small circular building, the roof of which is supported by richly-ornamented pillars. We found our way next to the Church of San Stefano Rotondo, as its name betokens, also a circular building. It is remarkable for containing paintings descriptive of the sufferings of the martyrs. It made my flesh creep to look at them and I felt that I should be very unwilling to fall into the hands of a man who could conceive such horrors, though it is terribly true that they were inflicted. There is a story told of a painter who, wishing to depict the countenance of a murdered person, bound a man, and then, in the enthusiasm of art, stabbed him that he might watch his dying agonies. I could fancy that the painter of those dreadful pictures must have paid frequent visits to the vaults of the Inquisition to watch how the victims of those worthy successors of the pagan priests behaved themselves under similar tortures. After gazing at the Colosseum, and wandering among the palaces of the Cæsars, we visited a summer-house in the garden of the Rospigliosi Palace, containing on its ceiling the most exquisite of fresco paintings, the Aurora of Guido with her nymphs ushering in the day. No words can express the delightful freshness and life of the picture. My neck ached looking at it, but I would willingly endure the pain once a week for the enjoyment of a similar pleasure. One should recline on a couch to enjoy it.

Another fine spot we passed on our rambles was the Piazza Carvallo, on elevated ground, with steps leading to it, a fountain in the centre, an Egyptian obelisk, and two gigantic statues of Castor and Pollux and their horses, a palace of the popes and other fine buildings, form the side of the square. These open spaces, statues, obelisks, and flights of marble steps, always made me think of what Rome must have been in her palmy days. The world will never look on such cities again. They could only

be built by unlimited power, unlimited wealth, and an unlimited supply of slave labours. Dingy London, with her comparatively few and mean public edifices, exhibits far greater moral grandeur than did mighty Rome in all her glory; the policemen with their staves who put down the Chartist riots on the 10th of April, 1848, than all Rome's steel-armed legions. One of the grandest of Rome's ruins are the baths of Caracalla, said to have been a mile in circumference. There were swimming baths, warm baths, lecture rooms, halls for gymnastic exercises, libraries, indeed everything which could tend to the amusement of a luxurious people. The pavements were of the richest mosaic, the ceilings were profusely ornamented, and the columns were of marble, as were the seats of which there were no less than sixteen hundred. It was indeed a republican club house on the vastest scale, open to all visitors. The still standing columns attest the truth of this account. Next to the Colosseum it is the largest and the most instructive ruin in Rome.

One of our last visits to-day was to the Pantheon — the temple dedicated to all the gods. The walls and mighty dome, with a circular aperture in the centre, stand exactly as they did in the days of Paganism; but the rich gilding and marble lining have been stripped off, and in the niches where once stood the elegant figures of the heathen divinities, are now placed hideous representations in paste-board of numerous saints, male and female, who have taken their places in the modern temple, and claim the worship of the people. The portico of the temple is superb, but one of the popes took it into his head to place two ugly white towers on the summit. We had visited during our prolonged ramble, ruins, palaces, and churches sufficient to satisfy the most zealous of sight-seers. In the churches we had seen incense waving, candles burning, priests in rich vestments bowing at altars; we had heard music pealing; we had been shown miraculous relics, images, and pictures; we had seen shrines in the corners of the streets, and on high places; on the top of hills we had seen pictures of devotees performing acts of self-flagellation and other penances; of saints and heroes interfering in a miraculous manner, often for no very important object; but all the day we had not seen one humble penitent bowing the knee to Christ as his Saviour and the Saviour of all mankind; we had not seen one minister of the Gospel standing up in public to preach the glorious tidings it contains to a perishing world; and more than all, had we searched through every book-shop in Rome, we should not have found a single copy of the Bible in Italian, in the language

of the people. We should have found some few in Latin, perhaps, for the use of some learned priest of high rank who might desire to possess one, but of that I am not certain.

THE PANTHEON.

"I am confident of it," exclaimed E——, as we walked dinnerward. "I don't believe that this city on the seven hills ever was a truly Christian city, or that Paganism has ever died out."

"That seems dreadful heresy you are saying," I remarked quietly, curious to know how he would explain himself.

"I will tell you," he continued, after we were all seated at dinner. "Christianity had made great progress, I own, for the hearts of many men had long been yearning for a faith so glorious, so opposite to that which had hitherto been offered them, but there was a large class which had no such feeling,— the priests and their attendants, who had hitherto lived by deluding the people, and had no idea of living in any other way. Some few might have believed, but the great mass continued on in their

hardness of heart and impenitent unbelief. They had no idea of abandoning the ancient system of religion they had always supported. Gladly would they have overthrown the new one, which they feared and hated. By guile the serpent deceived Eve; instigated by the same spirit of evil they resolved to deceive the professors of the new faith. It had already made too great progress for them to overthrow it by open means: an emperor had professed it, and Paganism was no longer the religion of fashion, of the great and wealthy. The priests met and consulted together. As the silversmith Demetrius exclaimed to his fellow-workmen, 'This, our craft is in danger to be set at nought,' so they observed to one another, 'Our altars will be overthrown, and we shall lose our means of subsistence unless we take some means to guard them.' One proposed one plan, and another another; till the high priest, commanding silence, exclaimed: 'I have it: we cannot overcome, but we can counteract. We must one and all pretend to be converts to the new faith, and get ourselves forthwith installed into all the places of power and honour as they become vacant. Depend on it, if we succeed, we shall be able to rule the people as we have heretofore ruled them, and to enjoy to the full all the sweets of power.'

"The plan was speedily carried into execution, and Rome enjoyed the edifying spectacle of seeing vast numbers of the pagan priests become converts to the new faith. At the very altars where they had before served, they continued to serve, though under different names; but their vestments, their idols, their chants, their incense were scarcely changed. When an idol was unpedestaled, a saint with similar attributes was set up in his place, so that the country pagans, who were not aware of the pious fraud which had been practised by their philosophical city priests, were without difficulty won over to conform to the new order of things."

I, with E——'s other companions, was rather astonished at these bold assertions, though our knowledge of ecclesiastical history did not enable us to refute them.

"But do you mean to say that there were no real Christians in Rome?" I observed.

"Far from it," he answered. "There were many true enlightened Christians. The two currents, the real and the false, so to speak, ran on side by side for some time, the false gradually mingling with and overcoming the real, till the latter was completely swallowed up, and not a witness for the truth remained in Rome. As a proof that my assertion is correct, that the pagan priests merely assumed the name of Christians, directly the

Emperor Julian declared himself a pagan, they threw off their newly adopted garb, and appeared in their old characters, eager as ever to persecute and destroy the Christians. On the death of Julian, who was succeeded by Jovian, Christianity once more gained the ascendency, and the pagan priests as speedily reassumed their Christian names and vestments. They had a difficult task to play, but deceit and treachery were not wanting. Though for some time the real Christians might not have trusted them, they soon contrived to climb up into all the high places, the posts of honour and power, from which they in short time shoved down all the true believers, and established their power on a firm basis, which has from that time to this continued unaltered."

"Do you mean to say that the Pope and his cardinals are not Christians?" I asked again.

"Not one of them," answered E——, with no little vehemence. "They have had a secret philosophical religion of their own, such notions as the priests in the more enlightened days of Rome entertained, and by degrees somewhat of the Christian element might have mixed up in their ideas, but they were totally ignorant of vital religion. Some of the popes were more amiable and enlightened than others, and took more pains to extend the knowledge of their pseudo Christianity, but the greater number have done so simply for the purpose of increasing their power and their wealth. The Pope is the successor of the Pontifex Maximus, and his cardinals, bishops, and clergy equally successors of the several ranks of priests. The humble missionary, who goes forth with the Gospel in his hand among the perishing heathen, is far more the successor of St. Peter than he is."

"It is to be hoped, E——, that there are no spies near us, or you may chance to be hauled up before his Holiness for talking rank blasphemy," observed some of his friends.

I could not refute his assertions, and I leave them to the consideration of the students of history. Let it be remembered that his statement was that a pure Christian Church did exist in Rome; the Church which Paul planted, or rather watered in its earliest infancy, for it was there before he was sent in bonds thither,—not Peter, for he was probably never in Rome,—that this pure Church was in a few ages submerged and completely destroyed by the pagan hierarchy, which had assumed the Christian name. For my own part I would rather suppose this than believe that horrible crimes and atrocities, which have stained the very

name of man, perpetrated by the heads and leaders of the Romish Church wherever she has gained the ascendency, should have been committed by a Church really sprung from a Christian origin.

30th. — After lionising numerous palaces and galleries, the owners of which make no small profit by the foreign visitors to Rome, I paid a most interesting visit to the studio of Thorwaldsen the Dane. His own manners and appearance form a strong contrast to the Italians among whom he lives. What a noble massive brow, what a frank expression of countenance, what intellect and fire beam from his blue grey eyes. He has just finished a statue of Byron, a magnificent production of art. The poet is clothed in a light surtout and cloak, and is seated on a fallen cornice among ruins, in a meditative attitude, with one hand holding a pencil to his mouth, and a book in the other. Never have I seen a modern statue more full of life and beauty. He showed us another very fine one, St. John preaching in the wilderness, with various groups listening to him, intended for the portico of a church. That is also a superb production, the perfection of the ideal, combined with the truth of nature. Many years afterwards that same statue, after being refused admittance into Westminster Abbey, and kept shut up in a vault for many years, was placed in the studio of the late eminent sculptor, Sir Richard Westmacott, where I saw it with undiminished admiration. One feeling had, however, changed. I could no longer regard the poet in the light I had done formerly. Still admiring much that he has written, I could not but feel deep grief and indignation that talent so great should have been prostituted to produce the most insidious of poisons for the corruption of the young. Again, but three years ago, I saw models of all the great Dane's works, collected in a museum devoted to them at Copenhagen. On his return to his native city he was received by his countrymen with all the enthusiasm and respect usually paid to a conqueror. Outside the museum are frescoes representing the procession which accompanied him in his entry. In the centre of the edifice, surrounded by a grass grown plot, rest the mortal remains of the great sculptor, unrivalled I think in modern days.

Again we must fly back to Rome. Many names have been changed since I was there. Explorations have been made, and ruins, then supposed to have belonged to one epoch and purpose, have been discovered to have been employed for another object, and to have existed entire at a different time.

We visited in our rambles on the 30th the mausoleum of Augustus, a circular building with a column in the centre, and seats round it. The latter have been added to fit it for a circus for feats of horsemanship, for which purpose it is now employed.

On visiting the Mamertine prisons, the present keeper showed us a chamberin which he assured us that St. Peter was confined; a stone which became soft that he might have a comfortable couch to sleep on, and a spot in the rocky wall, out of which a stream of pure water gushed to afford him a cooling draught. Two vaults only of these dreadful dungeons remain, one under the other. They can scarcely have been worse than those established by the pretended successors of the humble soul-loving Apostle.

In the evening I went to Cardinal Weld's, where I heard an American Roman Catholic Bishop endeavouring to explain the ceremonies of the Holy Week, then just begun, to an Anglo-Saxon audience; the greater portion probably went away not very much edified by what they had heard; but foolish flies singe their wings in the lighted candle, or are caught in traps, if the sugar is sweet enough to their tastes. Some few of our countrymen have become Roman Catholics by visiting Rome, but they have gone there profoundly ignorant of true vital religion, and trusting alone in their own wisdom and discretion. I should like to be able to repeat what the Bishop said, how utterly unable he was to put any sensible meaning on the greater number of the ceremonies; but so dreadfully blasphemous were many of the ceremonies, according to the explanations he had to offer, that, perhaps, after all it may be better to let the subject alone. No enlightened Christian can go to Rome without being shocked and grieved at much he sees, without being thankful that he has not been born under such a system, without praying both that he may be preserved from the wiles of Rome, and that the veil may be lifted from the eyes of those who trust in her, the chains shaken off the limbs of her hopeless bondsmen.

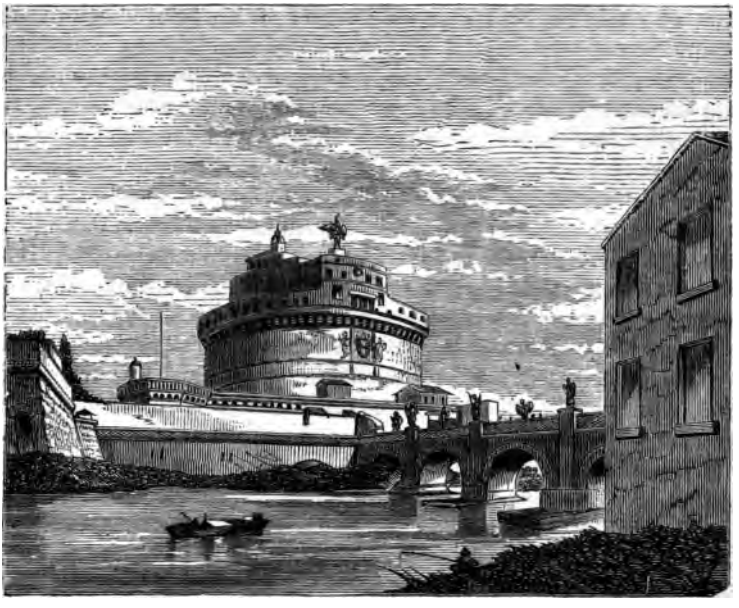
The power of purchasing redemption by money, through the prayers of the priests, for the souls of departed friends, or for their own, is very attractive; absolution for all sins committed is attractive, as is the power of working out their salvation by penances, and numerous stated prayers, to many minds, certainly to unregenerated human nature: but these things are far from being warranted in scripture, for they are all diametrically opposed to its teachings. Some few learned men, who are said to be good reasoners, have gone over to Rome. Their reasoning might have been

correct enough, but they started from a wrong premiss. They took a falsehood for a truth, and thence plunged into error. Madmen often do the same, and reason so perfectly that they are considered sane till the false premiss from which they started is discovered; proving by its utter absurdity the unsoundness of their minds.

31*st.* — This was one of the great days at the Vatican during the Holy Week. At 9 A. M. I went thither, and secured a place inside the grating of the Sistina Chapel. After I had waited some little time, the cardinals, in their ermine tippets and red hats, came in one by one, and seated themselves round the chapel. They were followed by attendant priests who humbly took their places at their feet. Who could tell which of those princely prelates might be the next pope? He was there though—Pio Nino —his brow not yet surmounted by the triple tiara. Then the Pope, Gregory, tottered in, an old man overloaded with robes, bending beneath their weight. He took his seat on his throne under a canopy on the left side of the chapel. Some ceremonies took place, and then the cardinals got up and went round one by one and kissed his hand. The inferior clergy followed, when the old man holding out his slippered foot, they reverently kissed it. It is asserted that there is a cross worked on the toe, and that this it is that is kissed. Why put the cross there then? If it is an object that should be kissed in that manner, let it be held in his hand. However it is merely an act of homage formerly paid to some of the pagan emperors of Rome, or to the Pontifex Maximus, which the Christian popes have thought worthy of maintenance. The cardinals then retired, and having changed their dresses again appeared on the stage. This time, on marching round, they each received an artificial tree of dried palm leaves from the hands of the Pope. They having retaken their seats, the inferior clergy and the officers of the Pope's household troops, the unfortunate Swiss mercenaries, dressed up more like harlequins than soldiers, proceeded round the chapel as had the cardinals, but they only received branches of fig trees. Can this ceremony be in commemoration of that great event, when the Lord of heaven and earth entered Jerusalem in meek and humble guise, sitting on an ass, and the people went out to meet him with palm branches in their hands, while many spread their garments in the way, and others cut down branches and strewed them in the way, shouting Hosanna in the highest? Can a thought so impious have been conceived? Yes: if we examine the system of the Papacy, we shall find it by its assertions of infallibility, by the titles it assumes,

by the adoration it demands, the Pope fully claims to be God on Earth. A body of stout guards or porters now brought in the Pope's chair. The old man having taken his seat in it, evidently with very little satisfaction, the porters lifted it up on their shoulders, the cardinals and priests being marshalled before and behind him, and away marched the whole body through the church and down the steps into the Piazza, chanting and waving their branches of palm and fig trees. The poor Pope looked asleep, but he showed that he was not, by every now and then lifting up his hands as if mechanically and unconsciously to bless the people, then relapsed again into his former state of apparent stupor.

What dreadful mockery it appeared! Could any believe that this old man, already in his dotage, was truly the representative of God on earth, the possessor of infallibility? Surely, the cardinals who surrounded him, eager for his death that one of them might assume the tiara, did not think so. The cardinals all looked as if they thought the whole ceremony, what it really was, a pageant to amuse or beguile the populace and to collect sight-seers at Rome. Once more the procession with the poor nodding Pope returned into the chapel; he retired to his palace, and the cardinals to theirs, in their huge coaches, with their three tall footmen in cocked hats standing up behind. A mass was performed, with some fine chanting by the Pope's own band of singers, whose voices have most extraordinary feminine sounds. In the evening I went to a church, the Chiesa Nova, where an opera—yes, a veritable opera, in all but the scenery and acting — was performed by the same Papal band, and very sweet and enravishing music it was; the title was I Battista. Of course the women's parts were taken by the same feminine voiced persons I had heard at St. Peter's. A dim sombre light was alone permitted in the church; as far as I could make out, it was crowded with priests of all ranks, and this was the way they spent an evening in Easter. If it was for amusement, it was of a very dolorous nature; if it was worship, it was of the most senseless character.



CASTLE AND BRIDGE OF ST. ANGELO.

CHAP. XV.

Grotto of Egeria. — Tomb of Cecilia Metella. — Pompey. — Colosseum. — Gladiatorial Combats. — Ceremonies in the Sistina Chapel. — Washing Pilgrims' Feet. — Library at the Vatican. — My Retreat on the Top of the Palatine. — Pyramid of Caius Cestus. — Obelisks in Rome. — Terrific Adventure. — The Colosseum by Moonlight. — Easter Sunday. — The Pope's Blessing. — Mosaic Pictures. — Grand Illumination of St. Peter's. — The Catacombs and their Teachings.

April 1st.—I made up a party with my American friends to visit the grotto of Egeria — that wise goddess to whom the sage Numa was wont to resort for counsel and support. It is between two and three miles from Rome. We drove out to it, and found it situated in a pretty romantic valley, which has on the height above a temple, once dedicated to Her-

cules, but now turned into a chapel. On the way we visited the tomb of Cecilia Metella, built nearly two thousand years ago by a noble Roman, Crassus, who was resolved that the memory of his beloved wife should not easily be forgotten. It is a circular building, thickly coated with marble, and still perfect, even to the richly carved frieze at the summit, looking it must be owned, something like a refined Martello tower. There it has stood, defiant alike of barbarian violence and the hand of time, a memorial of conjugal affection. What the barbarians spared—the sarcophagus—was carried off by order of the less scrupulous Pope Paul III., or of some of his nobles, and is now to be seen in the Farnese Palace. At one time the tower appears to have been turned into a fortress, but it apparently was not attacked, and the parapet has fallen into ruin. We afterwards visited several palaces, with superb marble halls and picture galleries. At the Palazzo Spada, the most interesting object is the statue of great Pompey. There it stands, a rude colossal figure, holding a globe in its hand. These statues of great men give a reality to history; they afford evidences of their existence, and make it doubly interesting.

I have as yet scarcely said a word about the Colosseum, and yet it is worthy of many. Picture an amphitheatre, of an elliptical form, 615 feet in its longest diameter, covering nearly six acres. It consists of three stories of arcades, adorned with columns of three orders, rising one above another, and continued round the whole exterior of the edifice. The lowest order is the Ionic, then the Doric, and the Corinthian at the top, the whole surmounted by a wall faced with pillars—the first story is 33 feet 6 inches, the next 38, the third 39, and the upper part 46, making the height of the building 164 feet, including the ground portion, which is about 4 feet. On the ground story were eighty arches, which served as the entrances and exits of the building, and led into a vast double corridor; to every arcade, also, there was a corridor leading to the seats in the interior, which rose in numberless steps from the bottom to the summit, so that the immense concourses of people who then assembled, could take their appropriate places with the most perfect ease and order.

But what were the spectacles they assembled to witness? Unnumbered wild beasts of every kind tearing each other to pieces, and literally often thousands of gladiators who were compelled to fight one with the other to the death. If the poor fellow fought well, even though conquered, he was perhaps allowed to live on to afford the Roman citizens amusement

on another day; if not, the fatal "*habet*" was shrieked out by the sanguinary crowd, and the victor was compelled to sheathe his sword in the fallen bosom of his antagonist — often a friend and countryman.

The two next days were spent in visiting and revisiting galleries, churches, museums, and more of the numberless sights of Rome.

On the 4th I again witnessed the Pope's performance of some of the ceremonies of the Holy Week. After going to the Sistina Chapel, I had no little difficulty in mounting to a height in a large hall in the Vatican, whence I could watch the old man's proceedings, over the heads of a large concourse of English and American ladies, to whom on such occasions the chief seats are awarded. Before me were seated against the wall, on a high bench, a row of old men dressed as pilgrims, with bare feet. Soon the pope entered, followed by priests bearing soft towels and a large silver bason. As the pilgrims' feet were level with the Pope's middle, he had not far to stoop as, taking one after the other, he dipped them in the water, and dried them on the soft towel, the whole ceremony being performed with due pomp and ostentation. Afterwards a dinner was brought in for the old men, when in the same fashion the pope served them; that is, he put a plate with some meat before each of them. Then, I have no doubt greatly to the old men's satisfaction, the Pope retired to his private apartments.

After the crowd and the squeezing, which I in common with all but the favoured few of sightseers in Rome have to endure during the Holy Week, I was glad to escape to the top of the Pincin Hill. A fine terrace for carriages extends the whole way from the Piazza del Popolo to the Piazza d'Espagna. I walked from one to the other, and enjoyed a fine view of the modern city which lay at my feet. In the evening I went again to St. Peter's to hear the *Miserere* sung. The chapel in which the singers were collected was crowded to suffocation, a large portion of the assemblage being English, Americans, and other strangers attracted by the music.

5th.—This morning on going to St. Peter's, I saw the Pope under a canopy of state, surrounded by his cardinals in their richest vestments, carry the Host from the Sistina to the Paulina chapel, which, the rays of the sun being carefully excluded, was lighted up with numberless wax tapers. I paid a hurried visit to the library of the Vatican. It was long enough, however, for the books being shut up in lockers were not to be seen. On certain days only they are open to students. The rooms

are richly ornamented, and the walls of one long gallery I walked through are covered with curious frescoes, in which one of the popes figures prominently. I was glad to hurry off to enjoy fresh air and perfect quiet in the summer house on the top of the Palatine, whence not a sound from the noisy, I will not say busy, throng below could reach me. The air was pure and balmy, the sky was clear, and once-glorious Rome, with all its varied associations, was around me. I thought of the numberless warriors, statesmen, poets, philosophers, who had from age to age played their strange and varied parts on the stage before me, and the very air seemed peopled with undefined shapes, their disembodied spirits still hovering over the spot they once inhabited. But I have no space for romance. Most unwillingly I returned down into Rome, as she now is, degraded, grovelling in the dust.

6*th*.—Walked past the Colosseum to see the tomb of Caius Cestus built in the shape of an Egyptian pyramid, close to the Porta St. Paulo, and near the English burying-ground, and said to be 114 feet in height. It has stood uninjured for 2000 years and will probably, if not pulled down by human hands, continue as long as the globe itself. One of the most remarkable objects in Rome, are the obelisks which were brought from Egypt to adorn the squares of the great capital of the world. That in the Piazza del Popolo is of the age probably of Moses, and three others were undoubtedly carved before the conquest of Egypt by Cambyses. They are of red granite, and some of them are covered with hieroglyphics, imperishable records of past ages, yet hitherto mysterious and incomprehensible. They have probably of late years been deciphered. Should the modern city, as is more than possible, some day become a howling waste, abandoned by the pope and his followers, and finally destroyed by fever and malaria, those monuments, and Rome's ancient ruins, may still stand proudly up telling of the distant past, while all modern edifices have been swept away. I find my note book full of descriptions of paintings which I will omit. I must advise any visitors to Rome, to go to the top of the Pincin hill, and thence by moonlight to contemplate the city spread out at their feet, and after that, as I did, to hasten off alone to the Colosseum. The walk may be one not free from danger. Several narrow, dark, and dirty streets have to be traversed. I had, I believe, to pass through the Jews' quarter; the streets were dirty in the extreme, and as well as I could I picked my way, stepping on the whitest parts of the flag-stones. My conscience was clear, and I knew that I had no enemies in Rome,

or elsewhere happily, but I was rather unpleasantly alive to the fact that people were occasionally stabbed by mistake, or still more frequently by robbers who might hope to plunder them, and so I gave a very wide berth, as a sailor would say, to all the long-cloaked bandit looking fellows I met. I had, however, got into the worst part of the city when I heard footsteps; they were behind me. A tall figure in a cloak was dimly discernible on the side of the street thrown into darkest shadow. I walked faster, so did the figure. I did not like to run, for I knew that if I did I should very likely tumble into some hole or other, and bring about the catastrophe I wished to avoid. I did not like either to be turning my head very often, lest that act should show that I was afraid, and encourage the assassin to attack me. So I walked on steadily, but my sensations were not altogether pleasant. My pursuer had longer legs than I possess, and strode over the ground more rapidly than I did, so I knew that he was gradually coming up with me. The sound of his footsteps ceased. Had he stopped at any house? No, there was the noise again. He had crossed over to the side of the street on which I was walking. I had not a cloak, only a light overcoat, which would do little even when wound round my arm to serve as a shield against the assassin's dagger. He was close to me: the pavement was there wider. I politely gave him the wall. I felt like a ball of india-rubber, ready to spring in any direction, and wished that I was a balloon, or had wings to fly out of that dark dirty street, and the neighbourhood of that mysterious bravo. Still I walked on, and tried to hum a tune, but I never was an adept at music, and certainly my humming must have sounded very like a doleful moan to the ears of my unwelcome companion. I kept at arm's length from him. I slackened my speed; so did he his. There could be no doubt about his intentions. Suddenly—horror!—he threw back his large cloak, and up went his right arm. I expected to feel the cold sharp steel entering my unprotected bosom. The india-rubber feeling in the soles of my feet increased. I could stand it no longer; I sprang off the pavement into the middle of the dirty street, and should, I fancy, have run along shouting out, "Murder! murder!" or some other dread inspired cry; but, instead of the shining dagger, the stranger flourished a white cambric pocket-handkerchief, and with a loud trumpeting, blew his nose, for that ornament of his face was somewhat long.

"Che——. What is the matter? Have you St. Vitus's dance?" said the mysterious stranger in Italian. I could only answer him that I did sometimes make sudden jumps (at conclusions), when he turned down a

street and disappeared, and I reached the mighty Colosseum in safety. It was the proper moment. The moon had just risen, so as to fringe the top of the walls with light, and to throw a deep shadow over half of the edifice, lighting up the rest with her beams. I followed a party with a torch, wandering among the vast corridors, and under the arches, up through numberless passages by which the spectators of yore used to find their way to their seats. The effect produced by the torch and the moonlight among the arches was picturesque and romantic in the extreme; but other parties arrived, and among them was a Frenchman. The Frenchman had a horn, and with it blew all silence, solemnity, and romance from these ancient walls. From every side that horn continued to sound. Now on the top of the walls, now down below, now from the recesses of the vast corridors. I dare say that he and his friends thought the music very romantic. It was very good of its kind, I dare say, but even a good thing may be out of place. It was to be my last visit to the Colosseum. I lingered still. The destruction of the building was interrupted by one of the Popes, who consecrated it as a place of worship; and now in the very centre of the grass-grown area rises the symbol of our faith, a solitary cross, from the very ground once often reeking with the blood of thousands of martyrs, who sacrificed their lives in attestation of their faith in the religion they had embraced. Too little do we think of the fiery trials the early Christians had to undergo, of their dreadful sufferings, of the horrible persecutions to which they were exposed; and the ignorance or forgetfulness makes us less thankful to Heaven than we should be, for the tranquillity and ease we enjoy, and for the opportunities allowed us of worshipping God in the mode we believe to be the best, What the ten carriage loads of people who were wandering about that vast pile with me thought on the subject, I know not. Possibly the recollection of the Christian martyrdoms, the gladiatorial combats, the wild beast encounters, which had there been enacted, never entered their heads. Alone, and glad to be free of them, I hurried from the ruin, and took my way towards my inn, which I reached without any adventure.

7th, Easter Sunday.—The chief and most imposing of all the ceremonies of Easter takes place to-day. At an early hour I hurried, with thousands of other foreigners as well as natives, to collect beneath the mighty dome of St. Peter's. To the eye it is a grand spectacle. The [redacted] in formidable array, are drawn up dressed in their fresh uni-

forms, their bright bayonets glittering in the sun. The fountains on either side are throwing up tall jets of water, which falls in diamond drops around; while in the centre shoots up into the blue sky that lofty red obelisk which, some three thousand years ago, graced a city of old Egypt. Fearing lest the gathering crowd should prevent me from securing a good place, I returned into the church and got as near the high altar as I could. I have before described the rich marbles of every colour, the mighty columns, the lofty roof, and still more lofty dome. The troops kept the centre space completely free, so that I could look along the whole pavement as I entered from one end to the other, the figures near the high altar being diminished into pigmies. On either side of the Baldacchino, or brazen canopy, seats were arranged for the accommodation of the lady spectators of the sight. Round about it were clustered the princes and nobles of Rome, and numerous other persons of distinction, as well as many strangers, while the rest of the space between the troops and the walls was filled up with other foreigners and the better class of the populace. There was a pause. While every body was waiting in expectation of the appearance of the Pope and his train, a huge black dog stalked leisurely in at the front entrance, walked up the centre of the building, looking quietly now on one side then on the other, and then stopped, stretched out his legs, as dogs are apt to do after sleeping, and at the same time gave utterance to a yawn so loud and prolonged, that it must have been heard by every one in the assemblage. It appeared to be nobody's business to drive out the intruder, so, unmolested, he turned himself about and walked leisurely out of the temple again, evidently voting the whole affair a bore. At length our impatience was relieved, the band struck up a lively march, and the head of a procession was seen entering the church. First came some priests in rich vestments, and then some cardinals, and then a band of Swiss guards in their harlequin costume, with the addition of helmets and breast-plates, having in the midst of them, seated on a chair of state, the Pope himself. The Pope was habited in his robes of state with his triple tiara on his head. Besides the guards on either side of him, were two ushers dressed in complete armour, and they were followed by many of the young nobility in rich uniforms, while more cardinals and priests and military officers in every variety of costume brought up the rear.

The pope having been deposited before the high altar, a very indescribable ceremony took place. There was an immense amount of bowing and

kneeling, and turning here and there, and the poor old pope's robes were stripped off him. It seemed surprising that he could have borne such an amount of clothing. Then others were put on, and changed again, and finally he was dressed as before. What all this was intended to typify, I cannot say. The dumb show before the altar being concluded, a full musical high mass was performed, and very grand and soul enthralling were the strains which floated through that magnificent building. At half-past eleven, once more martial music sounded, the Pope on his chair, with his peacock feathers, his cardinals, priests, and nobles, formed a procession, and in gorgeous array moved down the church, and I hurried out into the wide piazza, now one sea of upturned faces. I stood on that magnificent flight of steps which leads up to the portico of the basilica. The troops formed the centre of the concourse. The gaze of the people become more eager. I looked up. The Pope in his vestments with some of his cardinals, and other ecclesiastics, was seen standing at a balcony in front of the church. Small as the figures appeared, in that clear atmosphere, and against the white marble, they were clearly defined. His hands were raised up, the palms spread out over the multitude ; the troops knelt at the word of command, the people merely took off their hats. Thus the old man and his subjects stood for some moments. It was the most impressive scene, on a grand scale, I have ever witnessed, and very effective, for the theatre was large, and the decorations surpassing the ordinary. I saw no enthusiasm — but little solemnity even ; all was pomp, show, and pretence. It came to an end at last. The Pope and his cardinals retired, as the figures do in those strange clocks one sees occasionally fastened on old church towers, the mob dispersed, the troops filed off, and the cardinals drove away in their huge gorgeous coaches, with their three footmen behind. I returned into St. Peter's to examine the mosaic pictures, which are only uncovered to public gaze on this day. They are mostly copied from paintings in the Vatican, and it is difficult, on looking at them, to suppose that they are composed entirely of minute pieces of the hardest stones. The effect produced is wonderful. The whole interior of the dome is covered with the same sort of work on a larger scale. I always feel, on looking at such productions, that life is too short to expend so much of it in works which demand so much time, and are after all inferior to the originals. The mighty basilica, lately so densely thronged with human beings, was now silent and almost deserted ; a few strangers straggling here

and there were the only occupants. As I passed the Pope's chair, the very one, it is boldly asserted, which was brought by St. Peter to Rome, or which he sat on when Bishop of Rome, I could not resist the temptation of sitting down in it. I conclude that none of the guardians of the edifice saw me, or, if they did, that they considered mad, heretical Englishmen were allowed to play any tricks they might fancy. I used of course, to boast of it, but I own now that I consider it was very bad taste, as, whatever may be our opinions, we should never do anything to insult the feelings of any people, however much in error they may be; indeed the opportunity of benefiting them is thereby, to a certainty, lost. I now think that I was very fortunate in not having been taken by the shoulders and summarily ejected from the church. This was my last visit to St. Peter's.

After dinner I once more sallied forth, and walking towards St. Peter's, just as I reached the bridge of St. Angelo, I caught sight of the whole dome lighted up. Rising as it did far above the dark buildings which intervened between me and it as I stood on the banks of the classic Tiber, it had completely the effect of enchantment. On reaching the piazza I found the whole edifice covered in the same way, but brilliant as was the effect, it was mere star-light to the full blaze of the moon, compared with the illumination in preparation. Instantly as the clock struck eight, the whole of the magnificent edifice from the base of the columns which support the portico to the summit of the dome was covered with a blaze of light. Every portion of the vast pile was illuminated; night was literally turned into day. I stood gazing at it for some time, and at first I thought it very fine, but by degrees my admiration decreased. After all it was only a very fine firework, and set blazing not without very considerable danger to those employed in the operation. Scarcely a year passes, but two or three of the poor fellows, whose business it is to hang up the lamps and light them, lose their lives by falling from the dizzy heights up which they have to climb. But there is no difficulty in finding workmen to undertake the work, for the Pope by an especial bull has promised absolution for all past sins and eternal happiness to all who are thus sacrificed. Leaving the Piazza, I retired to the top of the Pincin hill, whence the illuminated pile appeared to even greater advantage than nearer. The spaces between the lights were no longer distinguishable, and the building appeared one mass of fire. At midnight, when I looked from the window of my bedroom at the hotel, the illumi-

nation was as bright as ever. No one could tell me the origin of the custom, nor in what way it was calculated to forward the cause of religion. I should scarcely think that it amused the people sufficiently to draw them off from the thoughts of their abject and soul-debased condition. However, it has the effect of attracting foreigners to the city, who bring wealth into its public coffers. The next night there was to be a general display of fireworks from the castle of St. Angelo, which it was said would be very fine, but I had taken my seat in a carriage to start the next morning for Florence, *a vetturino*, and I was heartily tired of the once great city. I had seen nearly all the chief sights, but not all. Rome is not to be seen in a week or ten days, even in a cursory manner, and I had toiled away with tolerable perseverance from sunrise to sunset. Among other antiquities, I did not see the Columbaria or Roman burying place near the Porta Latina. I am not certain that it had then been discovered. It is a low flat roofed building, the walls covered with epitaphs in Latin. There is but one entrance ; a flight of eighteen steps leads down into a square flagged chamber with a square pillar in the centre, which supports the roof. All round the walls, as also in the pillars, are niches, each of which contained an urn in which the ashes of the dead were deposited. Occasionally the ashes of an entire family were placed in one urn. Over the niches are inscriptions, many of them perfectly legible. In front of the niches there are little ledges on which were placed small vessels for receiving the libations of wine, oil, and milk poured in by the friends of the deceased. This Columbaria is capable of holding the ashes of 1100 persons. It is supposed that it was built to serve as the sepulchre of the officers and freedmen attached to the neighbouring palace of the Cæsars on the Palatine. The palace is in ruins, the humble sepulchre still remains entire. Another place I did not visit,—the Catacombs of Rome. The largest and most interesting are those of St. Sebastian, to be reached by the Via Appia. The stone of which Rome was built is termed *tufa* and *puzzolana*. To obtain this, vast excavations were made in the form of galleries under ground. A German traveller, who explored them, calculates that if all the galleries were measured, there would be found to be not much less than *one hundred* miles of subterranean Rome. When the first persecution of the Christians arose under Nero, it was to these subterranean galleries that they fled for refuge. Here, supplied with food by their friends, or only stealing out at night to procure it, they often remained for the rest of their lives; and here, in tombs excavated in the rock, their remains

were deposited; over their tombs rude inscriptions were traced by the hands of survivors, showing that they died in the faith of Christ. Here also they assembled for worship, and thus did these vast excavations, for upwards of three centuries, serve as a refuge and stronghold for the persecuted followers of our blessed Lord, and become associated in our minds with the early witnesses and martyrs of his true Church. A very interesting work, of which Mr. Benjamin Scott is the author, has lately been published by Messrs. Longmans, called the "Contents and Teachings of the Catacombs of Rome," and which I very strongly recommend to the attention of my young readers. Mr. Scott gives a deeply interesting account of the catacombs, and touches on many important subjects connected with them.

CHAP. XVI.

Quit Rome.—Travel *a vetturino*.—The Tiber.—The Campagna.—The Consequences of quitting my Carriage.—Left behind.—Brigands.—Long Walk.—Romantic situation of Nepi.—Civility of young Countrymen.—Civita Castellana.—Greeting of my American Friends.—Narni.—Falls of Terni.—Rapid Lionising.—Spoleto and its Churches.—Foligno.—Effects of Earthquakes.—Perugia.—Lake of Thrasymene.—Scene of the Battle.—Dirty Men.—Reach Florence.—Pay the Postage.—Description of Florence.—Statues in Florence.—Meet my Friend N——.—Pietra Dura Manufactory.—Superiority of Scagliola Work.—Walks round Florence.—Curious Picture by Pietro Perugino.—Capella dei Medici.—Excursion to the Valombrosa.—Beautiful Mountain Road.—Visit the Convent.—Don Gaspero.—Story of the Founder.—The Hermit and his Abode.—Ice and Snow.—Great Heat in Florence.

THE day at length arrived for my departure from Rome. Now farewell to the once great city, its ruins, its monuments, and its teachings. There is not a more interesting spot on earth, but how very few of the thousands who go there are in any way properly prepared to appreciate it! To gape at paintings, to wander over ruins guide-book in hand, to make notes and sketches, is easy enough and many manage to do that; but unless far more than that is done, very little is gained by a visit to Rome. One great object is to be able to gain a clear comprehension of the past by an examination of the present, and as a comparative anatomist builds up some huge antediluvian monster with a certainty that he

is correct from a few bones which have been brought him, so to raise up before our mind's eye that once superb city, of which but a few shattered fragments remain, and to discover the habits and manners of the people who once peopled it.

8th.—I had some days before this engaged a seat in a vetturino carriage, to hold six persons, to travel by way of Perugia up the centre of Italy to Florence. Our party consisted of my lately constant companion, W——, and two other American gentlemen, and two strong-minded American ladies—unprotected females—who were as well able to make their way in the world as any of the fair sex I have ever met. My place was on the front seat, which was fitted with a wide hood and an apron, and I much preferred it to the inside, as my companion and I were enabled to enjoy from it a far better view of the country than could the rest of the party. We had four horses, which were to draw us all our way; and our jovial looking fat driver sat on a seat on the shafts under our feet. We started at 7 A.M., leaving Rome by the Porta del Popolo, and soon crossed the yellow Tiber by the Milvian bridge. The river here was wider and more imposing than it appears when passing through the city. I could fancy that it was here Cæsar invited the envious Cassius to take a swim on a raw and gusty day. The country on either side of us wore a deserted, uncultivated aspect. Such is the appearance of a large portion of the Papal States, the physical effects of misgovernment; worse are the moral effects; the degradation of the inhabitants, crime rampant, all religious principle absent. This was the Campagna; ruins scattered about, speaking of a past civilisation, a grandeur long departed. We were on the Cassian way. On we rolled slowly over it, till at noon we reached the solitary and not very attractive inn of Buccano. Here our vetturino intimated to us that we might imitate the example of his horses and dine, which he intended that they should do.

After a hurried meal, I left my companions at the inn, saying that I would walk on, and begging that they would look out for me. After proceeding some way, I climbed up a hill which overlooked the road, and sat down to contemplate the wild scene of desolation around me, and to muse on the past and present of Rome. Several carriages passed. One of them looked, I thought, remarkably like mine, but mine had four horses, this had only three, unicorn fashion. I sat, and sat on. Even meditations on Roman glory and Roman degradation must come to an end. My carriage did not appear. I began to grow anxious. I looked

at my watch, a little gold one I highly valued as the gift of one I honoured and loved. It was past three o'clock. I began to have my misgivings about that carriage with the three horses. I descended from my height and ran on. To catch it was now out of the question. I fortunately recollected my vetturino's name. I met another carriage coming towards Rome. I asked the driver if he knew him. Yes, he said, he passed me an hour ago nearly. This was excessively disagreeable information. The thought of brigands, robbery, and murder rose up to my thoughts with most unpleasant vividness. I had most of my money in my pocket, and my watch, I was very certain, would be taken from me. I had hopes that the people, of whom I made inquiries, would fancy that my carriage was following me, and that the one ahead only contained some friends. Still I took what precautions I could. I took my watch off the chain and put it into my cheek. I did not keep it there, but each time I saw a suspicious character, I popped it again into my mouth. Numberless murders and robberies had occurred along that road. The possibility that I might become the victim of some such proceeding considerably decreased my appreciation of the picturesque effects of the scenery, through which I was passing. I walked on as fast as I could till I reached the post place of Monterosi. Here two roads meet, one on the left I found passes through Sienna, and one on the right through Perugia. The latter was the route my companions and I had agreed to take. I had, however, my misgivings about the matter, and thought very likely that our vetturino, whom we had soon discovered to be a rogue, would go the other and shorter way. I was therefore again obliged to inquire of some people drinking at a wine shop. They all assured me he had gone towards Perugia, so I again walked on by that road. For some part of the way the country was broken and undulating, and covered with a stunted growth of timber, or with the remains of a burnt forest. The scenery, however, improved in picturesque beauty as I approached the small town of Nepi. In the centre of the town is a dark, dreary, and ruinous looking castle. What its historical associations are I could not learn. It is a fit scene for one of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances of horror. The road twists and turns through the town, and then crosses the Tiber by a bridge, near which, a bright stream comes foaming down from the cliffs above. On the left were a long series of arches, which I took to be a somewhat modern aqueduct. The country here, further removed from the baneful effects of papal misrule, puts on a more cultivated and pleasant aspect.

As I walked on my spirits rose, and I began to trouble myself less and less about the prospect of being robbed and murdered. When I was about five miles from Civita Castellana, a carriage, containing a party of young men, apparently farmers, returning from some merrymaking, overtook me. They were singing lustily, and as they were evidently in good spirits, I bethought me of asking them to convey me on my way. They at once, in the kindest way, begged me to take a seat, and undertook to carry me to Civita Castellana, where, they said, that undoubtedly the vetturino would stop for the night.

Never have I fallen in with a more jovial party. They sang all the way. One of their songs was a sort of comic love song about a young girl who was drowned at sea; they declaring in pathetic strains how they envied the fish the delicious meal they must have enjoyed. The appearance of Civita Castellana as we drew near it was very picturesque. On the right was a valley with a series of mountain ranges, composed of a white glistening rock rising on the other side, while before us appeared a romantically situated and very strong looking fortress, used as a state prison by Pope Gregory, and I rather fancy, pretty well filled just then with his disaffected subjects. I parted from my polite friends with many expressions of thankfulness and assurances on their part, that they had had great satisfaction in assisting me. In what a favourable light did they appear to a party of the same class, returning from a fair or merry-making in England or Ireland. English farmers would have been dashing along at full speed in their carts, bawling out ribald songs; half drunk, and smoking villanous tobacco. Eight or ten Irishmen would have been clinging on to one outside car, with short doodeen in mouth, shouting and bawling, while their grey frieze coats fluttered in the breeze. The inhabitants of the British Isles have yet many steps in advance to make before they have a right to consider themselves truly civilised, or to look down with contempt on their fellow-men in the south. I reached mine inn at about seven o'clock, and I was highly amused with the greeting which saluted me as I entered it.

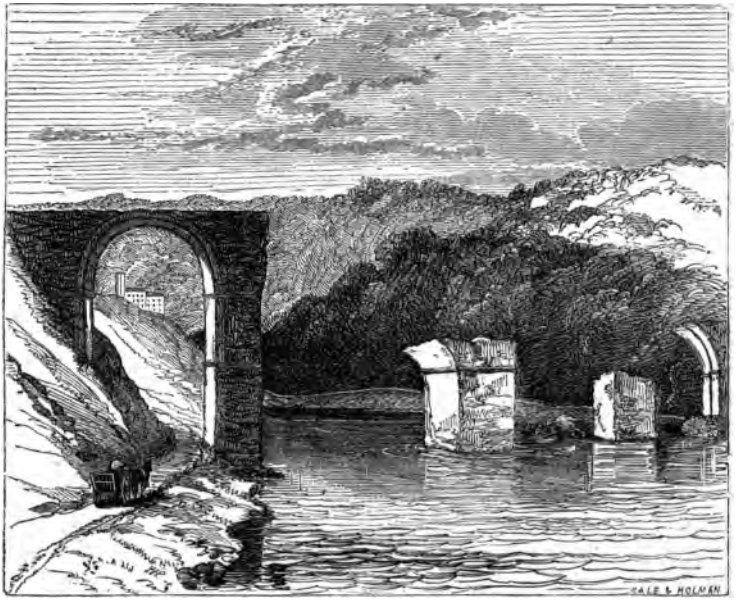
"Well, we guessed you'd been robbed and carried off up the Appenines," said one of my travelling companions.

"You'd a pretty good chance of being murdered," said another.

"What could make you lag behind?" asked a third.

"Well, we were calculating what we should do with your portmanteau, as we never guessed we should see you again," exclaimed all in chorus. I

own that I felt a little hurt at first, for I expected to have been greeted with, "My dear fellow, how anxious we all have been about you." I forgot that they could not possibly care more for me than I really did for them, and being honest follows they did not assume a sympathy they did not feel. I have since thought, however, how important it is to cultivate that sympathy for the difficulties, dangers, and distresses of our fellow-creatures. We can never exercise it too much. Like all other good emotions, it never wears out, and, instead of bringing pain, ultimately never fails to afford joy and happiness and satisfaction.



BRIDGE OF NARNI.

9th. — We started from Civita Castellana at 5 A.M. This vetturíno travelling will not suit a sluggard. The scenery was generally picturesque. Before entering Borghetto, a very dirty, ruinous-looking town, we passed an ancient castle perched on the cliffs on our left. We were journeying through the valley of the Tiber, the fields on either side, watered by the far-famed stream, being green and fertile in the extreme. We crossed the

river by a good bridge, and now the country became rocky and hilly, and put me much in mind of some of Claude Lorraine's most elaborate pictures of Italian scenery. We approached Narni with a deep, broad, and rocky dell on our left, and a lofty precipitous hill on our right. The town stands on the edge of a lofty precipice, with the stream of the Nar running at the base, and meadows beyond. W—— and I, leaving our carriage at the inn, passed through the village, and took a road to our left, which led us to the ruins of an enormous Roman bridge, called after Augustus Cæsar, if not built by him, to connect the summits of the two hills. Enough remains to show the magnitude of the work, while huge fragments of the remains lie below it, which winter currents have not swept away. Across this bridge the Flaminian way led over the Nar. Standing on a bridge, a modern structure raised just above the water, I took a sketch of the stupendous ruin.

W—— and I, believing that our carriage was ahead, walked and walked on a distance of nine miles, enjoying the scenery, till we reached Terni, when we found that our carriage had not arrived. We therefore rested till it did, and then all the party set off to visit the falls, of the beauty of which we had heard. The path by which our guide led us was excessively picturesque, passing through groves of olive trees, which, though not in themselves attractive, are so when they clothe the side of a hill, and are suited to the scenery. On entering a romantic valley, we saw directly before us, at the head as it were of a deep gorge, the expected fall; the water in rich profusion dashing over a succession of broken cliffs, while an iris thrown on the spray formed an arch of manny brilliant hues directly over it. Going a little further on, we found ourselves standing on a platform of rock directly over the rushing, tumbling, foaming, roaring torrent. No view of it, we agreed, could be finer. The fall is in several divisions. The water first rushes over the cliff in one dense column with a smaller one on either side; and is then broken into several parts by numberless huge boulders of rock. A little above the platform we found a rustic arbour, whence the view was even finer than from the first spot; and higher still we came to a regularly-built summer house, and from it the view was the finest of all. I have since visited many waterfalls, Niagara included, and though many I thought far superior in beauty and grandeur, none ever made a deeper impression than that of Terni. I took a sketch of the fall, but I cannot say that it does it justice. We returned by a rugged but highly picturesque path to our inn.

Our excursion to the Falls of Terni was a very pleasant one, but it was nearly costing me dear. I ought to have been very hungry, but to my surprise I could eat nothing. The truth was, that the exercise I had taken during the last few days had begun to tell upon me, and when once I sat down, it was with the greatest difficulty I could again rise. Every bone and muscle in my body ached. I had evidently caught a bad cold, and I feared that I was going to be seriously ill. I had made the mistake many young travellers do in over-exerting myself. It is very bad policy, and I mention it as a hint to my readers. A soldier or sailor in the course of duty may find it necessary to work on till he is ready to drop, but if you are travelling for pleasure or information, remember that you will defeat your object by attempting to do more than a certain amount of work. When you are weary, you cannot enjoy beautiful scenery or glean the information which should be the object of your travels.

Another carriage, full of Americans scampering on to *do* Florence, came in, so that we were a large party at dinner. It was not a little amusing to hear some of the party recount their adventures; the extraordinary sights they had seen, and the rapidity with which they *had done* city after city. Many of them did the greater part of Italy in a fortnight or three weeks. Some did not spend more than three days at Naples, and as many at Rome. What impressions were made it is difficult to say. I can scarcely fancy any permanent ones. I hope the young men of the present generation make the grand tour of Europe in a rather more deliberate way, and gain more definite notions than my friends could have done.

10*th*. — Again on our road at 5 A.M. After the heat of Rome we were pierced by the cold mountain air. For some distance we travelled along a valley with high barren hills on either side, and a stream running at their base. Here and there were olive groves and patches of corn. Before reaching Spoleto, some oxen were harnessed to our carriage in addition to the horses, and they dragged us to the top of Monte Somma. The view thence was magnificent. A good road took us down to Spoleto, the ancient Spoletium, surrounded by fine wild mountain scenery. It ought to be a religious place, for it is the seat of a bishop and contains a cathedral, twenty-two churches, and as many monasteries, not to speak of innumerable chapels and shrines. Curious that such a place, with 7000 inhabitants, should consist of ruinous, tumble-down houses, and that the surrounding country should be ill cultivated. Travelling on through the

lovely valley of the Clitumnus, with its graceful little temple and classic stream, famed by Virgil, and of late years by Byron, we reached Foligno, the ancient Fulginium. This town contains some twenty convents and monasteries, and nearly half as many churches. It was in a dreadfully ruinous condition, having been shattered only the year before by a violent earthquake. We had evidence of this, nearly all the houses yet standing being propped up with rafters across the street. Should another earthquake occur, it struck me that numbers of the inhabitants would be killed by the falling of the rafters in the streets. From the general miserable appearance of the town, even before the earthquake, it must have been in a very dilapidated condition. The churches, however, are strongly built, and had escaped the ruins of the flimsily constructed dwelling-houses. We visited several of them, and were gravely told by the priests that a miracle had been wrought to save them from falling.

11*th*. — We were on foot before four o'clock, and after our usual very early breakfast, we started at 5 A.M. For some distance the road was not particularly interesting in appearance, whatever it might have been in classical associations. We were about to leave Umbria, the abode of the aborigines of Italy, and to enter Etruria. Once more oxen, milk-white steers, such as dear old Virgil describes, were harnessed to our coach, and dragged it up the mountain on the top of which Perugia stands. The road wound round under the walls of a ruinous picturesque old fort, till we entered the curious irregularly built city of churches and monasteries. It is said to contain nearly a hundred churches and some fifty monasteries, more or less, several of them of begging friars. How extraordinary that men should suffer such drones to exist. We in England have societies to put a stop to street-begging. In the Papal States the Government supports these societies of professional beggars. Perugia is the capital of a province, and is celebrated as the birth-place of Pietro Vanucci, known as Perugino, the Master of Raffaelle. We ought to have spent the remainder of the day here, but our vetturino insisted on our proceeding, so we weakly yielded, and had only time to visit one church adorned with frescoes by Raffaelle and his pupils. The museum is especially interesting, being full of specimens of Etruscan art found in and about Perugia. There can be no doubt that the Etruscans had made considerable progress in civilisation and in the arts and sciences before the rise of Rome, as the beautiful vases, lamps, and other remains, of which we have so many models, abundantly show. Their country ex-

tended from the plains of the Po to the right bank of the Tiber, and they possessed numerous large, populous, and fortified cities, the walls of a few of which still remain. Giving themselves over to sensuality and luxury, the nation finally fell before the Roman arms during the fifth century of Rome. The Romans, however, owed to them much of that civilisation for which they themselves soon became distinguished, and which without the guidance of a pure faith brought about that demoralisation which ultimately caused their destruction also. We left Perugia at about one o'clock, and descending a hill found ourselves in a romantic valley, and soon again had to mount another lofty elevation, at the top of which was a fine picturesque old tower. About half way down the hill we came in sight of the famed lake of Thrasymene, noted for its picturesque beauty, and famed in history for the bloody battle there fought between Hannibal and the brave but reckless plebeian Consul, C. Flaminius. Hannibal, after a victorious march through the south of Gaul, passed the Alps and descended on Italy from the north. The Roman army marched out to meet him under Flaminius. He awaited their approach near Thrasymene. His Balcarians and light troops were placed in ambush among the hills on the left. He and his infantry lay in front somewhere near Passignano, while his cavalry were ensconced among the uneven and marshy ground near the lake. We were approaching on the road by which the doomed Romans advanced. The blue waters of the lake glittering in the sunshine, and said to be forty miles in circumference, lay spread out before us, with two romantic islands on the eastern side, on which I saw a tower and other ruins, while hills of graceful and picturesque shape rise up around it, and shut it in so as to form a basin. The road took us close to the waters of the lake, which almost in places rippled over it. This was the scene of the most desperate part of the engagement. Flaminius advancing incautiously during a mist was assailed on all sides, and 16,000 Romans fell before the vanguard could see what had occurred. It was during this battle that an earthquake took place, which destroyed many cities of Italy; but so hot was the fight that the combatants were not aware of the shock. The road, after leaving the lake, took us through a succession of olive groves to a spot little known to fame, except that of being a most cut-throat sort of a place — a wretched inn called Casa del Piano. We reached it just before dark, so that we had but little time to examine its attractions. In the first place, we were told that there were no beds in the house, and we saw that there was no glass in the windows,

and that the rooms were very dirty, while the place had a remarkably desolate tumble-down appearance. Some of our party guessed that it was just the place in which we were likely to be robbed and murdered; I, however, was of opinion that if our landlord had any evil intentions, he would have made his inn far more attractive. In its present state it would certainly repel rather than invite travellers. Our host, a descendant I conclude of the ancient Etruscans, who were much given to good living, cooked us a fair dinner, which put us in better humour. When, however, bed-time came, our discontent once more broke out. There were several rooms besides those occupied by the ladies of the party, and we determined to explore them. Our indignation and rage rose to a high pitch, as well they might, when we found that they contained beds occupied by our rogue of a vetturino and the landlord. They were forthwith ousted *vi et armis*, but I confess that I much preferred spending the night on two chairs before the fire to occupying any bed in the house. In that mountainous region we found the air very chilly, and were always glad of fires at night.

The next day we passed through Arezzo, a pretty, neat, little town, in which Mæcenas, Petrarch, and many other famous men were born; and passing numerous romantic spots, stopped to sleep at Incisa, a small town situated on the banks of the Arno. Had we known how near we were to Florence, we should have been provoked at not going on that night.

13*th*.—At an early hour, when about four miles distant from Florence, we caught our first glimpse of that city, justly called La Bella, with the winding Arno, the richly cultivated country which surrounds it, and the outline of the Cassara mountain in the distance. Florence, in itself, has many attractions, but it owes much of its fame to the beauty of the surrounding scenery; Fiesoli, the Valombrosa, and many other celebrated spots. We drove to an hotel, where most of the party were going to take up their quarters. I was in doubts where to go. I knew that my family intended to be at Florence, but where they were to be found I could not tell. It is considered a disadvantage to be like another person; I now found it a very great advantage. While I was standing at the door of the hotel, a gentleman, whom I had never before seen, came up, and, cordially shaking me by the hand, addressed me by the name of the relation of whom I was in search, telling me that he had just seen it among the arrivals at Florence, and was about to call.

I was soon once more with my family, and I found, to my regret, that I

had caused them no small amount of anxiety, not one of my letters having reached them, except the last, in consequence of my not being aware that it was necessary to prepay the postage.

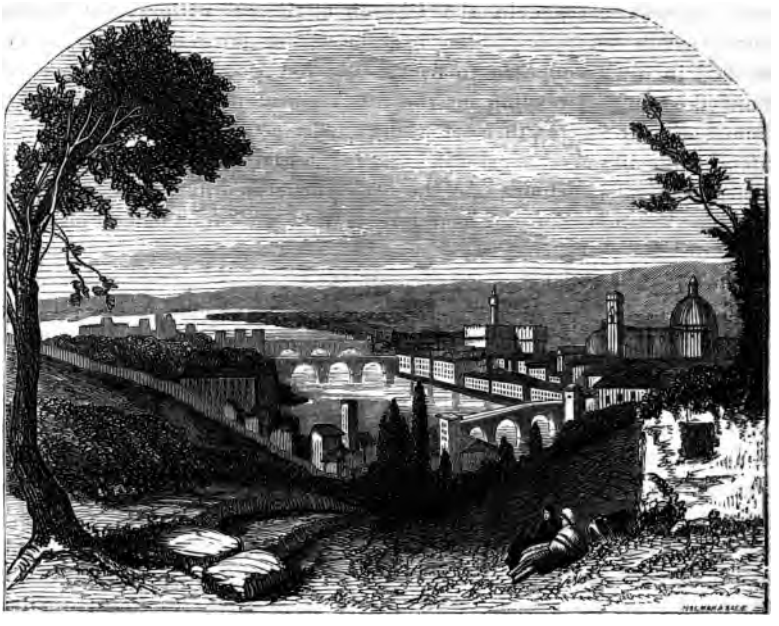
Consuls, and envoys, and ambassadors, and all sorts of authorities, great and little, had been written to, and entreated to make inquiries whether any young Englishman had been carried off by banditti, or murdered, or tumbled down the crater of Vesuvius, or had been known to be disposed of in any other way. Indeed, I might have been somewhat vain of all the trouble and anxiety my carelessness had caused. At length my last letter, sent through their bankers, reached them, and assured them that I was still in the land of the living, and about to return by way of Perugia. I spent rather more than a month at Florence, and a very pleasant month it was. Florence is situated on level ground, is walled round, and the Arno, over which there are several fine bridges, flows through it. I used to enjoy one of the most beautiful of sights when standing on the centre of these bridges and watching the sun sink beneath the horizon and shed its rich glow directly up the stream. There are numerous churches, and though the interior decorations are fine, the outsides are but of rough brick; the want of piety or the poverty of the inhabitants, preventing their being finished. The streets are generally very narrow, suitable to a hot climate, and the palaces are large and gloomy, speaking of bygone days when every man's house was literally his castle, while the exterior of none of the public buildings is especially handsome. It may then be asked, why is it that Florence is called Firenze la Bella? The truth is, it is the position of Florence and the surrounding country, more than the city itself, which wins for it a title few are disposed to dispute, while everybody who has spent any time there, speaks of it as a most delightful place.

One of our first lionising visits was to the Pitti Palace, the residence of the Grand Duke, containing superb paintings, and Canova's celebrated Venus. Our next was to the Royal Galleries of the Uffizii in which is the Tribune, an octagonal-shaped room, containing numerous gems of art. The most celebrated is the Venus de Medicis; after it the Knife-grinder and the Dancing Faun. I will not stop to describe the statues and pictures I saw at Florence. They form one of its chief attractions. Few boys care, at first, much about either fine pictures or statues. They must be constantly looked at and examined, before the eye and judgment is able to appreciate their beauties.

On the 19th I went to the Church of Santa Croce, to see the monu-

ments of Michael Angelo, Dante, and many other celebrated Italians. Michael Angelo Buonarotti was not only a great architect, but he was a first-rate sculptor, and no mean painter. His great work, St. Peter's at Rome, shows the lofty flight of his genius. Alfieri, inferior, I ought elsewhere to have said, to Dante, but still great as a poet, and certainly ranking next to him among Italians, was also a Florentine, and of noble birth. While I was standing contemplating the tombs of these great men, who should touch me on the shoulder, but my friend N——, who had just come to Florence on his return to Naples. The remainder of the day, and the following, we spent together lionising most furiously. He dined with us, and I breakfasted with him at a *café*, where we paid one paul, fivepence, for a delicious meal of eggs, coffee, and rolls. Among the lions were the Anatomical Museum, where the subjects are done in wax, so exactly to resemble the reality, that I would advise those who are not satisfied with the strength of their nerves to keep away from it. The museum contains a fine collection of plants made in wax, and numerous specimens of natural history. On Sunday we attended the service of the Church of England, held in a large room in a private house. The government of Tuscany is in reality little less bigoted than that of Rome. Among the favourite walks at Florence, are those in the Boboli Gardens, behind the Pitti Palace. The views from them are very fine. One day I met my late travelling companion W——, and went with him to the manufactory of pietra dura, literally hard stone. It is in the hands of the government. The stones are of all colours, and collected from all parts of the world. We were told that it took eight men five years to make one single table we saw, ornamented with a wreath of flowers, so that, supposing the wages of each man to be 20*l.* a year, the value of the table could not be less than 800*l.* A man showed me a piece of work about four inches square, the making of which had occupied him eight months. Probably the Grand Duke's workmen do not over hurry themselves. The work is certainly very beautiful, but I scarcely think worth the labour bestowed on it. It is far inferior in beauty and effect to the scagliola work. The material used for this is the purest gypsum, which, being prepared in a particular way, is mixed with colouring matter to give it the tint required. It receives the finest polish, and appears to the touch as hard as marble. The most beautiful landscapes, as well as wreaths of flowers, and all sorts of designs, are produced in it. The walls and columns in many of the finest saloons in the palaces of Italy are formed of it. During my stay in Florence, I visited all the interesting

spots in the neighbourhood. One of the most beautiful is Fiesoli, situated on the top of a hill about three miles to the north of the city. The highest building is a convent of Franciscan monks, into which I went and enjoyed a superb view. On my way back, I took a sketch of the vil-



FLORENCE.

lage from under an olive tree, with a little chapel in front of me. Another walk I took was out at the Porta Romana, along a fine avenue of a gentle ascent, to the Poggio Imperiale, a palace of the Grand Duke. Another favourite walk was through the Porta del Prato, through a fine avenue to the Cascine, a farm and country residence of the ruler of Tuscany. This is the favourite drive of the principal inhabitants of Florence.

29*th*.—I paid a visit to the Accademia dei Belli Arti, in the Piazza di St. Marco. One room is filled with the drawings of the younger students, another with copies in chalk of all the finest statues in Rome and Florence, another with the original sketches of the old masters, another with archi-

tectural drawings, another with specimens of painting from the twelfth century to the present day. One of the most curious pictures was by Pietro Perugino, of whom I have before spoken — so called from having been born in Perugia. He was the master of Raffaelle, who became infinitely his superior as a painter. The subject of the painting is one of those legends current in the Church of Rome, without the slightest foundation in Scripture, — the beatification of the Virgin Mary. It is handled in a way opposed to everything like good taste. Mary is surrounded by angels playing on the fife, violins, and guitars, while on the ground are four figures, three of whom are dressed as friars, and the fourth, intended for the Archangel Michael, is dressed in red breeches, yellow boots, and a blue surtout. As the artist flourished in the commencement of the sixteenth century, I could fancy that the costume may have been added in later years.

I have heard people uphold the Church of Rome because it has encouraged the arts. As well may it be said that the Paganism of Greece and Rome ought to have been upheld, because it encouraged the production of magnificent temples and statues. There is no doubt, however, that Romanism has encouraged art for three causes: first, because it wished to have its temples adorned; secondly, because it has always endeavoured to occupy the minds of its votaries with subjects which may prevent them from inquiring into the truth; and thirdly, the despotisms it supported prevented their people from occupying their minds in matters more elevating, more useful to their fellow men. I have often thought that had the imaginations of some of the old masters been freed from superstition and falsehood, what far grander productions would have resulted from their labours. Of course it is not to be denied that many paintings of sacred subjects by the old masters are most beautiful and refined productions, but they were the result of a genius which rose superior to all debasing influences.

There is at present an edifice in course of erection in Florence, which creates considerable interest, called the Capella dei Medici, belonging to the church of St. Lorenzo. To visit it, I had to pass through a cold vault, and I then found myself in a building 208 feet in height, with scaffolding reaching to the roof. A celebrated artist, Benvenuti, is engaged in painting the ceiling in fresco, and he requires three years more to finish it. It is expected that it will not be finished for fully fifteen years, and how many events may take place before that time

to stop it! The walls are covered with slabs of the finest marble, and the arms of the cities of Tuscany in pietra dura. There are also several large cenotaphs, with statues of the Dukes of Tuscany standing on them. The workmen at the manufactory of pietra dura are employed in making a magnificent tomb of that work for this chapel, and I saw a number of superb slabs ready for it, each of which has taken several years to make. I found that the bright spots in the work, which are much admired, are produced by putting silver leaf under transparent stones. After all, this chapel, on which several millions of dollars have already been expended, will have, I suspect, a somewhat trumpery tinsel look. It is indeed, a piece of foolish vanity and bad taste. How grievous it is to reflect on the vast sums lavished on utterly useless works, which might have been expended in spreading a knowledge of the truth, or benefiting physically and morally our fellow creatures. A few years hence, who will care for these tombs of the Medici, this marble-covered chapel? Perhaps the tyrant governor, the slave of Austria, will himself be driven from his principality and these expensive toys, on which he expends the money wrung from the hard-earned gains of his subjects may be left to decay. One of my most pleasant excursions in the neighbourhood of Florence, was to the celebrated Valombrosa, in company with a Pisa acquaintance, Major B——.

We left Florence in a calesh, at 3 P.M., passing through the Porta Santa Croce on the road leading to Arezzo. After driving about three miles, we found ourselves among very beautiful scenery, with the Arno flowing rapidly along close to us, while on either side rose various shaped hills, those on the left being sprinkled with picturesque villas. In front of us rose the mountain of the Valombrosa, with a crown of fir trees, which surround the convent situated on its summit. We found the Arno, as we drove along its banks, sometimes a rapid torrent rushing over a rocky bed, and at other times flowing gently, with sudden and picturesque bends. At length we left it, and wound our way up a steep and rugged road, which, had it been autumn, would undoubtedly have been thickly strewed with leaves, but it being spring they had mostly been swept away by the wintry gales. At last we reached a village beyond which no wheels could traverse. We here, therefore, left our calesh, and hired ponies to carry us up the remaining six miles to the convent. We found the path paved the whole way with flat smooth stones. The heat below in the valley had been very great, but as we ascended we found the air becoming colder and colder,

till we would gladly have felt a little of the caloric of which we had before been complaining. A rapid stream came rushing down the mountain, sometimes we were close to it, and at others high above at the top of a lofty precipice. Turning back we looked down on rich valleys sprinkled thickly with houses and farm buildings, while in the distance rose, one behind another, a succession of blue hills, which grew less and less distinct, till their tints blended with the sky. On either side of the steep path were wild rocks, with fine trees growing out of every crevice or plot of ground where their roots could find sustenance. About half way up we crossed a bridge over the torrent, close to the most picturesque and romantic of mills. In America this fine water power would have been adorned with a succession of red brick edifices and a tramway up the steep ascent. There is something in the genius of the Italians, combined with the climate and scenery, by which most even of their useful objects are picturesque. In full summer, when all the leaves of these fine trees are out, this, we agreed, must be one of the most lovely mountain ascents in the world. Having passed through a farm-yard we entered the territories of the convent. Once the whole path towards the summit was closely lined with fir trees, which must have given the approach a very gloomy appearance, but they were lately cut down, and fine views exposed on either side. Before we reached the convent-gate the sun went down, throwing a rich soft glow over the most cloudless of Italian skies. What a magnificent view for the friars to have constantly in sight! but I wonder whether they appreciate it. I have no great faith in monkish admiration of the sublime and beautiful in nature, their lives, their whole system, are so contrary to nature, to what God in His mercy and goodness ordained for the employment of mankind. Constant, active beneficence is what God requires of his creatures, and assuredly He allows us the enjoyment of those numberless blessings which He has showered down on those who love Him, on the thankful and also on the unthankful.

At length the somewhat gloomy battered walls of the convent rose amid the rocks before us. It was past seven o'clock; the convent gate was closed. We rang and rang, but no answer was returned, and we began to fear that no admittance would be obtained. The cold was considerable to our feelings after the heat of the valley below. We stood shivering, expecting that we should have to return to the farm-house or to the village below to pass the night, when a porter opened the gate and informed us that the monks had been at evening mass. We expected to have been

shown into the great hall, and to have spent an amusing evening in the company of the monks; but we found, to our disappointment, that strangers' rooms were kept prepared for the accommodation of visitors. Into these we were shown; a blazing wood fire was lighted, by which we sat gratefully warming ourselves, wondering what next would happen. We had not long to wait before a short thin old monk came in and introduced himself as Don Gaspero, informing us that it was his duty, as well as pleasure, to receive strangers. He was dressed in a long black habit, with his breviary in his hand, mass having only just been concluded, and looked every inch the monk of olden time. He proved himself a very polite merry gentleman, and told us a number of stories, which I unfortunately did not note down. He, however, before leaving, pointed out to us for our edification in our sitting-room, a history of the founder of the convent. He was once a very valiant knight, who had performed all sorts of heroic deeds, but at length, either at a tournament, or in the dark, or in a fit of anger, had the misfortune to kill a friend. This so preyed on his mind that he threw off his armour, sold his estates, and retired to the top of this mountain, where he built a hermitage, which gradually expanded into a convent. He was not, however, left alone in his retirement, for the spirit of evil with a legion of imps came to tempt him in a variety of ways. He finished, however, by trampling them all under foot, and ultimately in kicking them down the mountain. Don Gaspero assured us that there could not be a doubt of the truth of the account, and in corroboration of it offered to show us a gallery, on the walls of which all the actions of the gallant knight were fully portrayed in fresco. We saw it the next morning, and very curious compositions were the paintings. The church is handsome, and the dome is painted in fresco. The fraternity consists of twenty monks. I could not ascertain that they had any special employment. We had very clean nice rooms, had a good supper, slept soundly, and were waited on by an ordinary servant.

The next morning we turned out at an early hour, walked round the convent walls, which were evidently designed by the knight to serve the purpose of a castle. Daylight revealed their battered and dilapidated condition. The air was very cold, but bracing and exhilarating. Hoar frost was on the ground, and some pools were frozen over, while the higher pinnacles of the mountain just above us were covered with snow. I should have liked to climb to the very summit, but my companion had

no fancy for any extra exertion, and proposed, instead, walking down the mountain to breakfast. Perched on a rock to the left, high above the convent, is a small grotto where a venerable hermit, who has an especial fancy for solitude and sharp air, has his abode. If he is a true lover of nature the spot may have charms for him, for it is highly picturesque, and near it, out of the rock, gushes forth, in a sparkling waterfall, the stream which rushes down close to the path we had taken on ascending the mountain. Monks and hermits especially are very picturesque objects, and of course are always made to play a prominent part in all mediæval romances, but we could not help asking of what use the old gentleman was to his fellow creatures perched up on the top of the mountain? He had as much right to live there as any other selfish old man who exists only for himself; but certainly he had no right to claim any peculiar sanctity or virtue by thus excluding himself from the society of his fellows. Happily there is not much necessity in arguing on the subject at the present day. Monks and hermits have had their day, and even in most Roman Catholic countries have been voted worse than useless, incumbrances, veritable drones, and pests. Still it is as well to consider them in their true light, that no one may regret the extinction of the race. We rapidly walked down the mountain to the inn, where we had left our carriage, and where we now enjoyed a hearty breakfast. I have seldom felt the heat more than we did on our return drive to Florence. The thermometer in the shade was, however, only 74°; but in the sun it must have been at 90°, while in the morning at the top of the mountain we had been among ice and snow.

The next day a thunderstorm came on, and the atmosphere grew cooler. I have seldom seen such an abundance of fire flies as there were in the garden of our house. On a dark night it was most beautiful to see them flashing about in every direction. I employed some of my time in taking drawing lessons from a first rate master out-of-doors, and gained instruction which I afterwards found very useful.

In Florence all public amusements can be enjoyed at a very cheap rate. I fancy that the Government supports them, that the minds of the people may be diverted from inquiring too minutely into the system by which they are governed. I went one night with a friend to a theatre called the Giglio, where for two crazie, about one penny, I could have seen part of of Cenorentala and a ballet performed. We, however, were very grand, and took the Grand Duke's box, for which we paid a lira, or five pence.

The poor prima donna's voice was cracked certainly, and I rather fancy that some of the dancers were lame, while the whole affair had a very broken down air about it; still it was immeasurably superior to any penny theatre in England, and perfectly decorous in every respect. The chief opera house at Florence is the Pergola, where I went another night, and saw the opera of Ivanhoe performed, and, though it is not generally liked, I thought it very good. The Italians are not much addicted to athletic exercises. Their chief game is that of pallone, which we saw played outside the walls one evening. The ground was an oblong square, with a line drawn across it towards each end. The players had their right hands thrust into heavy knobs, shaped like pine apples. A very hard ball is used, and the object is, of course, to strike it over the opposite line to the end of their antagonists' ground. A somewhat similar game is played when a small tambourine or battledore is used. I might spin out the description of my stay at Florence to an interminable extent; but I suspect my readers would be weary of it if I did.

The 22nd of May at length arrived, which was the day fixed for leaving it. Our trusty carriage was once more drawn out, and, with very great regret, I found myself turning my back on La Bella Firenze, probably for ever, and whirling away towards Leghorn. In a short time we came to some romantic scenery, with two convents perched on the hills to our left. We then entered the small town of Ligna, where all the straw hats and bonnets exported from Leghorn, once so well known in England, are made. The most beautiful part of our road was along the banks of the Arno; near it we passed a palace owned by the Grand Duke Imbrogiana, a large building with four stumpy towers at the corners. We avoided Pisa, and at about five o'clock reached Leghorn, where, at Thompson's hotel, we found very comfortable rooms provided for us. My friend Count L—— F—— came over to see me, and spent most of the day with us. Other friends gave us all the assistance we could require.

We started in the evening on board the "Sully," a French steamer bound for Marseilles. She was small, and the comfort of the passengers very little attended to. There seemed to be no distinctive cabins for ladies or gentlemen, and there appeared to be every prospect of a thoroughly disagreeable voyage. The passengers were chiefly French; but whatever good qualities our polite neighbours possess, they do not shine forth on board a tumbled-about steamer at sea, and I was thankful that we had but a short distance to go. At half-past four A.M. I went on deck. The

morning was cloudy, but it did not much detract from the beauty of the coast, as we stood close in along it. I counted no less than five ridges of mountains, rising one beyond the other, becoming bluer and less distinct as they receded, till the furthest appeared capped with snow. As we approached Genoa the nearest range was sprinkled with hamlets and numerous picturesque villas. Still more beautiful, as we got almost up with the city itself, appeared Genoa la Superba, as it is not unjustly called, for proud it looks as, posted on its heights, it glances down on the blue sea. Before us rose a congregation of marble palaces and churches, with the blue mountains towering above them in the distance, while the blue coast stretched away to the south-west.

We came to an anchor at 5.30 A.M. in the harbour, so that we had all the day before us. As soon as we had settled in our hotel, the Croce di Malta, overlooking the harbour, I sallied forth to lionise. I again visited the church of the Annunziata, which, even compared to those of Rome, is very magnificent; so are several other churches I visited, mostly containing very fine pictures, of which I duly made notes, but will not trouble my readers with any remarks. The church I most admired was that of St. Maria, in Carignano. A vast white stone bridge leads to it, spanning a valley, and on going over it, I looked down upon the roofs of houses five stories in height. It made me dizzy to look over it. Such a work adds much to the grandeur and picturesque appearance of a city. I admired the interior of that church more than any I visited in all Italy, on account of its simplicity and the chastity of its adornments. With but little alteration it would at once be fitted as a place of Protestant worship. The interior is of the purest white, and all the columns and parts made in relief are of marble; the remainder of a sort of scagliola work. Scarcely any part is painted or gilt, and the architecture is very beautiful. The dome is supported by four large columns or pilasters. Under the dome stand four statues of white marble. One of them is by the sculptor David. The subject is "St. Bartholomew, with an angel taking off his old skin." I am not acquainted with the legend, but I always fancied that "a new heart" was more to be desired than a new skin. I went to the summit of the dome. The view thence is most superb. The following are the observations I wrote on the spot. "I look down on this magnificent city, over its fine harbour, and its picturesque palaces and houses, with their high light grey roofs, and their walls tinted of a delicate yellow, pink, or red hue. On the north appears a lofty hill sheltering the city

from Alpine breezes, covered with villas and surmounted by fortifications. To the south-west, stretching far away in the distance, is a blue ridge of mountains; and on the east, is the bold bluff marble-composed promontory of Ponte Fino, tierced by a grotto, through which, the road to Florence leads. By it we travelled in the autumn on our way to Leghorn." The whole of the day was passed in wandering about the streets and visiting marble palaces and picture galleries. Several of the streets though they are generally narrow, admit carriages, but others have steps at one or both ends, so as to make them impassable to vehicles with wheels; but then frequently there is an entrance to the palaces in them on the other side, to which carriages can approach. I visited the gardens of the Doria Palace, which consist of terraces one above another, rising from the very waters of the bay. In the centre is a large fountain, with Neptune and his horses spouting forth jets of sparkling liquid; the whole spot, though now showing a sad tendency to ruin, giving a good idea of the magnificence of Genoa's most flourishing days. Indeed, I should say, that no city of Italy, once wealthy and powerful, has lost so little in appearance of its pristine grandeur, though rich argosies no longer ride in its harbour, nor are its warehouses full of valuable merchandise. The fortifications appeared to be of very great strength, with powerful batteries flanking the gates, and extending up the hill, altogether forming something of a crescent shape, the concave part being the edge of the water. Genoa will always be associated in my mind with piles upon piles of marble palaces and churches rising thickly among them, and stone bridges and green heights covered with villas, and backed in the distance by mountain ranges.

The next morning I accompanied my relative, who was carried in an arm-chair on a lionising expedition, to the finest of the churches and palaces I had already seen; and at about noon returned on board the "Sully," and steamed out of the narrow entrance to the harbour close under the lighthouse. There were several Sardinian ships of war in the harbour, but few merchantmen. We steered west by south all day a short distance from the coast, passing the towns of Savonna, Finale, Oneglia, and Ponte Naurizio, some of them built close down to the shore and others on the slopes of the mountains. To the north, all day, we had in sight a succession of mountain ranges rising one beyond another, the summits of the most distant covered with snow.

We had a gentle breeze ahead, which kept the air cool and most delicious. At no time do I enjoy the sea so much as on a calm fine night, when I

love to linger walking the deck with a companion. Often I prefer being alone, when I can with difficulty tear myself from the sight of the moonlit ocean and the associations it conjures up. Nature at last insisted on being recruited, and I had to turn in at 11 P.M.

The next morning, the 26th, when at 7 P.M. I came on deck, we were passing between the islands of Hieres and the mainland, where there is a town of Hieres. The appearance of the French coast is far less attractive than that of the Italian we passed yesterday, consisting of whitish mountains or sand hills with a fringe of rocks.

At noon we came off the town of Toulon, a port the scene of many acts in history's drama. In the war between England and Republican France, it was held by the British, Spaniards, and Neapolitans for the French royalists. When of necessity evacuated, the Red Republicans broke in, and cruelly murdered thousands of its defenceless inhabitants. Soon afterwards the Juno frigate sailed in, her captain not aware of the abandonment of the place. She had anchored, and a French boat arrived alongside with some officers, who told the English that they were prisoners. At that moment a slant of wind came down the harbour, so Captain Hood, sending the Frenchmen below, ordered the cable to be cut, sheeted home the topsails, and, in spite of the hot fire opened on him, stood out again with the French boat and her crew as his prize. Here also the French fleet, having taken refuge, was long blockaded by Lord Nelson. I looked therefore towards Toulon with great interest. The town itself stands on low ground at the bottom of a deep gulf, so that it cannot be distinguished from the sea; but it is surrounded by high irregular hills, and I made out the vessels in the harbour nearly two miles from the town. To the west of it is a lofty, barren, rocky promontory, running a considerable way out into the sea, and off it are said to occur frequent and violent storms. I made a sketch as we passed close under it.

CHAP. XVII.

Journey through France.—Marseilles.—Aix.—Fountain of Vaucluse.—Petrarch and Laura.—Avignon; its Cathedral.—Ancient Palace of the Popes.—The Cathedral and its Tombs.—Orange; its interesting Roman Remains.—Montélimart.—Tarn.—St. Vallier's and its Château.—Lyons.—Macon.—Chalons.—Auxerre.—Its fine Cathedral, and many picturesque Buildings.—Paris.—Galleries.—Nôtre Dame.—Père-la-Chaise and its Tombs.—Marine Hotel.—Havre.—Arrival in England, and end of my first Tour on the Continent.

ONWARD steamed the "Sully" over the smooth surface of the blue Mediterranean. After passing Toulon, we glided on for some hours, with a continual line of uninteresting coast in sight, till, rounding a rocky cape, we entered the Bay of Marseilles. To our left was an island with fortifications and a lazaretto on it. All the hills in sight were barren and rocky, nor did we see any thing of the town till we entered through the very narrow mouth of the harbour with high rocks and fortifications on each side of us, one called Fort St. Nicholas, and the other the tower of St. Jean, the cross fire from which effectually defends it.

As we had come in a French vessel from a port supposed to be free from the plague or any other infectious complaint, we were at once allowed to land, and to take up our quarters at a comfortable inn. As soon as we had dined, I set off to call on the British Consul, Mr. Turnbull, who received me most kindly, promising to do every thing in his power to facilitate our movements, but telling me that, as the next day was a fête, nothing could be done at the Custom House or passport office; we must of necessity spend the greater part of the two following days there. As I, at all events, was in no great hurry to return to England, I did not utter any loud complaints at this information, but wisely resolved to be reconciled to our fate. The next day, having written and posted my letters, and received a visit from the Consul, I set out to explore the town. It may be considered the chief commercial port on the south coast of France, if not of the whole Mediterranean. Between 5000 and 6000 vessels enter the harbour annually, and it will shelter 1200 at a time. The site of the town is a rich valley, inclosed on the land side by hills. The highest of them is called Notre-Dame-de-la-Garde. I first walked up the Rue de Paradis, which is broad and regularly built, rising to the top of a hill, whence I had a view of the

town and the surrounding country. Houses extend to some distance from the town. Though the lower ground surrounding it is fertile, the hills in the distance are of white rock, and have a barren, unattractive appearance. The streets are broad, many built on a slope with gutters of water running down them, and some have trees on each side. The houses are generally of five stories high, and have a clean flourishing look about them. In all the squares are fountains, and one of them is of a handsome simple design, consisting of two basins one placed above the other. The theatre also has a handsome façade. Altogether, Marseilles has decidedly the appearance of a prosperous place.

All the next day was occupied in the temper-trying work of custom house and passport business. Every Englishman, at all events, is the better for travelling: if he has got sense and observation, he may learn much; if he has no sense he cannot fail to love his own country better when he returns, from the freedom he will enjoy from the foolish, useless annoyances to which he has been put abroad. It was not till seven in the evening that the carriage was brought to the door; still, as there was a bright moon at night, it was agreed that it would be better to push on a few stages, so as to make an early start the next morning, which I always found more difficult to accomplish from a large hotel in a large town. From the top of a hill above Marseilles, I took my last view of the Mediterranean, and have never since set eyes on those waters, with their unnumbered and deeply interesting associations; though, of course, I then thought that I should soon and frequently return to them. The country, as we drove on, seen in the brightest of moonlight, appeared exceedingly pretty. We reached at about eleven P. M. the interesting town of Aix, situated to the north of the river Arc. It was, in the time of the Romans, celebrated for its medicinal springs, and was in the middle ages the residence of the Counts of Provence; and, from the view I got of it as we drove out the next morning, I thought it an exceedingly pretty town. We passed through a long broad street, with trees on either side, with a sparkling fountain in the centre, and a cross at one end. It stands on level ground, on a beautifully fertile plain watered by the Arc. After driving over some extent of undulating ground, with blue hills in the distance, we crossed the Durance by a long wooden bridge, at the further end of which two roads branched off, one to the celebrated fountain of Vaucluse, the other to Avignon, once the residence of Popes Clement and Gregory, and of the anti-popes Clement and Benedict, in those happy

times when two opposing pontiffs with authority infallible ruled the Catholic world. The fountain of Vaucluse, celebrated by one of the sweetest of Italian poets, is a place which to many people would prove more interesting than the latter city. It is the source of the Sorgues, and rises from a cavern in the secluded valley of Vaucluse, derived evidently from "Vallis Clausa." So copious is the spring as it rushes forth from the mountain side, that it forms a stream or pool of size and depth sufficient to float a boat. Not far from the fountain stands a castle, where the enamoured poet frequently resided, and beyond it again is the village of Vaucluse where he generally lived. We, however, took the road to Avignon. The approach to that city is very picturesque, and as we neared it we drove under the old and romantic walls with fine rows of trees on each side. We proceeded some way till we crossed the Rhone, over which we had to pass to enter the city gate; indeed the river circles round part of the walls, and served formerly to aid in fortifying them. Soon after passing the gate, we reached the Hôtel de l'Europe at about four P.M. As soon as dinner was over, I set out to see the city. As my time was short, I had the weakness to take a guide, who proved about as useful as his class generally are on the continent, that is to say, the simple-minded traveller is hurried off to see what is most uninteresting, and hurried past all objects most worthy of attention. Still Avignon is so full of objects worthy of note, that I could not miss them all. I first went to the top of a high hill called La Roche de Dom, or the Hill of Doms the English call it, whence I obtained a complete panoramic view of the city and surrounding country, with the cathedral on one side, the old crumbling walls and the ancient palace of the Popes. To the north flows the Rhone, and divides into two parts near the city. In front of where I stood is the mountain of Vantout and the mountain and fountain of Vaucluse; to the right are various ridges of rocky hills, one of which is called La Rasius. Spread out below is the city, extending to the right, while on the left hand rises a picturesque rock with one branch of the Rhone flowing at its base, another branch, having several bridges over it, extending away in the distance, where it is bordered by a ridge of rocky hills, on one of which stands a small town and castle. While I stood on the hill enjoying this interesting scene, a band of military music was playing in a square below, and soldiers were moving about in all directions. The old cathedral which I now entered, is a curious building. It is of no great size, but consists of several different styles of architecture, mostly florid gothic, but I admired it from

its freedom from coloured or tawdry ornaments. Many of the arches are very low, and the columns of great thickness. The most interesting tomb is that of the gallant Crillon and his family to the left of the entrance. He was the leader of the French army at the siege of Rochelle in 1573, and on the accession of Henry IV. he became one of his most devoted generals, and obtained from him the title of "le brave des braves." He died in 1616. Under the same roof are the tombs of two popes, one of which possesses the somewhat useless quality of being easily taken to pieces. Perhaps it was so formed that it might be conveyed to Rome, but probably the Romans, who set but little value on live popes, have had no desire for dead ones to be sent to them, and have allowed, therefore, the tomb and its contents to remain undisturbed on the top of the hill of Doms. However, as no one could desire a more beautiful resting place, the poor pope, whether he was a Benedict or a John, for I forget which, is not on that account to be pitied. Below the cathedral is the ancient palace of the popes, a structure with walls of great height—a hundred feet, I believe—and wonderful thickness. Its numerous towers, and its vast extent, render it one of the most interesting specimens of the feudal architecture of the fourteenth century. It is now turned into barracks for soldiers and is capable of accommodating 6000 men, which will at once give some idea of its size. There were, I was told, 3000 men quartered in the city. Leaving the hill, I descended again into the town, and passing along several streets, entered a nursery or fruit garden, the site I was told of the church of the Cordeliers. That alone was a matter of little interest, but the said Church contained the tomb of Laura de Sade, immortalised by the pen of Petrarch, as also that of her husband Hugues de Sade. What wonderful power has the poet's pen! That church contained numerous other tombs; there nobles, and men, and dames of rank and wealth were interred, but their very names have been forgotten, their monuments have disappeared, and the simple spot dedicated to the memory of one whom the poet loved, or dreamed he loved, has never been forgotten, and her name and history is immortalised in verse, which will never die as long as the language of Italy is spoken. A small cypress tree marks the spot where all that remains on earth of the beautiful Laura reposes, and over it an Englishman, Charles Kelsall, has placed a low small column on a square pedestal, with an inscription in French and Latin. Avignon, it must be remembered, belonged to Rome for many centuries, till it was seized by the French Republicans in 1791. It then contained sixty churches, many of which, it is not surprising, should

have since fallen into a complete state of ruin. It is, however, in other respects far more flourishing than it was in those days, and not the less religious it is to be hoped.

Leaving the fruit garden, and all the romantic associations of Petrarch and Laura, I visited the hospital for invalid soldiers, which has accommodation for a thousand old or wounded men. On the walls of a garden of some size attached to the building, intended for their recreation, are written, in large letters, the names and dates of most of the great battles of Napoleon and his generals in which they were successful. I did not see Moscow, or Waterloo, or the numerous battles of the Peninsula there. Under the names of the battles are written various sayings uttered on the occasion, of the same style as "Up guards, and at them!" And thus the old veterans are constantly cheered by being reminded of the victories and the so-called glories of former years, and can sit and talk and fight their battles o'er again. I much regretted not being able to spend some time among them, and to collect their histories and adventures. I doubt not that some most interesting details of Napoleon's wars might thus have been gleaned which have now passed away for ever, for of all those old soldiers not one probably remains alive.

The city is entirely surrounded by walls. There are also very many interesting remains of mediæval architecture in various parts of it, which I was unable to visit. I went into a considerable number of churches, which were invariably small, and of a florid gothic architecture; at least I do not know to what other style they belonged. I passed through a number of dirty narrow streets, and saw many others branching off in different directions, all bespeaking the antiquity of the place. Indeed, altogether, Avignon was the most interesting city I visited in my rapid passages through France. The Hôtel de l'Europe was also the nicest we were in during our journey, and the maître the most civil and obliging, though he did speak enough English to make himself understood. I feel that I have done my guide some injustice, for I certainly saw more by his means than I could have done, had I been alone, in the short time I had to spare for visiting so many objects of interest.

May 30th.—We left Avignon and its ancient walls and papal tombs before 8 A.M. by the same gate at which we entered, and keeping round by the Rhone took a course to the northward. Though there was much rich cultivation and thick groves of mulberry trees seen in every direction, the scenery was not generally interesting, being flat, with stony ridges in

the distance. Some distance to the north of Avignon, we passed through a place of great interest, though of small beauty, the somewhat insignificant town of Orange, the capital of the small principality of that name, from which William of Nassau, the founder of the Dutch Republic, took his title. René of Nassau, nephew and successor of Philibert de Challon, Prince of Orange, was killed at the siege of St. Dezier in 1544, and left his heritage to his cousin William. Our king William the Third inherited it, and thus, curiously enough, an English monarch held a principality in the south of France. Happily, on his death, it passed to Frederic King of Prussia, whose successor, Frederic William, ceded it to Louis the Fifteenth at the peace of Utrecht.

The town has some manufactures, and abounds in Roman remains. I was much struck with the beauty of an arch under which we drove to the north of the town, and commonly known as the arch of Marius. It is sixty feet high, and consists of a central arch, and two smaller side ones, separated by four very elegant Corinthian pillars. The effect of this graceful structure was heightened by coming on it suddenly out of an old, somewhat shabby, little French town. In the neighbourhood are also the very perfect remains of a magnificent Roman theatre which has withstood the assaults of ages, and the spoliation of barbarians. Probably had there been any wish to build a fortress in its vicinity its fate would have been to be pulled to pieces.

At about 5 P.M. we reached a good hotel, just outside the ancient walls of the town of Montélimart. It stands on the left bank of the Rhone at the confluence of the Rubion and Jabron, and is surrounded by ramparts, which are flanked by watch-towers and entered by four gates facing the cardinal points. On the summit of a high mound within the walls stands the fine old castle which overlooks the whole town. The streets, as in most ancient fortified towns, are narrow and somewhat dirty, a quality also pretty general in old French towns. It is a bustling commercial place.

Leaving it at 7 A.M. on the 30th, we travelled along a good road with pretty scenery, and crossing the Isere on a handsome bridge, passed through the town of Tain, chiefly remembered because it stands at the foot of the hill on the sides of which the celebrated Hermitage wines are produced. Hence we had a pretty view along the bank of the Isere, till we reached St. Vallier's, a somewhat dirty looking town where we took up our quarters *at l'Hôtel* du Sauvage. The hotel was nicer than the town, and the *people civil.*

After dinner I sallied forth through the narrow streets, with quaint houses and primitive looking inhabitants, till I reached some rising ground, and found myself in front of a fine French château of the old school. It rose grandly among the mass of small ill-conditioned houses around it. It was a handsome venerable building, with an imposing pointed roof tower at each of the four corners. The grounds, through which I walked were laid out in a very pretty way, with a beautiful view of the Rhone and the mountains beyond it from them. Altogether it was a good specimen of a country residence of the old noblesse. Probably a feudal castle once stood on the spot, and, as usually took place, the retainers, and herdsmen, and field labourers gathered round it, and then small tradesmen and artisans settled among them to supply them with the necessaries of life, and thus the town was formed. In process of time, the fortified castle decayed or was burnt, and the mansion house of later days, still retaining its former appellation, rose in its place. I took a sketch of that old château of St. Vallier's, which I retained for many years. The major domo, or old steward, told me that it contained a very fine collection of paintings brought from Genoa, but it was too dark to attempt an inspection of them. To the east of St. Vallier's are the ruins of a fine picturesque old castle, situated on the side of the narrow and savage gorge of the Galaure.

The 1st of June, the anniversary of Lord Howe's victory, never to be forgotten by those who love the gallant navy of England, we spent in travelling along the banks of the Rhone, the opposite shore of which, for most of the distance, was high and picturesque, till we reached the same hotel at Lyons at which we had before put up. Although it was crowded, we got very good rooms. Steamers occasionally ran up from Marseilles to Lyons in those days; but the Rhone in many places is very shallow, and there was not depth of water for them at that time. The American who built a steamer, drawing so little water that she could cruise over the grass, like an eel, when the dew was thick on it in the morning, would easily have overcome the difficulty; but the French, though very ingenious people, are not such clever fellows as our transatlantic cousins. As I have before described Lyons, I will not say any more about it.

We started at 7 A.M., and proceeded up a very steep hill, with interesting views around us; indeed, both the city itself and its manufactories and the scenery in the neighbourhood, make it a place well worthy of being

visited. At the little, and I fancy uninteresting, town of Ause, we found that a large English family, travelling with three carriages, had started in the morning before us, and had sent off an *avant-courrier* to secure horses for the whole journey. There were none, therefore, for us, and we were compelled to remain here for four long hours, till some of the tired horses returned to drag us on as best they could. When at length we did start, our carriage being covered thickly with a fine white dust, down came a gentle summer shower, which completely coated it, as well as the imperials, and my clothes, with a crust of mud, not increasing our good looks or cleanliness at all events. We went to the Hôtel du Sauvage, where we had before been. As the lady's maid observed, "Though they do call these savage hotels, my lady, I find the people very civil." That Abgail had not the gift of acquiring foreign tongues. The Italian servants learned English from her, but she never learned a word of Italian from them. She had acquired one French phrase, that was "l'eau chaude." It served her when she wanted breakfast, or tea, or hot water for washing, or cold, for then she asked for "L'eau chaude cold."

Macon, distant about forty miles from Lyons, stands on the right bank of the Soane, with some fine quays and a green island before it. I thought it, with its rows of trees, store-houses, and fine river, a very picturesque place.

Châlons, where we next stopped, is situated much like Macon, and a curious picturesque bridge leads to an island in the centre of the river, on which there is a church and some other buildings. The Rhone is navigable for steamers up to Châlons.

Our next resting place was at Saulieu, in the department of Côte d'Or, in the centre of some of the finest wine-producing districts of France.

The next day we drove along chiefly by the banks of the Yonne, which runs into the Seine to the south of Paris. We stopped at Auxerre, the capital of the department of Yonne. It is the handsomest town we visited, with the fine old cathedral of St. Stephen standing on some high ground in the centre of it, and of which we got a good view when some way off. It is a very ancient bishopric, dating from the third century. I am inclined also to have greater respect than usual for the cathedral, from its being dedicated to a real saint and the first of martyrs. There are some handsome wide streets and squares in the old city.

Our last resting place before entering Paris on the 6th, was Fossard, a small uninteresting town. The road then passing through Melun, is per-

fectly straight, with rows of clipped trees, one exactly like the other, on either side, and altogether as uninteresting as can well be conceived, till the great capital of France is entered; the latter part is along the banks of the Seine, but is not more attractive. I pity the peasants who have to travel along it day after day, though I hope the monotony of the road may be beguiled by their light hearts and French wines. We drove to Meurice's hotel, then the chief resort of English travellers. Here we spent some days.

It would seem absurd at the present day to sit down and write an account of Paris, which every Englishman with ten pounds in his pocket can visit, and see as much of as I did, and be home again within a week. I spent my time much as most English people do in that attractive city. I was not weary of looking at pictures; indeed, who can be who has any taste at all; it rather increases than diminishes by enjoyment. The truth is, a good picture, or indeed anything beautiful, can never pall on the sight. The paintings in the Louvre are generally excellent; but the statues are very inferior to those to be seen at Rome and Florence. Napoleon, during his wars of spoliation, collected all the finest statues from every part of Europe; but, at the peace of Paris, they were mostly restored to their rightful possessors, and the French monarchs have since been compelled, like other civilised people, to add to their galleries of art by purchase. One of our drives was to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, so called, I fancy, from the priest who designed it. It was one of the first burying places of that description, now become so general in all civilised countries. No greater mark of the barbarism of our middle-age ancestors remains than the custom of keeping the mouldering remains of our dead in or around our churches, where the living meet together to worship the God of the living, or amid our habitations, to pollute and vitiate the air we breathe. We, therefore, are deeply indebted to the French and to good Father La Chaise for setting so excellent an example, and for making a cemetery, what it should be, as attractive as possible, instead of as repulsive as it could be made, according to the old custom. The grounds are laid out like gardens, thickly planted chiefly with lime trees, beneath the shade of which are monuments and tombs of every fanciful shape, and with every variety of inscription. Where there is room, roses and other common flowers are planted. The whole of this garden of the dead is on a slope, and from the higher part, where the larger monuments are placed, there is a fine view of Paris. Many of the

tombs have iron grated doors, and inside one of them, with her back towards me, I saw a lady reading or praying. So immovable she sat, that at first I thought I was looking at a wax-work figure. On the right, near the entrance, is the tomb of Abelard and Heloise. On the top are two recumbent figures, representing the bodies which lie beneath, and above is a gothic canopy of stonework. Who has not heard of his unfortunate love for the beautiful Heloise, who became his wife; how barbarously they were separated; how he became a monk, and she became a nun, and finally an abbess; and how at last at her death their ashes reposed together? Few, however, have heard of Abelard's talents, of his celebrity as an orator, logician, poet, philosopher, theologian, and mathematician. The tombs are generally hung with wreaths of everlasting flowers—*Immortelles;* but the garden was not kept in the good order I should have expected.

Whenever we drove in and about Paris, improvements were going forward, and have ever since continued, so that it is now undoubtedly the most attractive city in the world. Another conclusion I came to was, that the gothic architecture prevalent in the churches in France, and generally free from the tinsel and painting and coloured marbles which disfigure those of Italy, is infinitely superior in point of beauty to the basilica style, in which most of the latter are built. Let a place of worship be of pure white marble or stone, and unpainted wood, with perhaps a touch here and there of red, or gold, or blue, to relieve it. Such is the style of architecture most fitted for prayer and praise, and for listening to instruction; most becoming, most acceptable to One who we are told is a Spirit, and whose worship should be spiritual. After the innumerable churches I had seen in Italy, I was much struck with the beauty of that of Notre Dame, and preferred it to them all.

On the 11th, having paid our bill over night, which included every possible charge, so that we had not again to put our hands in our pockets, we drove out of Paris by the same road by which we had entered it, slept at Vernon and Caudbec, and reached Havre on the 13th, where we encountered a number of friends, either entering or leaving France. On the 14th we quitted the Continent in the Southampton steamer, the Culver cliffs hove in sight the next morning at daybreak, and by 6 A.M. we safely landed at Southampton; and thus ended my first tour on the Continent.

CHAP. XVIII.

Tours in England. — St. Peter's and St. Paul's. — Oxford. — Blenheim. — Gloucester. — The Man of Ross. — Tour of the Wye. — Goodrich Castle and Hall. — Voyage on the Wye. — Monmouth Castle. — Tintern Abbey. — Chepstow and its Castle.

My next tour was in England. Some of my readers, I dare say, will say, "Oh, that is not worth looking at." I am sure, on the contrary, that we ought to know as much about our own country as of any other, if not more, rather; and that therefore tours in England might be made most interesting, to those especially who cannot move about and see for themselves.

I had to regret that I did not know more of England before I went abroad. I remember that I was under the impression that St. Paul's Cathedral was gothic, and used boldly to assert so in Italy. It was not till I paid a visit to London, and went then to compare it with St. Peter's, that I discovered any egregious mistake. When, at length, I did stand near St. Paul's, much as I admired its architecture, how smoke-dried, dingy, and cramped up did it appear, as it towered upward amid smoke and mist, compared to the white glittering beauty of St. Peter's, with the free broad space around it, and the clear blue sky overhead. The interior of St. Paul's I admired far more than the outside, but when I stood under the dome, I could scarcely conceive what had become of the vast pile formed by the exterior. Much indeed of the same sensation came over me, which I had experienced when entering St. Peter's for the first time, till the eye and the mind had learned to grasp in some sort its vast extent. St. Paul's too had the disadvantage of being divided by so many railings, that I could not walk backwards and forwards, as I should have wished, to judge of its size.

One of the most interesting monuments at that time, was one to the memory of Sir John Moore, whose real tomb I afterwards visited at Corunna, where he fell, and where his comrades in arms laid him at dead of night, with his martial cloak round him. Nelson was there, and since then Wellington has been placed under the same superb canopy.

I had been asked to take a tour with some friends in Holland, but, much to my disappointment, the plan was changed, and we, instead, started to make one up the Wye and through the South of Wales. As we were in no hurry, my friends took their own carriage and horses, calculating that we

could drive about thirty miles a day, with an occasional rest; and a very merry young party we were.

The first night we slept at Beaconsfield, a very pretty village, with a number of Elizabethan cottages, as unlike anything I had seen in Italy as well could be conceived. So were the numerous parks, with clumps of trees, and broad green meadows, and elegant mansions in the perfection of order, which we passed.

The next evening we entered Oxford. The students were absent. The shades of night were drawing on as we drove through the High Street, and then a bright moon shone forth, and while all architectural defects were concealed, added considerably to the picturesque appearance of the quaint old buildings with which we were surrounded. We walked about after tea without meeting a single person. The most perfect silence reigned everywhere, and we could almost have fancied ourselves in some ancient deserted city. The colleges are generally of the Elizabethan style, and consist of two quadrangles, one opening from the other, with lecture halls and chapel in the space between them. I sallied forth before breakfast the next morning to pay a visit to the hall of M—— College, at one end of which hangs a picture of my grandfather, which I had often longed to see. We afterwards visited the chapel of New College, which has windows of the most beautiful painted glass. One window was designed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in which he has introduced the portraits of the most beautiful women of his day. Four of the figures represent Faith, Hope, Charity, and Justice. Amongst them we recognised our grandmother Lady R——, as Justice, with scales in her hand, while the lovely Lady E—— represents Charity. We recognised the features of our revered ancestress as perfect; though, of course, it may be a piece of arrant conceit to mention the circumstance. The Bodleian Library is one of the objects of most interest in Oxford. In the picture gallery, among many other interesting portraits, are those of Luther, Christopher Columbus, Duns Scotus, and of several kings of England. Duns Scotus was a Northumbrian, educated at Merton College, and though he obtained the title of "the most subtle doctor," the works by which his fame was obtained are now disregarded as a mass of misapplied talent and intellectual lumber. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* I wonder what will be thought of the works of some of our great metaphysicians some five hundred years hence. In the library are Tippoo Saib's Koran, and Henry the Eighth's Breviary. Leaving Oxford in the afternoon, we drove towards Woodstock, and just before

entering it, turned off to the left to Blenheim House, bestowed by the nation on the Great Duke of Marlborough to commemorate his victory at Blenheim. The trees in the park are said to be planted so as to form a plan of the great battle. The mansion is of great size, with a fine portico in front and extensive wings. I thought it more imposing than any of the palaces I had seen in Italy, and well worthy of the nation which gave it, and the victorious general who received it. From the windows is seen a column with the names of the Duke's battles engraved on it. The views in the park are very fine.

Cutting across the park we drove on to Burford, which we reached at dark. Our mode of proceeding was somewhat in the gipsy style. When we came to a pleasant wood or copse about luncheon time, we took out of the carriage a provision basket, which we kept well stored, and sent the horses on to bait at the nearest public-house, while we pic-nic-ed in the most picturesque spot we could find. This was our daily practice, so that we only required a substantial tea when we came to our journey's end in the evening. We spent the greater part of Saturday at Cheltenham, and drove on in the afternoon to Gloucester, that we might pass the Sunday there, and attend the service at the cathedral. I much admired the cathedral, and especially a monument by Sir Richard Westmacott, to the memory of a lady who died at sea giving birth to an infant. Two angels are descending in the most graceful positions to bear her spirit to the realms of bliss. I was much struck with the music, especially the Amen of the choir. How superior it is in solemnity to that of the churches of Italy!

A large canal leads from the Severn to Gloucester, up which ships of considerable tonnage can come and appear most strange in the heart of an agricultural district. On Monday morning we drove on to Ross. It is but a small town, situated on ground sloping down to the Wye. In the highest part, among green fields, is a church with a tall brick spire, and from near the church the Wye can be seen meandering away among the greenest of green meadows, till lost in the distance. Small as is the town, it is far better known than many large places in the world, having been immortalised by the pen of Pope, and yet not on its own account, but on that of the Man of Ross, of whom the poet wrote. The far-famed Man of Ross was Mr. John Kyrle, celebrated for his benevolent character, and to him the town owes many of its charitable institutions and improvements. What more noble aim than to desire at the end of life to have truly deserved such a character!

Soon after leaving Ross, we crossed the Wye by a bridge with the picturesque ruins of a castle on our right; and four miles further on reached Goodrich Castle, or rather the modern edifice so called, which stands in a most romantic position looking down the Wye. Our road took us up and down hills with the river generally in sight, its high banks covered with trees and grey rocks here and there, just where they are wanted to break the uniformity of the green foliage. I had known an ideal Wye from Mr. Gilpin's drawings, but he was too fond of indulging in pictorial effect to be a faithful sketcher. We went on to the irregularly built, antiquated little town of Monmouth, with its narrow streets and houses of all sizes, shapes, and colours. We engaged a boat to go up the Wye to Goodrich Castle the next day, and to bring us back in the evening. Returning in the morning by the road we had come the previous day, we arrived at Goodrich Hall for so the new edifice is called to distinguish it from the ancient castle. It was begun four years before by Sir —— Meyrick, and is built, on the plan of a fortress of old, with towers, moat, court and halls, and affords from the windows a fine view of the Wye running at the base of the hill on which it stands, as well as of the ruined castle near it. The old edifice is, I believe, intended to give an exact representation of a baronial residence of about the fifteenth century. I suspect a considerable amount of comfort and convenience must have been sacrificed to the plan.

Having entered our names in a big book, we were shown first through some rooms filled with Indian armour and Indian figures, dressed in perfect costume, with oriental weapons of various sorts; also with arms taken from Waterloo and other battle-fields. The most curious and interesting part of the building is the great hall. At one end are several knights in ancient armour, some on foot and others on horseback; two are engaged in mortal combat, charging with lances in rest, while some monarch or chief, with heralds by his side ready to obey his behests, sits above as judge of the strife. A gallery runs down either side of the hall, and under it are life-sized figures in the armour worn by various nations. I do not know that I can say much in favour of an oriental group, consisting of some three-tailed bashaw seated on his divan, with a minister of justice, or rather injustice, probably, kneeling before him, and the head of a person just decapitated rolling at his feet. It may be characteristic, but is not a pleasant spectacle to see every day as one passes to breakfast. It reminds me of a lady traveller in the East who was naturally alarmed at hearing that a band of robbers infested the road she was about to travel. The

neighbouring pasha, in the height of his gallantry, sent out during the night, and had all the banditti captured, and next morning an officer was sent, who, to assure her of the fact, rolled out all their heads from a sack at her feet. Now the representation of a little incident of that sort would be still more characteristic of oriental customs.

From the modern hall we went to the ancient castle, standing among a thick grove of trees on the summit of a hill above the river. The banqueting hall and two towers remain almost entire, while several outer walls prove its size and importance. In the gateway we remarked the slides on which the ponderous portcullis moved up and down, the porter's lodge on one side, with the small window where he could scrutinise all strangers, and the holes above, through which lead was poured down on the heads of besiegers. We pic-nic-ed most pleasantly in a window recess in the vast banqueting hall, and then descending to the river found our boat waiting for us. We were somewhat disappointed with the scenery we met with during the first part of our voyage; but on reaching a rock called Symond's Yat or Gate, on the left bank, which here begins to be of considerable height, and composed of wooded banks and projecting cliffs, the river winds so much, that after pulling some distance, Goodrich Castle appeared directly before us, and farther on Symond's Yat was seen exactly opposite, it seemed, to where we had left it. We agreed that the Wye only, but fully, deserves the character given by a rather unenthusiastic traveller who visited the Niagara, of being "very pretty." There is nothing grand or majestic about it. Nothing to make a person go into raptures; but much to afford pleasure, much of tranquil beauty.

The sun had set before we reached Monmouth, and the mists of evening increased the softness and mellowness of the scene. Of the ancient walls of Monmouth a single gateway alone remains, with a stream, which added to the strength of the place, flowing before it and falling into the Wye. The once famous castle where Henry the Fourth was born, is but a heap of ruins, and one tower alone is to be seen in any degree perfect.

Sending the carriage by the road to Chepstow, we embarked after breakfast in the same boat in which we had before voyaged to proceed thence by the river. There was so little water that we had some difficulty in grinding on our boat, in several places, over the shallows. We passed the village of Tintern, and then the beautiful Abbey standing in a rich meadow, surrounded by trees, scarcely raised above the surface of the stream in winter. The tide was running out so rapidly that

the boatmen advised our not going on shore, as we might have been unable to get off again. At length we came in sight of the old castle of Chepstow, standing on the summit of a perpendicular cliff of no great height, but which must have been inaccessible to an enemy. Three distinct portions appeared separated one from the other. We passed under a fine iron bridge, and, landing at the town of Chepstow, went to the Beaufort Arms, a very nice inn. The Duke of Beaufort owns much of the land in this part of the country. Taking our usual basket of provisions we set off to the Castle. We found the gates locked, and strictly guarded by a Cerberus-like Custos, but a silver key opened them and his heart, and we were told that we might ramble where and as long as we pleased. Having dined in one of the most picturesque of spots, I set to work, and sketched away, furiously greedy of the numberless picturesque objects around me.

By the bye, I have a piece of useful advice to give to all young sketchers; it is to use a book for sketching, instead of separate bits of paper; or if a block is employed, which is by far the most convenient thing, at once to stick the sheets as they are cut off into a book. The next point is to write clearly, so as not to be easily obliterated, the name of the place or object sketched, with any notes descriptive of it, and the date. Never trust to memory; that is very deceptive. From neglecting the rules which I now give, I have found myself excessively puzzled among a pile of sketches, to know what places they represent, and when they were taken. After rambling about the cliffs, we visited every part of the ruins. Time has but slightly lowered the height of the walls, and on the summit of the donjon keep still stand some stone figures, defying time and the elements. On the top of Alnwick Castle, the Duke of Northumberland has placed numerous stone figures of knights, and men-at-arms, and so I conclude that it was the custom thus to place them in the middle ages, to act the part of quakers on board ships; quakers being wooden guns to deceive an enemy, and to make a ship look better armed than she is. Some of the walls are pierced for cannon, which were used in Cromwell's time. At each side of the entrance gate are lofty towers, and another tower on the opposite side. There are also two moats, an inner and an outer one, so that Chepstow Castle must have been a place of considerable size and strength.

We spent the whole day there, and did not return to our hotel till it was too dark to allow us any longer to enjoy the scenery.

CHAP. XIX.

Tintern Abbey.—Beautiful Scenery.—England's Advantages.—Raglan Castle, Abergavenny.—Effects of Mountain Air.—Conclusion of English Tour.

I MUST hurry forward, as I long again to be off to the country of the olive and the vine, and to the scene of adventures of a far more stirring nature than any I had yet gone through. The last place I described was Chepstow Castle. Leaving our inn rather later in the day than usual, we drove towards Tintern. We enjoyed, soon after starting, one of the finest views I had ever seen in England. Before us lay a mass of ground, broken into the most picturesque forms, and covered with trees of the richest foliage. Over this we looked down into the silver stream of the Wye, the high perpendicular cliffs rising on the opposite side, crowned by shrubs, under which we yesterday passed, while beyond was a wide extent of fertile country bordered by the ofttimes golden waters of the Bristol Channel, and its blue eastern shore in the far distance. Grand, striking, magnificent scenery is to be found in abundance in all parts of the world; but the traveller may wander long and far before he beholds scenery more rich and lovely, more laughing and heart-satisfying than that which he meets, not only in Monmouthshire, but in nearly every county of dear old England. I have been a wanderer out of it for some of the best years of my life. I never have been inclined to turn up my nose at the people of other countries, or at the countries themselves; but I have felt it stronger and stronger the older I have grown, and the more my judgment has matured, that there is no country enjoys so many natural and physical advantages, nor incomparably so many moral and spiritual blessings as England. Readers, old and young, wherever you go, remember that; be true Englishmen, upright, honest, hearty; be examples of all that is great and good and noble in our land, and remember, that if you imitate the vices, the follies, and frivolities of certain portions of the community, you are disgracing the character of our country, and doing an actual injury to the people among whom you are living, who, in many instances, having already learned to respect the English, will be apt to look to your example as worthy to be followed. As an instance, let me assure you that one of the greatest impediments to the success of the labours of Christian missionaries among the heathen has been the immorality and inconsistency of the great mass of the pro-

fessors of our holy faith whom they have encountered. However, I must get back to the beautiful scenery between Chepstow and Tintern. An almost continual descent carried us down to the far-famed Abbey, which stands at the bottom of the greenest of basins, formed by a circle of hills, through which the Wye finds its way. Nowhere can finer trees or more luxuriant grass be found. Were it not for certain rheumatism-giving tendencies, which the character of the soil brings to mind, it is difficult to picture a more delightfully secluded spot. Indeed, the monks of old knew well how to select such for their abodes. There was rich pasture for their cattle, wood for their fires, and an ample supply of fish in the river, while the same stream brought them up corn and wine, and oil too, from the port of Bristol, and many other good things from foreign parts.

Far be it for me to speak disrespectfully of the monks of old. They were undoubtedly the guardians of learning, and though I doubt whether they did much towards the advancement of religion, they tended in a degree to impede the retrogression of civilisation during the roughest of the iron ages of European history. When they had no longer any real work to perform they fell into self-indulgence, and finally became clogs to education, wet blankets to civilisation, and utter obstructors of pure and enlightened religion. From the very nature and character of their institutions they could not help this, and so, though we may smile at the imitations we sometimes meet of them in our own country, and wish to see those who exist in other countries abolished, let us think and speak kindly of those who are gone, and dwell rather on the good they undoubtedly did than on the harm with doing which they are charged.

Of the once superb Abbey of Tintern, the church is the chief part now remaining. Its walls and lofty Gothic arches and columns, a large portion of which are entire, prove its past magnificence. The ruins are carefully guarded from the footsteps of idle intruders, but by knocking loudly at a portal in the surrounding wall, the usual silver fee obtained us immediate admittance. We flitted about in every direction and took sketches of arches and columns, and dined in a pretty grove near at hand, which picnic style of repast, although not the object of our tour, we should have been very ill able to have dispensed with. All the lore regarding Tintern which I possess is, that it was founded for Cistercian monks by a certain Walter de Clare, in 1131. Whether he expended his wealth from pious motives or with the vain hope of expiating past misdeeds, I know not. The monks have been and passed away, the

hoary ruins of their abode alone remain to tell us thus much; but, like skeletons, they cannot bring before us the spirit which dwelt within, or the features which covered the now dry framework.

At five o'clock we once more took our way up the hill by a cross road, passing through what was once a romantic valley, but has now assumed a very utilitarian character, being filled with iron-foundries. Up the wooded height we clomb, till, looking back across the valley of the Usk, we enjoyed the view of the sun setting gloriously behind the Welsh mountains. Sunset and sunrise in the north or south of Europe, at the poles or the tropics, is always beautiful, from boundless plain or mountain top. How seldom though in England do we see it rise. The oftener we do the better would it be for our minds and bodies. It was dark when we reached the Beaufort Arms at Raglan.

The next morning I was out before breakfast to pay a visit to Raglan Castle. It stands on slightly elevated ground at no great distance from the town. After breakfast all our party set off there with sketch-books and provisions, and literally camped for the day. The castle must have been of large size, and, as a considerable portion of the walls and towers remain, we were able to form a good notion of its shape and general arrangements. The chief entrance is guarded on either side by a high tower, the upper part of which projects considerably over the base. The towers were thus built for two objects. First, that those inside might pour down boiling lead or pitch on the heads of those below, and also to make it almost impracticable for assailants to scale them. The donjon keep is separated from the rest of the castle and surrounded by a moat, so that when the castle was taken, the defenders had that to which they might fly, either to hold out till relief could come to them, or to be able to make terms with the victors. There are two court-yards, separated by various buildings, and the outer walls also are almost entire, and being covered with a thick coat of ivy have a very picturesque appearance. I never so thoroughly sketched a place, and every tower, turret, and gateway I bore off in triumph.

Delightful as are the results of the photographer's art, I find it very pleasant at the present day to look back at the humble efforts of my pencil memorials of my wanderings in all parts of the world. As the sun sunk low in the west, warning us to wend our way homeward, its rays lighted up the summits of the ruined towers with a golden hue, while their bases were cast into the deepest shade. A pouring rain kept us prisoners the

next day till the afternoon, when we started for Abergavenny, which is situated on the confluence of the Usk and Gavenny. Over the former there is a fine old bridge of fifteen arches. Though standing on level ground it has a picturesque appearance, from being surrounded entirely by mountains, the bowels of which are stuffed full of coal and iron. We found in consequence, dotted about, a considerable number both of coal and iron-works, which, though practically most important objects, detract considerably from the pristine beauty of the scenery, especially when they are sending forth volumes of smoke and dust, or flames. The next day was Sunday, and after church I set off alone, and climbed the highest of the neighbouring sugar-loaf hills. Never do I recollect enjoying a more delicious atmosphere—so pure, so bright, and exhilarating. Before I was aware of what I was about, I found myself singing out lustily at the very top of my voice. My spirits literally ran away with me. I laughed and shouted and leaped, and felt that had there been a dozen such mountains I could have played leap-frog over them all, one after the other. I had enjoyed similar sensations going up Mont Cenis, and have always felt my spirits raised on the summit of mountain-heights, but seldom in so great a degree as on the present occasion.

The next morning we drove back to Chepstow, and crossed by a steamer with carriage and horses to Clifton. The entrance of the Avon is flat, but we soon found ourselves between the St. Vincent cliffs, which are high and picturesque. Landing, we drove up by a gently winding road to an hotel on their summit. We came to the conclusion that Clifton is an exceedingly pleasant and picturesque place. While the rest of the party went back to London, I returned to Hampshire to enjoy the dangerous and unsatisfactory pleasure of idleness, while I was considering what I should do with myself. I had no fancy for the army, and I was thought too old for the Navy, or I should forthwith have agitated away till I had got myself shipped on board the first man-of-war fitting out at Portsmouth.

CHAP. XX.

Prepare for a Trip to Portugal. — Sketch of the Civil War in Portugal. — Falmouth. — Voyage. — Companions. — Bay of Biscay. — Corunna. — Battle. — A Man-of-War Schooner of bygone Days. — Crossing the Bar of the Douro. — H. M. S. "Nimrod." — Arrival at Oporto. — Description of the Lines of Oporto. — Its gallant Defence. — Anecdotes of Civil War.

At length, my father resolved to take me with him to Portugal. I had been there in my childhood, but my knowledge of the country, as also of the language, was somewhat vague and traditionary. Had the country been in its ordinary state, I should not have anticipated much pleasure from the visit, but civil war had lately been raging there. Indeed, the adherents of the two brothers, Don Pedro and Don Miguel, were in arms, the latter having still a considerable force outside Oporto, which city they occasionally threatened. These two princes were sons of old Don John VI., who was king when I was last in Portugal. Since that time, the Brazils had separated from the parent country, and had chosen Don Pedro, the elder son of their late king as their emperor. He had accepted the post, having first abdicated the throne of Portugal, to which he was heir, in favour of his young daughter, Donna Maria II., she being at that time in the Brazils. He at the same time, gave the Portuguese a constitution. Don Pedro was in truth a liberal-minded, honest, and brave man. His younger brother, Don Miguel, was of a totally different character. His mother, Donna Carlotta, was a very bad woman, and she and other evil counsellors, to whom Don Miguel was ready enough to listen, persuaded him to break his vows, (for he had already sworn allegiance to the young queen his niece, and the constitution,) and to seize the reins of government. His chief supporters were the monks and priests, and the old aristocracy, whose privileges the new constitution had considerably curtailed, or altogether abolished. A conspiracy was, therefore, arranged by these personages, the constitution was upset, and he was proclaimed absolute king. Don Pedro on hearing of this, abdicated the throne of the Brazils in favour of his eldest son, and with the most romantic heroism set out for Europe. Almost single-handed, he raised a fleet and an army consisting of Portuguese who had fled from their country, of the inhabitants of the Azores who had remained faithful to his daughter, and of English, Germans, and

people of many other countries. Altogether, however, they mustered scarcely nine thousand men, most of them raw recruits, both officers and men, and these had to oppose an army of at least eighty thousand well organised and equipped and well disciplined troops.

In spite of this vast disparity of force, Don Pedro with his little army threw himself on the coast of Portugal at a place called Mindello, a little to the north of Oporto, at that very time in the hands of a large Miguelite army, while every fortress in the kingdom was in the hands of his enemies. This event took place on the 9th of July, 1832. Seldom has a more gallant achievement been performed. The heroic little army pushed on towards Oporto. The Miguelite general, either from cowardice or want of confidence in the fidelity of his troops, evacuated the city, and the Pedroites entered in triumph. In one point Don Pedro was disappointed. He expected that the whole neighbourhood would at once declare in his favour; but the Miguelites had laid their plans too well, and though volunteers came in from all directions, and the greater number of the inhabitants of Oporto itself took up arms in his favour, he lost in the engagements which took place in its immediate vicinity six or eight hundred men, and was finally compelled to fortify the city, and to content himself with holding it till a more favourable turn of affairs. The city was soon closely besieged by a large Miguelite army, and for many months a constant bombardment was kept up on it with shot and shell. At one period, ammunition ran so short, that had the enemy made an attack, the city must have fallen. The communication with the sea was kept up, and the next day a supply was landed. Often, however, provisions were so scarce, that people were reduced almost to a state of starvation. The Miguelites had all this time an abundance of food, they were well supplied with all the munitions of war, and a succession of generals went out to try their hands at taking the city. At last the French General, Marshal Bourmont, took the command of their army. He was accompanied by a large staff of experienced French officers. Although he and his officers behaved with the greatest gallantry in leading on the Miguelites, who made the most desperate assaults on the defences, they were ultimately repulsed by the heroic garrison.

In the meantime, Don Pedro had got Captain Charles Napier to command his fleet. The Miguelite fleet imprudently sailed out of the Tagus, to attack him, though five or six times superior to him in force.

In an action, which equalled in boldness Lord Dundonald's celebrated

attack on the Gamo, he boarded and took the ship of the Miguelite admiral, capturing in a short time, the whole of his fleet. On this, the brave Duke of Terceira embarked from Oporto, with some 2500 men, and landing to the south of Lisbon, by some brilliant actions defeating all opposition, marched towards the capital, and was welcomed with open arms by the inhabitants. He instantly took steps to fortify it, while the chief part of the Miguelite forces marched south, to attempt its recovery. Don Pedro, however, having command of the sea, as soon as they had retired from Oporto, embarked with a large portion of his army to the assistance of his brave General Terceira. He left a very small number of regular troops in Oporto, the garrison being chiefly composed of volunteers, who were, however, well drilled, and had had a considerable amount of experience in actual warfare. Such was the state of things when I was summoned to accompany my father to the country.

Late in the evening on the 7th of November, 1833, we reached the Green Bank Hotel at Falmouth. In that place, as well as in many other of our thoroughly naval ports, everybody looks as if they had been bred to the sea. Their dress and language all have a strong flavour of salt. Boots is an old sailor who can talk learnedly, if not of Nelson and Trafalgar, at all events of Algiers or Navarino; the porters and stable boys sing out—"Cast-off, heave ahead, all clear"—when the coach is ready to start; and the coachman himself, habited in a pea-coat and tarpaulin, tells you that if you'll get aboard you'll find a berth astern; meaning thereby, that there is room for you in the hinder part of the coach. More and more completely marine grew everything as we approached Falmouth, till all orders and degrees of men appeared habited in black glazed hats, and blue round jackets, and coats of shaggy flushing.

My father was in manners of the old school; that is to say, he was essentially polite to every one to whom he spoke, whether of high or low degree. The coach having been unloaded, and the luggage being placed on the pavement, he, observing in the dusk a nautical looking personage, apparently a porter, standing with his hands in his pockets doing nothing, pointed to his portmanteau, trunks, and bags, and said, "Here, my man, have the goodness to lift that and the other things into the house."

"With much pleasure," was the answer. "Where can the fellows be?"

The seeming porter had begun to lift some of the traps, when the light from the inside falling on his countenance, my father saw that he had made a mistake, and apologised accordingly.

"Pray don't mind; I'm always ready to lend a helping hand;" said his friend, who turned out to be one of the best known, and most gallant admirals of the day.

Falmouth is one of the prettiest of English harbours; a completely land-locked bay, with a castle, or rather a fort, on the west side of the entrance, and a pointed rock under water, to bring up a stranger in the middle. There are numberless indentations, and there are two rivers running into it, and the hills are picturesquely shaped, and green to the water's edge; and there are rocks and trees scattered about to add to its beauty. Several times I have entered it, after a long absence in southern climes, and how pleasant and fresh and green have I always thought it, compared to the dry brown hills on which my eye had been wont to rest.

His Majesty's steamer "Columbia," Lieutenant E——, was appointed to take out the mails to Oporto, Lisbon, and Gibraltar. We were not to paddle off, however, till the 9th; when, a little before noon, we went on board, and soon after our wheels commenced their revolutions. Steam was at that time looked upon with some mistrust, and no little disgust, by old salts. They were not quite certain what was going to happen next; whether engineers and stokers might not come to rule the roast, instead of admirals and captains, and true blue seamen be sent about their business. Then the smoke and the coal dust always were subjects of deep annoyance to an officer who had ever been a first lieutenant, and accustomed to the immaculate whiteness of a holy-stoned deck, and often in despair they gave up all hope of keeping them clean, and, to do them justice, allowed them to be as dirty as they could. However, in this instance, we had clean decks, and had to be thankful that we had a pair of powerful paddles, for we had a pretty strong sou'-wester blowing in our teeth, against which, without them, we should have made no way. As it was, we rolled and pitched away like a porpoise in a rising gale, in a manner very uncomfortable even to my pretty well seasoned inside: but still ahead we went, till we, somehow or other, tumbled fairly into the Bay of Biscay, when the wind went down, and we glided pretty rapidly over its ofttimes turbulent waters. The cabins were comfortably fitted up, according to the then existing notions of nautical comfort; we had very fair provisions, and our captain was a jolly good-natured fellow of the old school; that is to say, he was somewhat fond of his glass, and preferred rum and a little water in it, to claret or champagne. We had several passengers: one was a Portuguese, and another was a German. The

Portingale, as we called him, was a bad specimen of the newly raised gentleman class. He had kept safely in England during the siege, but was a great liberal. He spoke English very well, and delighted in exhibiting his liberality, by talking the grossest infidelity. His knowledge of English history was not very correct, even in later days. He instanced, to prove the proverbial injustice of the English government, the fact that they would never make Lord Nelson more than a captain, or commodore at the utmost, and asserted that he had read it in a French book. He was very proud of a new tub he had bought, which he expected, from its novelty, would create a sensation in his country, and he used to boast of how often he had washed himself in it. I really believe that he had found out the luxury of being clean, as he put on several clean shirts during the voyage, which was more than most of us thought necessary, and he was continually going about with a bottle of eau de Cologne, which was very refreshing. He was a very nasty fellow for all that. His free-thinking harangues were generally uttered after dinner.

On one occasion, though his arguments had been refuted over and over again, he grew more than usually blasphemous. Nothing would silence the wretched little puppy. Our worthy commander looked at him with a quivering lip. "I'll tell you what, sir," he exclaimed, "this is a King's ship, and thank Heaven, his Majesty is a Christian King, and honours the Bible; and (bringing his fist down on the table with a force which made all the glasses ring), by Heaven! sir, while I command this ship, I'll not have any of your c——d blasphemy uttered aboard; so, understand me, if you don't hold your jaw, I'll have you put under arrest."

As hitherto our worthy commander had spoken only in the most courteous tones to the little Portingale, as he had to every one else, this sudden outburst had a very salutary effect; and from henceforth he contented himself with confiding what he called his philosophical opinions in whispered tones to the willing ear of his German fellow-voyager, as they together walked the deck. Now and then in the evening, one supporting the other, they attempted to broach them; but a glance of the lieutenant's eye was generally sufficient to shut them up. The Portingale knew that Charlie Napier had taken Don Miguel's fleet, and he thought it probable that an officer brought up in the same service might not scruple to clap his fat fists into irons.

The incidents of our voyage were not very numerous. On the 12th, at noon, rounding fort St. Antonio, we entered the harbour of Corunna, where, off the town, we dropped an anchor. We fired, to give notice of our

arrival, but no boat came off to visit us. The Spaniards had, with that wisdom for which they are noted, put all English vessels under quarantine because the cholera had been known to exist in some part of England. We saw no boats pulling about—no one moving on shore, and there were but few vessels in the harbour. There was, however, one French brig of war, "La Capricieuse," and she sent a boat with a young sub-lieutenant alongside; but he said that he could not come on board, for if he did no one belonging to the ship would be permitted to communicate again with the shore. He spoke English very well. He asked for news. We gave him all we had, which was not much, at all events, that Frenchmen would care about. We asked if all the people were dead on shore. He answered, that they would be alive enough by and by, but were just then dining or taking their siestas, and that that was the reason no health-boat came off to us. Thus had her Majesty's mail-steamer to wait, expending her coals and the patience of her officers and passengers, till the oil and garlic-fed Dons (so we designated them in our wrath) had dined, and slept, and smoked, *quantum suff.* We therefore amused ourselves with laughing and chaffing with the gay young French officer, with whom we felt inclined to fraternise amazingly, and in looking at the town. We did not talk to him about the battle, because probably he would have spoken of it as the glorious victory won by the French, while we speak of it as a well executed retreat before overwhelming numbers. On our right, outside of us, was the fort we had rounded, and then to the left of it was the town with numerous towers and spires built on level ground, on the shore of a bay sweeping round in front of us. On the ramparts of the St. Antonio fort, on the right, is the tomb of the gallant Moore; and stretching away to our left, we looked over the ranges of hills and broken ground on which the battle was fought. The English army had reached Corunna on the 11th of January, 1809, with a loss of upwards of 5000 men; but the greater part of the transports were at Vigo, and before all the troops could embark, the enemy, who had all along been harassing their rear, were upon them. Sir John Moore saw that he could not get off his men without fighting, so he drew up his troops, with the town at their rear, on the morning of the 16th. Here the British stood their ground, truly like lions at bay, and though the French came on several times with the greatest impetuosity, drove them back with tremendous slaughter, and finally compelled them to retreat to the hills in the north. A victory, and a glorious one, was gained; but at a great sacrifice. Sir John Moore

was struck by a shot in the shoulder, of which he died before night, and Sir David Baird, the second in command, lost his arm. He was succeeded by General Hope. The instant the battle was over, the embarkation commenced and was completed in the most perfect order, without any further attack from the French before the morning of the 18th. Soon afterwards, Corunna capitulated to the French, as did other towns in the north of Spain.

At length, after we had been kept waiting nearly four hours, a boat full of swarthy-looking gentlemen in huge cocked hats and long moustaches, sitting cosily under an awning came off, and, with the greatest caution, at the end of a long pole, as if we were a floating pest-house, received our letter-bags, which were all to be fumigated before touched. No one likes to be called a pestiferous fellow, which the Spaniards by this act most certainly insinuated that we were. With puffs of indignation and contempt emitted from our safety-valve, we got under weigh, and paddling round the castle of St. Antonio, steered a course for the coast of Portugal, and then, to calm our minds, went to dinner.

The next day was perfectly summer weather, the balmiest of breezes, and an almost glassy sea. We steamed along the coast, which looked highly picturesque, dotted with towns and villages, perched on a succession of pine-clad heights, and here and there valleys running inland, and sparkling streams, their banks covered with olive groves and vines.

We passed the town of Viana, and by 5 P. M. came off Villa do Conde, distinguished by a lofty aqueduct, a conspicuous object from the sea. All had hitherto gone well. Suddenly there was a crack—a stop: the wheels refused to revolve, and there we lay,—our head to the sea, and our stern to the shore, rising and falling slowly to the gentle undulations which came rolling in, and sent us gradually surging nearer and nearer to a very ugly fringe of rocks, which guards in a continuous line every part of the Lusitanian coast. Low as the sun was, it gave us an idea of what the heat would be under similar circumstances in tropical latitudes, and as we drew closer in with the line of surf, we watched with considerable anxiety the proceedings of the blacksmiths, who, with sooty visages and shirt sleeves tucked up, and with anvil on deck, were working away very energetically to repair damages. At last they disappeared below, and soon some puffs from the steam pipes, and spasmodic revolutions of the paddles, showed that they were proving their work. Round and round they went more rapidly, till in a short time they revolved as merrily

as usual. It was quite dark by the time our log showed us that we were in the latitude of the heroic city of Oporto. We had no hopes of finding the mouth of the river Douro, on which it is situated, or of inducing any boat to come off to take us on shore; but the English government had, to facilitate communication, stationed a man-of-war off there. We now commenced a search for her, paddling up and down the coast, firing guns, and burning bluelights.

As the navy of England was represented on that spot by H. M. Schooner "Viper," of six or eight guns, searching for her out there in the Atlantic was something like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay, especially as her ship's company were, I suspect, taking their supper, or otherwise employed below. Certainly a long time elapsed, and our signals were not replied to; and then, up close to us, blazed a ghastly flame, exhibiting the dark hull and rigging of the little craft, and the blue, cadaverous countenances of her crew, as they peered at us over the bulwarks, the very impersonation of the "Flying Dutchman," only, as she was rolling away at her anchor, she had no canvass set. Her commander hailed to say he would come on board, which he did, and very unlike Vanderdecken he was, for a more good-natured old sailor never existed. He had been at sea the best part of half a century, and now he had risen to command this superb craft. Well, all men are not fitted for high stations, nor do I think my old friend Lieutenant J——, would have shone in command of a line-of-battle-ship, but I must say that worse men have been captains of bigger ships. We, the passengers, and the mail-bags were transferred to his boat, and bidding farewell to the "Columbia," we pulled on board the "Viper." We there gained the pleasant information that "the bar was up;" that is to say, that a heavy surf was breaking over the sand-bank across the mouth of the river, and that there had been no communication all day. Now, as there was not a breath of wind, this might seem strange. The truth is, the surf is caused by the undulations which roll in from the Atlantic, often caused by storms many hundred miles off, and which thus break in fury when meeting with the obstruction of the coast. Lieutenant J——, however, most kindly accommodated as many of our party as he could in his own cabin, and the officers of the gun-room offered me a berth. They consisted of a mate, who had been to sea long enough to be an admiral, a master's assistant, who acted as master, a purser's clerk, who did duty as paymaster, and an assistant surgeon. Never have I seen, in one berth, so many grey-headed old men collected together as there were on board

that little schooner. Not one of them but was old enough to be my father. All hope and animation had long, long ago, been worked out of them. They did their duty mechanically, and I doubt not would have fought and died as bravely as younger men. They still talked of war, and the promotion which war would bring, and all sorts of unlikelihoods. They laughed and sang, however, and joked too, in a subdued way, but all their jokes had "a very ancient and fish-like smell," and their stories had been told over and over again, not only on board H.M.S. "Viper," but on board every ship in the navy; still it was a great thing to get a new listener, and they were, therefore, all told over again for my edification, each one laughing exactly at the proper place and time. I laughed too, and told them some in return, which were looked upon as very first-rate, and they only wished that I would spend a week or two more with them, rolling away out in the Atlantic, with an ample supply of salt pork and beef and pease-pudding. The wish was kindly meant, and in those days the life they spent was not so contrary to my notion of comfort, as it would be at present. None of my messmates were teetotalers. Indeed, Father Mathew had not begun his crusade against whiskey in those days; neither had any of them that talisman-interest, in those piping days of peace looked upon as a *sine qua non*. It was a question whether too much grog or too little interest had been the cause of this non-advancement in the service. The mess table was not over well furnished; one set of cups and mugs and tin pots served for grog, tea, or coffee, while, though we had plates and knives and forks enough, they were not all of the same pattern; one tin-contrivance with spout served as tea or coffee pot, while two black bottles served as our candlesticks. They apologised for the want of symmetry in their mess-table, observing that the "Viper" had a fashion of wriggling herself about in a sea-way terribly destructive to crockery, an assertion I was very ready to believe. The next day we got under weigh, and stood in towards the mouth of the river, to have a look at the bar and to communicate with the ship-of-war inside, the "Nimrod" corvette. The roaring, hissing surf, which rolled in, and broke with one continuous sound of thunder, filling the mouth of the river with a mass of foam, prevented us from having any hopes of getting on shore that day; so, having exchanged signals with a flag-staff erected on a height on the north shore near the city under charge of a midshipman from the "Nimrod," we stood back to our anchorage.

I will try to give an idea of the appearance of the city from the sea. First, there was a line of boiling surf, then one of black rocks, and a third

of yellow sand; above it rose hills covered with furze and sprinkled with pine groves, and beyond its heights, gradually increasing in elevation, till in the distance they rose into blue and lofty ranges of mountains. In front of us was a village with yellow, and white, and grey walls, and red roofs to the houses, and a church surrounded by fortifications a little to the north of it. That was the village of St. John's. At the south side of the village was a castle with the river Douro rushing out into the sea close under its walls. The actual mouth of the river was very narrow, a long thin spit of sand running up from the south, and almost closing it in. We could see the banks of the river almost precipitous on either side, and could make out the more conspicuous buildings of Oporto on the north, some three miles up, while on the south, on the highest point, from a bend in the river, completely facing us, was the Sierra Convent. Now at one glance we were able to take in almost the whole ground occupied by the Pedroite forces during the protracted siege which had just been concluded. The village of St. John's, with the battery of Senhora da Luz, — so that church fort was called on the north side,—and the old castle on the south side, was the only part of the coast they held—say about half a mile. A hill, not five hundred yards to the north of the church, and strongly intrenched, was held by the Miguelites, and they also held the south side of the river to the very end of the spit of sand. By the bye, they formed an ingenious battery at the end of the spit to attack the old castle and to prevent boats entering the river with ammunition and provisions. They rolled a great number of empty casks in the night along the sand, and placed them upon their ends. The guns were carried by water or rolled along on planks. When the morning broke there was a fine imposing battery, which began to play away on the old castle. Whether the shot did any harm, I cannot say; but no sooner did the Pedroites reply, than the first shot knocked the pipes into fragments, and put to flight or killed the whole garrison. Either from treachery, or forgetfulness, or stupidity, those charged with the work had neglected to fill the casks, which were empty.

Besides the village of St. John's, the brave Pedroites held a narrow strip of ground between a quarter and half a mile wide, extending along the north bank of the river, till it reached Oporto, where their lines widened out, so as to encircle the whole of the city. Besides this, they took possession of and strongly fortified the rocky height on which the Sierra convent stands on the south bank. The two banks were united by a bridge of boats. It was from beneath this convent that Lord

Wellington passed his army across the Douro when he drove Marshal Soult out of Oporto. Not another inch of ground had Don Pedro in the whole of the realm when he commenced that heroic struggle, which ended in placing his daughter on the throne. The Miguelite army at that time still held together in considerable force, and were manœuvring to the east of Lisbon, in the hopes of recovering the capital, which they had so

ENTRANCE TO THE RIVER DOURO.

shamefully lost. Considerable bodies of their troops were hovering about Oporto itself, so that it was not considered safe to go any distance from the city for fear of falling into their hands, while they also constantly threatened to recapture it.

On the 15th we again stood in shore, and though the bar still roared and foamed terrifically, in the afternoon a signal was made that it was practicable, and soon afterwards a catria, or pilot boat, with a Portuguese pilot, but manned by fourteen English sailors, came dashing off to us in

fine style. We and the mail bags and our luggage were quickly whipped into her, and, bidding our venerable shipmates adieu, off we pulled. Now we backed water on the top of a huge roller, which broke in thundering foam in front of us; now on we dashed, literally for our lives. On came another hissing sea fiercely up astern. "Pull, pull, lads," shouted the pilot. The men wanted no urging. They knew that the death shriek of several of their shipmates had lately sounded amid those rollers, and that they were things not to be trifled with. On we dashed, and in another instant passing between the old castle, with numberless rocks at its base, and the sand spit, we floated on the calm water of the Douro. We pulled up the river alongside H.M.S. "Nimrod," and from thence being sent on shore, we found our way to the house of a friend who was expecting us and had everything ready for our reception.

I kept a diary of my proceedings during my stay at Oporto; but were I to transfer it to these pages it would occupy far too much space. One topic was the subject of conversation, the events of the siege; and at last I began to feel the greatest regret that I had not been able to join in it. I used to ride about with those who had been there all the time, and they pointed out to me the spots where the most desperate fights had taken place, while the heaps of ruins in every direction, the long lines of intrenchments, and the fragments of shot and shell scattered about gave evidence of the desperate character of the struggle. Although the English merchants constantly exposed themselves, none were killed. One, however, Mr. Wright, was desperately wounded, a shot coming into his room while he was at dinner. It struck a bottle, which wounded him severely in the chin, and then, bounding back, took off his arm.

Mr. Jebb, the English surgeon so long resident there, and so much beloved, took the arm out of the socket. He told me that Mr. Wright's calm temper and tranquil mind were the great causes of his recovery. My most interesting rides were with my friend C—— N——, who could truly say, *quorum pars magna fui.* He told me that he used to spend night after night down at Foz landing provisions; that the usual pay was ten moidores, about thirteen pounds, to each boat full. The risk was very great, as they had to pass within twenty yards of the enemy's sharpshooters. Numbers were killed in the attempt, while many boats were upset and the crew and cargo lost. Still the gallant fellows persevered, and if ships with provisions and stores were outside the rough state of the sea alone prevented them being brought in.

CHAP. XXI.

Consequences of War. — Bravery of the Portuguese. — Gallant Defence of the Serra Convent. — The Realities of War. — Witness a Skirmish. — Meet the Wounded. — Death of Pacheco. — A wise Retreat. — Attack on the City threatened. — Constitutional Generals at a Ball. — Legend. — Scamper through the Enemy's Country. — Unexpected Encounter. — Nearly Shot. — British Ship of War. — Awful Death of a Seaman. — Destruction of Wine Lodges. — Vineyards of Portugal. — Mode of making Port Wine.

I HAD a notion before I paid this visit to Portugal, that fighting was a very fine thing in itself, and I often used to long to engage in it. I now heard enough and saw enough of the effects of warfare to convince me that though it may be a necessity, it is a very stern and dreadful one, and that the sword is the last appeal to which men would have recourse if they were aware of the terrible results which must be produced when once it is unsheathed and the scabbard thrown away. In every direction were villas in ruins,—once blooming gardens now become wildernesses,—whole villages unroofed, battered, and blackened; cannon-balls sticking in the walls of convents, churches, and the mansions of the wealthy, while the marks of bullets, shot, and shell were everywhere discernible. By the bye, in most instances, the marks of the bullets were high above the heads of the troops who were fighting beneath. I observed many walls which had been coated with plaster, so thickly peppered, that scarcely a clear spot of an inch square could be seen, while lower down, at about the height of a man's breast, there were here and there but a few marks only, so that very few shot out of the numbers fired could have taken effect. This was where some of the most desperate encounters took place, and showed how large a number of the men must have fired in the air, or at all events too high, while it proved very clearly that they had not gone through a course of musketry drill. It is a very common failing of young troops to fire too high, and should be carefully guarded against. This remark I make as a hint to those of my readers who are volunteers, or may become so.

The Portuguese have often been accused of cowardice, — I think most unjustly so. I may state once for all, that from all I saw and heard of them during the terrible civil war, especially of the Constitutionalists, I have every reason to consider them as brave as any people in Europe. They

have both moral and physical courage, and in the cause of their young queen, of civil and religious liberty, which they felt to be so just and holy, they proved themselves true heroes. A relative of mine, a field-marshal in their service, always made the same assertion, and he used to say that, with English officers to lead them, he would as willingly command Portuguese as English troops. They go through great fatigue and suffer privations without murmuring, and subsist on provisions on which Englishmen would starve. Their officers, also brought up in the British army, proved themselves almost invariably brave and intelligent soldiers, as were nearly all those who held the chief commands in the Constitutional force. An old military friend told me, that he saw a regiment, scarcely raised six weeks, which was engaged in the battle of Busaco, and that they stood their ground against the desperate onslaught of the French, when they charged up the mountain heights, with as much coolness as the oldest troops. The troops in the city when I arrived were commanded by General Stubbs, a brave old Englishman in the Portuguese service. Colonel Sorell was the English Consul, and Colonel Badcock the military agent sent out by our government to watch the progress of affairs. In every direction the city was intrenched with redoubts thrown out, some a quarter of a mile from the lines. The whole line of road also between the sea and the city was fortified on the river side, as well as on the north, to prevent the Miguelites from landing, should they have made the attempt with the few boats they had at their command.

One of my first visits was to the Serra Convent, so called from its standing on the top of a high rugged hill on the southern bank of the river,—*Serra* meaning a rocky height. The cliff which forms its north side, rises precipitously from the river, while the convent walls completely overlook the city, being higher than any part of the northern bank. It was the only part of the south bank held by the Constitutionalists, and was from its position a place of great importance. It had belonged to a *wealthy* and *fashionable* body of monks, twenty-eight in number, called Frades Cruzes, of the Order of St. Augustine. Their revenues amounted to four thousand a year, and none but men of noble birth were admitted among the brotherhood. They always appeared abroad on mules, and their robes, which were clean and of the best materials, a soft white cloth, were put on with a certain air which showed that they were the clerical dandies of the place. On one side of the convent was a garden, with terrace-walks and flower-beds and orange-trees, and statues and vases, and fish-ponds well

stocked with lampreys and other luscious denizens of the water, while on every side they enjoyed the most picturesque and enchanting of views. But the storm of war was to descend on their heads. They had espoused the Miguelite side, and when the Constitutionalists arrived, they fled from their abode.

The Church, which was a solid structure, with a domed-roof, built after that of the Pantheon at Rome, was, with its surrounding buildings, turned into a fortress, the whole hill being taken possession of and fortified. It was more than once very nearly taken, the Miguelites having advanced to the threshing floor on the east side, but they were gallantly repulsed by two brave officers, Colonel Torres and Major Bravo. Upwards of a thousand men were killed in the defence of this one post, the garrison of which never exceeded six thousand.

What a contrast did the then condition of the convent offer to its former palmy state. The whole building was a mass of ruins; even the solid roof had been pierced by a huge shot, the flower-beds and gravel-walks had been dug up, the pond and the acqueduct which supplied them with water, destroyed; and I found the chapels had been turned into stables for horses, while the kitchen, where so many good dinners had been prepared, had been turned into the most ignoble of uses. So heavily had the shot and shell fallen on the building that the garrison had been driven out of it and compelled to hide in bomb-proof burrows close under the ramparts.

Immense masses of the enemy were over and over again brought against this little plot of ground, but they were invariably driven back with prodigious slaughter by the heroic garrison.

I had not been long at Oporto before I saw some of the realities of warfare. Coming out of church one Sunday, in company with some naval friends, we heard some sharp firing. Believing that it was merely a review taking place, I did not go home for my horse, but pushed on in the direction from whence the sounds came. As we advanced, however, the sound of the firing increased, and we became convinced that it was no play-work going forward, but some real earnest killing business—men and brethren were doing their utmost to shoot down and destroy each other. Passing over some rocky ground we reached a high hill with a redoubt on the top of it, whence we could witness the fight. We were looking to the east, with undulating broken ground before us, backed by a ridge of rocky heights crowned by fir trees. To the north-east, rather to

our left, appeared a strong body of cavalry just in front of the pine groves, their colours waving in the breeze, and their helmets and sabres flashing in the sun, while below appeared a body of infantry with skirmishers thrown out in front, their whereabouts being shown by the tiny puffs of white smoke which kept bursting out in quick succession from behind the low walls, and banks, and bushes, scattered over the ground, accompanied by a sharp crack, crack, crack, which has a very innocent and somewhat entertaining sound to those who have never been hit, and are ignorant of its results — very much the contrary to those who have had one of the little leaden pellets sent through them. Soon these puffs of smoke were responded to by similar puffs on our right, where we saw a strong body of Constitutionalist cavalry and infantry advancing cautiously over the broken ground. All this time, by the bye, the alarm bells in the city were ringing and volunteers were hurrying, musket in hand, to the lines, to be ready for their defence should the enemy venture on an attack. After watching this apparently innocent popgun practice for some time, a body on the right advanced, and then, the gay pennons waving aloft, and bright sabres flashing in the sun, down came from the heights on the left a body of cavalry; the popping and the tiny white puffs grew more constant; and now and then a small dark speck was seen moving rapidly back towards the heights — a steed without a rider; and then the puffs of smoke were seen coming nearer and nearer to us.

"This is fine. Come, let's run down and see the fun," cried one of the party.

"The fun?" quoth an elder, one of the party, who *had* seen fighting, and knew what it was. "Fun, do you call it?"

Down the hill we sped till we approached the scene of action, when we took our post behind some broken walls. We watched the varying fortunes of the skirmish for some time, till one of our party, eager to see what was going forward, mounted to the top of the crumbling ruins. Presently some puffs of smoke were seen not far off, and thud, thud, thud, was heard, though for my own part I could not say exactly where the missiles which made it were striking. At length we became conscious of the astounding fact that the Miguelites were having the audacity to fire at our party, consisting of several officers of his Majesty's navy and other British subjects; and the next instant, down, head forward, tumbled the gallant young midshipman prone upon the ground. "Poor fellow, he's hit!" cried some. "There's poor —— killed!" cried others as we rushed forward to

raise him. He looked dreadfully pale, but moved his eyelids, and as no wound could be discovered, our hopes revived, as did our companion, and he then faintly whispered, "My foot slipped; I'm not hit, only rather bruised." He was soon again on his legs, and we then continued on a little further along a high road, when we met a crowd of people rushing along in great haste, partly carrying and partly supporting among them several wounded men. One poor fellow with a terrible gash down the side of his head and shoulder was supported by a young woman who was covered with his blood, and who was crying piteously, while many others, hacked about in the same fearful way, were supported along by women and countrymen. Directly afterwards came a body of troops with bayonets reversed, some of them carrying between them a rough bier.

"Who goes there?" we asked.

"Our brave colonel, Pacheco. The villains have done for him."

Too true; the gallant old soldier who had gone through the whole of the war, and had been in every action, had been struck down in this most unnecessary skirmish. We afterwards met many more similar spectacles to those I have described. I certainly never was addicted to fainting, nor was I over sensitive, but at the sight of those poor wounded men, the shrieking wives and mothers, and the brave old soldier on his bloody bier, my heart strings seemed to give way; a deadly sickness came over me, and had I not leaned back against a wall I should have sunk to the ground.

Among the officers killed and wounded was a fine young man, Captain Glyn, aide-de-camp to General Stubbs. A bullet entered his neck, carried away some of his teeth, and went out again at his mouth without doing any further injury. It was an ugly wound, however, and he had a narrow escape of his life. Had it passed an inch farther on it would have gone through his jugular. Such were the effects of the gentle little puffs of smoke we had been watching so pleasantly, and the flashing of the sabres in the sunbeams. The troops which had gone out in the morning now marched in again, in very good order, though somewhat rapidly, the fact being that the enemy had appeared in such force that it was deemed prudent to retire. Colonel Badcock was riding about all day watching proceedings, and seemed very anxious as to the state of affairs. My naval friends were still eager to see the fun, but as the enemy were drawing nearer, and, for what we could tell, might change their demonstration into a regular assault, I suggested a retreat.

"What, show our sterns in flight to those rascally Migs, whom Charlie

Napier has thrashed with two to ten! Disgrace our uniforms! No! perish the thought."

"Very ignoble to run, granted," said I; "but the Migs have got muskets, you see, and their bullets are terrible hard things to swallow, and as I am in plain clothes, and haven't got the honour of the uniform to sustain —why, my dear fellows, if you don't object, I'll cover your retreat, or I'll lead the van; it's all the same to me, only be sharp about it. There's whiz —whiz—thud—thud. Oh, I say, it will be no fun if we are hit. Come, let's be off."

Thus exhorted, my companions began to consider that, if they ran away, they might live to fight another day in a cause in which they might possibly be personally interested, and so, facing about, "Double, quick—march!" was the word, and away we went, if not so fleet as the wind, at a very decent pace, till we left those abominable little jets of smoke a good way in the rear, and no longer had our ears saluted with the dull "thud, thud," against the neighbouring walls, or with the whiz of the little leaden pellets over our heads or past our ears. Had minié rifles been invented in those days we should have had to run till we had all been put out of breath, and even then should not have been in a place of safety. At the present day, to be spectators of the fight, one must have a remarkably powerful telescope, or run a most unpleasant chance of being numbered among the killed and wounded. At last we got within the lines, when the troops piled arms, but remained in readiness to march to any spot which might be attacked. All the volunteers were called out; indeed, every man capable of bearing arms went to the lines to be ready for their defence.

We now received the very pleasant information that the enemy, in very considerable force, were surrounding the city, and that there was every probability of their attacking it. Those who had gone through the siege thought nothing about the matter, but the new arrivals, who were not accustomed to go to sleep with the feeling that they might be roused up again pretty speedily to fight or fly, or to have their throats cut, felt considerably but not agreeably excited. A very thick fog came on, and it was thought that the Miguelites would take the opportunity of making a desperate attack on the city. Had they done so and succeeded, the whole current of affairs might have been changed, for Don Pedro must immediately have marched north again to retake it, and he would have been prevented following up his previous victories over his rebel brother.

The Miguelites', however, was then a losing cause; they knew it, and had not the heart to make a dash which might have led to success.

We found the next day, that they had been screwing up their courage to make the attempt till 2 A.M., when, finding that they could not get it to reach the sticking-point, they retired.

The events I have described took place on the 1st of December. On the 3rd the gallant Pacheco breathed his last. He had not spoken since he was shot. That very evening the hero was borne to his grave with all due military honours. I got a most unfriendly kick from a friend's horse on the shin, which laid me up for several days, and for several more I was unable to walk, but I managed to mount my horse, and to ride out and see what was going forward. On the 8th I rode with Colonel Badcock, who was very anxious to be off to Lisbon, to entreat Don Pedro to send up more troops for the defence of the city. He told me that he would not answer for the consequences if this was not done. However, there was so heavy a sea on the bar, that no vessel could get out, so he hinted that we must not be surprised if the enemy should some day march in and cut all our throats. I cannot say that I felt in the slightest degree nervous. There were two or three British ships of war in the river, one of them being that tremendously powerful craft, H. M. schooner, "Viper," on board of which British subjects would have taken refuge; and I had besides great confidence in the courage and watchfulness of the brave citizens, and not a little in the cowardice and want of enterprise of the enemy. Colonel Badcock argued on what the enemy ought to have done, and therein he was right. A good general will always guard against contingencies, and certainly it was running a great risk to leave the city so slightly defended as it now was.

All the next day we were kept in a pleasant state of excitement with the expectation of an attack, but no enemy appeared.

18*th*.—Intestine commotions were also breaking out. I was riding by the Camera, or Town Hall, where the magistrates were sitting discussing whether or not the property belonging to Miguelites who had fled the city should be confiscated. It was decided that as conciliatory measures were to be adopted, it should not. This enraged the mob, who wanted the property, and many of the magistrates had great difficulty in escaping with their lives. The Prefect, or Lord Mayor, offered to call in the military but had he done so, there is no saying what blood might have been spilt.

19*th*.—Went to a ball given by Colonel Sorell, the consul. Captain

Glyn, who was shot through the cheek, was there, dancing away with his jaw bound up with a black handkerchief. He had, however, since then been able to take only liquid food. General Cannavaro, a grey-headed veteran, who had now the chief command, was there; so was Torres, the hero of the Serra Convent. He was a thin small man, with a sallow complexion, large, rolling black eyes, and long, black, pointed moustaches, sticking out beyond each side of his face. He wore a very shabby old uniform-jacket.

The 21st was a very foggy day, so that we could scarcely see two yards ahead. At noon we were put on the alert by hearing the drums beat to arms, and all the bells in the city tolling twice at intervals of two minutes, for the double purpose of summoning the volunteers to the lines, and of warning the enemy that we were prepared for their reception. The effect of this tolling was very mournful, the more distant notes appearing like the echoes of those nearer at hand; and while from far and near came the sounds as I rode out, I met the citizen soldiers, with their muskets under their cloaks, as they hurried to their posts at the lines. There they stood the whole day, trying to see through the fog, the artillerymen with their guns loaded and pointed, no one being able to tell at what moment the enemy might come on.

The day passed away, however, and no enemy came; and at length I, as many others had long been accustomed to do, began to look upon the matter somewhat as a hoax, and never expected that they would come. The next day, however, a body of cavalry made a dash on a neighbouring village and carried off some cattle; but they were influenced by the same motive which makes a fox break into a poultry-yard, or a wolf into a sheep-pen,—they were hungry. Several skirmishes took place soon after this. I remember, on one occasion, hearing that a sharp affair was occurring, I mounted my horse and galloped off to see what was taking place. The troops, however, retired within the lines, and, finding a group of officers collected, I rode up to inquire what had occurred. Two or three English lads were standing near, one of whom was boasting that he had followed the troops and been in the thick of the fight.

"How the bullets rattled about our heads," said one of them; "what fun it was."

Glyn, still with his face bound up, turned sharply round to him, exclaiming —

"You young goose! What business had you to be there? What good

were you doing? Had you been hit, would you have thought it such fun, or would your father have thought it fun?"

I have often since thought of this just rebuke given to the boy. I hold that it is decidedly wrong in a person, that it is wicked, to run his head into danger unless for a good object. When an officer has to lead on his men, let him expose his life as much as may be necessary, but no man has more right to throw away his life than he has to commit suicide.

On Christmas Day I took a ride with two companions, my friends C. N. and W. P., which none of us are likely to forget, for a more breakneck risky gallop I never took; the entire part of it through the country still in the power of the Miguelites, who would have had infinite satisfaction in shooting us. We first rode steadily enough to the seaside, to a castle known from its shape as Castel do Caixo, or Cheese Castle. It looks not unlike a huge cheese washed up by the waves on the sand. This had been held by the Miguelites, but was now evacuated. Proceeding on along the shore to the north, we reached a curious little arched chapel, dedicated to our Lady of the Sand. On every side it is surrounded by sand, and the waves wash close up to it; but the wise men who built it pronged about till they found a rock, on which they laid the foundation.

It contains a miraculous image. Once upon a time, a friar of a neighbouring convent was walking in meditative mood along the beach after a gale of wind, when he chanced to espy an object washing up and down on the soft yellow sand as the foaming waves rose and fell. He gazed eagerly. He became convinced that the object he saw was that of an image of the Virgin Mary, although perhaps heretic eyes might have taken it for the figure head of a Dutch galliot. With pious zeal he rushed into the waves, which, roaring up, were carrying him off, when the figure seized him by the hand, and led him with a hop, skip, and jump on to the dry sand. Now, of course, he knew what the figure was. On examining it, however, he found that an arm was wanting, but notwithstanding he bore it in triumph to his convent. The monks agreed to build a chapel on the very spot where the image came on shore. This they did forthwith, and set up the image facing the sea, numerous offerings from seafaring men, or from those who had friends on the stormy ocean, being speedily collected at her shrine. Still the image wanted an arm, and, though the friars had employed a carpenter cunning in his craft to make several, not one could be got to stick on. Whether fastened by nails or glue, the next morning the arm was sure to be found on the ground. It was very evident that it

did not fit, but who was to blame was the question. At length a poor fisherman came, in a state of great trepidation, to the friars. He said

CHAPEL OF OUR LADY OF THE SAND.

that, gathering drift-wood on the beach, he had picked up a small painted log, which he had thrown on the fire. Instead, however, of burning as ordinary logs of wood are wont to do, it began to splutter and fiz, and finally jumped off into the middle of the cottage. Again he had put it on, when, with still more fuss, it performed the same feat. The friar to whom he spoke, the very one who had picked up the image, looked at the seeming log, when he instantly recognised it as the lost arm. Forthwith the monks repaired to the chapel on the sand, carrying the arm under a silken canopy, when, on being placed near the image, it instantly flew up into its position, and remained firmly attached without the aid of glue or nails. The account of the miracle was of course bruited abroad, and numbers in consequence came to witness the result.

I do not suppose that stories such as this are actually believed, except by the very ignorant, but they were told with perfect gravity by the friars, though a twinkle of the eye as they spoke showed the amount of faith that they put in them. Several similar impositions were attempted while I was in the country, but the Constitutional Government set their faces against them, and on one occasion the chief magistrate issued an order to the effect that no miraculous images were to be set up on any pretence whatever.

N—— pointed out to me a large flat rock some way from the shore, nearly opposite the chapel. Many years ago a number of Dutch families were settled in Oporto. On one occasion nearly the whole of them assembled to enjoy a picnic on this rock. It was an odd place to choose; a complete marine gridiron, with the summer sun beating down on their heads. In the midst of their conviviality a storm arose, and a huge sea rushing on from across the broad Atlantic swept the whole of them away. One family, the Vanzellers, who have become naturalised, and are among the most respected inhabitants of Oporto, escaped. Whether, being good Catholics, they were warned by our Lady of the Sand, or from some other reason, I know not, but they did not join the picnic, and thus, avoiding the catastrophe which overtook the rest of their countrymen, are the only family of Dutch origin in Oporto. But to continue the account of our gallop.

Crossing from the village of Matozinhos into that of Leça by a long stone bridge, a river dividing the two places, we turned inland or eastward, proposing to make a wide circuit into the city.

"Now," cried N., "stick the spurs into your horse's flanks, and go ahead; we are in somewhat dangerous country."

This was exciting information, and ahead we went with a vengeance. It was my first introduction to a Portuguese road of olden days. It varied in its nature very pleasantly. Sometimes it was composed of soft sand, then of hard rock worn into ruts and holes by the action of water and narrow cart wheels; next of large loose stones, mud, and water; ofttimes of the loose stones without the mud, and then of mud without the stones; now and then, in the neighbourhood of farm houses, it was composed of a mixture of cow-dung, straw, and slough, soft but not clean, nor pleasant to the olfactory nerves.

For some distance the only path passable was along a narrow causeway, with deep mud or water on one side, so that we had the alternative of slipping off on the right and being smothered, or of having our feet ground

against the rough stone wall on the left; then up the bed of a torr scrambled, our horses' legs slipping about in all directions over the r smooth rocks. How they kept their feet seemed a miracle, but Port horses are accustomed to roads such as no other steeds have to tr Frequently, too, we ran a risk of having our hats, if not our heads, k off by the pendent boughs of trees, while still more frequent straggling vines formed treacherous nooses, which threatened to ca and drag us from our steeds.

It was difficult to say which was the worst part of the road, the s the slough, or the slippery rock, or the rolling stones, or the wat mud and stones mingled, or the causeway full of big holes. As to was the best part, we certainly should have answered that bad w best. Over these best pieces we made all the play which whip an could produce. At last we found ourselves galloping through a s avenue of cork trees leading to a Moorish-looking edifice, a summer or quinta of the Bishop of Oporto.

The sun now set, and darkness rapidly came on. Still we were way from the city. Leaving the half ruined quinta, we descended valley, and continued some way along a rapid stream, which we coul rushing away among the trees and bushes, but could not see, and th crossed a low bridge of large flag-stones, and the pale moon appeare cast a subdued light over the wild scene. We passed through s hamlets and as our horses' hoofs clattered over the roughly-paved numbers of women came forth from their cottage-doors gazing at us half frightened looks not knowing who we could be, or whether we friends or foes. On we galloped through a succession of narrow with mud and big stones under our feet, and vines pendent from po over our heads, with a disagreeable amount of obscurity before our when I heard a sharp *click* close to me.

"A fellow snapped his musket at me," I sung out to N——.

"Then gallop on faster; the next time he won't miss fire, perhaps," the answer. Gallop we did, for a considerable distance, when sudd the road being soft and our horses' hoofs not being heard, we found selves almost upon a group of soldiers forming a Constitutional pi Instead of receiving us with a volley, as they ought to have done, threw down their muskets, and fled as fast as their legs could carry t shouting out "Cavalaria Miguelista." "Miguelite cavalry. Fire! fire!" N——, who had good presence of mind, and plenty of prac

experience, told me and our companion to keep back while he rode slowly forward, crying out, "Amigos! Amigos!" "Friends, friends. Don't fire." He then proceeded till he reached the main body of the outpost, explained who we were, and where we had been. As we rode through the village the soldiers abused us for frightening their comrades, and we heard them abusing them both for running away and for not firing at us. As we rode on, we met a fresh body of soldiers coming to relieve the others, and we took care, when they were still a long way off, to assure them that we were friends.

We got within the lines by half-past five.

It seems a long time ago, but I remember the incidents of that ride as clearly as if they had occurred yesterday. January, A.D. 1834, had now commenced. A ship of war, commanded by an old acquaintance, had, some weeks before this, entered the Douro, and with her captain and his officers I spent most of my time. What pleasant rides we took together, while they dined with me or I dined with them several days in the week. The assistant surgeon had only lately joined the service, and never having been on board a ship before, his eye had not learned to distinguish one craft from another. It afforded great amusement one day to see him, in a shore boat, pull alongside a Brazilian ship which lay on the same part of the river, nor was it till he stepped on board, and found himself surrounded by strangers, that he discovered his mistake. The Douro is very rapid, especially when there is much rain up the country.

I never ran so much risk of losing my life as I did, one day, taking a cruise in the jolly boat with the midshipmen of the corvette. Many Englishmen have lost their lives in that river. Such has been the sad fate of several acquaintances of mine, and from the numberless risks I ran, I feel how grateful to Providence I ought to be that I was not thus cut off. I was one day dining on board a brig of war at anchor in the river, when a boat load of seamen came off from the shore. One of them was drunk, and uttering horrible oaths and blasphemy. While the rest went below he remained on deck, and sat himself down on the sill of one of the ports forward. It had been freshly painted, and was not secured as it ought to have been. He leaned back, and through the port he went. Too well do I remember the circumstance. A shipmate asked him before he sat down where he was going. "To h—l," was his answer. I was on deck at the time. Instantly a cry was raised, "A man overboard." The moon was casting a faint light on the rapidly whirling, eddying waters.

To have leaped overboard in that current, would have been absolute madness. The best swimmer could not have floated in that current. I ran aft. I saw the poor wretch's arm lifted up for one instant, and then he sank from view. Some doubted, however, that it was his arm I had seen, and at that time the officers did not believe that anybody had gone overboard. A boat was lowered, but soon returned, no one having been seen. The crew was then mustered, and the roll called over. All but one answered to their names; and then the account I have given came out. Grapnels were used next day, and the body was found exactly under the spot where I had seen him go down. It proved what the boatmen assert, that from the peculiar nature of the current it has a tendency to suck down whatever floats on its surface. Awful, indeed, was that man's death. Often and often have I recollected that event; and it has, perhaps, contributed to make me earnestly desire to have our brave seamen instructed in the truths of Christianity, and taught to love and value morality and virtue.

When the Miguelite army raised the siege of Oporto, a short time before I arrived there, one of the generals had, with the most ignorant folly and wanton malice, set fire to a large range of wine stores belonging to the Oporto Wine Company. Though many of the members of the company were Constitutionalists, others were Miguelites, so that he injured his friends as well as his opponents; but his aim was undoubtedly not only to destroy the property of Portuguese, but also to set fire to the English wine lodges which are situated in the immediate neighbourhood, on the south side of the Douro, opposite Oporto. Captain Glascock, commanding H.M. sloop-of-war "Orestes," having information given him of what the Miguelites were about to do, landed with a body of blue jackets and marines for the protection of the English lodges, as the large sheds in which the wine is kept are called. He had probably not more than seventy or eighty men under him, but with this small body, assuming a bold front, he threatened to fire on the Miguelites if they attempted to touch the property of the English. The Wine Company's lodges had in the meantime been set on fire. They contained several thousand pipes of wine and brandy. The flames burst forth with a fury which no efforts could quench, and the burning liquid ran down towards the river literally in streams of flame, setting fire to every building in their course. The British seamen were engaged in protecting the lodges of the English and in extinguishing the flames, which were, every now and then, seen to

burst forth from the roofs of the buildings. Had it not been for their exertions the loss to our countrymen would have been enormous.

The subject reminds me that a few words about port wine may not be uninteresting. It is so called from the city of Oporto, where it is shipped, but it is produced about fifty miles up the country on the banks of the river Douro, which are there very lofty and steep, though not actually precipitous. The best vines grow on the southern slopes of the hills, or rather mountains, which are cut into narrow terraces from the river almost to their summits. In the winter when the vines are destitute of leaves, these terraces have a very dreary barren appearance. The most productive terraces are cut out of the slaty rock. Most of it is chopped up small, but slabs of some size are allowed to remain to cover the soil, as by their means the moisture is retained below, and in so dry and hot a climate that is essential for nourishing the roots. The vines are not trained gracefully over arbours or allowed to hang in festoons from trees, as in parts of France, but they are kept pruned down to the size of gooseberry bushes, and have altogether a very unpicturesque appearance. The grapes do not become thoroughly ripe till about the middle of September, and sometimes not till later than that. The dwelling house of the proprietor and the building in which the wine is made are generally placed on the side of the mountain towards the base. The wine press is a large stone tank, about two feet and a half deep and about sixteen feet long and twelve wide, raised six or eight feet from the ground. The grapes are collected by men and women in large baskets, like those used for dirty plates, and are brought down and thrown into the press. The grapes are small and almost black, and grow in very dense clusters. Sometimes when the grapes are very ripe, a certain amount of juice escapes without any pressure. This when drawn off is almost white, and makes a most delicate wine. When the press is full, some dozen or twenty men, with guitars and other musical instruments, tuck up their trowsers, and, jumping into the press, begin to dance away, treading up and down, often singing as well as playing in concert. When they are weary others take their places, till the whole mass of grapes is thoroughly pressed. It soon begins to ferment, and the skins and stalks of the grapes, and all other impurities, rise to the surface, and there form a thick cake. The liquid at the time may be compared to the sweet wort of beer. It is curious to listen to the hissing noise made by the fermenting mass, in its efforts to separate the pure from the impure portions. The pressing process continues for about two days; an

interval of six hours being allowed between each eighteen, during which the men are withdrawn. It is allowed to ferment in the press, from between two to six days. On a lower level than the presses are tonels, as they are called, huge casks or vats, like those seen in the stores of English rectifiers or manufacturers of home-made wine. The wine is drawn off into these tonels. At that time it is a dark muddy looking liquid, with a sweet mawkish taste, very unlike the bright pure astringent liquor it afterwards becomes. Brandy is now put in at intervals to preserve it. Without this, from the strong nature of the wine, it would go on fermenting till it became acid. Only those with considerable experience know the proper time to draw off the wine from the press, and to put in the brandy. The wine remains in the tonels till the following spring, by which time its flavour is developed, and it has become perfectly bright, though still very dark. The colour of the grape resides entirely in the skin, so that, by not pressing the skin, white wine may be made out of red grapes. Some grapes have much darker and thicker skins than others. Wine is therefore more or less dark, according to the colour of the skin of the grape, as also to the pressure which has been applied to it. Some farmers who wish to make their wines very dark, use the dried skin of the elderberry, which is of the same nature as that of the grape, to increase the colour, but this is a very foolish proceeding, as it injures the delicate flavour of the wine, and retards its progress towards that pure condition in which it ought to be drunk. From the peculiar nature of port wine, it has the power of throwing off all impurities, that is to say, it has a constant tendency to ferment. This tendency can only be stopped, by mixing brandy with it; but as the brandy evaporates, it does not increase its strength, unless added in undue proportions. The wine, when put into the casks, is brought down in boats on the river Douro to the lodges or stores in Villa Nova, opposite Oporto. Here it is kept from two to eight or ten years or more, being constantly changed from cask to cask, to get rid of all remaining impurities; and finally it is shipped off to England in cask to the wine merchants, who bottle it for the consumers. From the labour bestowed on the wine, and the interest of the capital employed, the cask of liquor, which cost six or eight pounds in the wine country, is worth from forty to fifty when sold in England.

CHAP. XXII.

Horrors of Civil War. — Success of Constitutionalists. — Arrival of Belgians. — Illness of Don Pedro. — Donna Maria established on the Throne. — Amusements of English at Oporto. — Invited to take a Cruise in a Sloop of War. — Leaving Port. — Dangerous Passage across the Bar. — My First Trip aloft. — The interior of H.M.S. "Orion." — My first Night in a Hammock. — Enter Vigo Bay. — Description of Town. — The Gambling House.

Had the inhabitants of the once United States of America, who, in this latter half of the enlightened nineteenth century, have plunged into civil war, seen the misery, ruin, and devastation caused by the contest in Portugal, drawing, at the time of which I write, to a close, or heard of half the horrors which were described to me, they would have paused longer ere they drew the sword and threw away the scabbard.

There was scarcely a house in the fair city of Oporto which had escaped shot and shell. In looking over a friend's library, I found that many a bullet had scored the books; while most of his sofas and chairs, through the effects of shells, were in a sadly decrepit and shattered condition. I remember seeing a curious shelf in a drawing-room: I asked how it came there.

"It is merely a stone of the wall, driven in by a round shot fired point blank against it from the opposite side of the river," was the answer.

The child of an old friend was being carried in the arms of its nurse; a shot came through the roof; a loud shriek was heard; my friend rushed into the room, and, horror-struck, found her child and the nurse on the ground covered with blood. The poor woman was dead, but the child was unhurt. It was sad to see not only men going about pale with wounds and deprived of limbs, but women also, and even boys and girls and young children, who had been struck by the shot of the besiegers, and escaped death to be cripples for the rest of their lives. But the worst, as far as the eye was concerned, had long passed. There were still the ruins, the devastated gardens and fields; there was poverty and squalor; there were the faces of the widows and orphans; fathers and mothers whose children had been snatched away; and of maidens whose best earthly hopes had been blighted. But the groans and shrieks of the wounded had ceased; the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry were

stilled; the sun shone brightly; the flowers filled the air with fragrance; the atmosphere was bright and pure; the sky was blue; all nature smiled as if the land had never been cursed with the horrors of war.

On the 21st of January we received the satisfactory intelligence that three of the Constitutional generals, Saldanha, Swallabach, and Bacon—a Portuguese, a German, and an Englishman—had attacked the strong fortress of Leria, had taken a hundred and ten prisoners, and had killed, wounded, or put to the rout fourteen hundred Miguelites. They were then marching north to Coimbra, but, seven thousand Miguelites advancing to meet them, they retired. Still we had constant reports that the city was about to be attacked; but though I seldom failed to mount my horse, and to gallop out to meet the enemy, I never again caught sight of them. Our garrison was strengthened by the arrival of four hundred Belgians, active looking fellows, with an excellent band. I went down to see them land. It was an interesting sight when they formed, and, as Donna Maria's standard was unfurled, the band struck up the Constitutional hymn, and the spectators shouted out the cry of "Viva! viva! viva!" which answers to our "*Hurra!*" These Belgians, however, very quickly embarked again for Lisbon. We could the better spare them, as there was no doubt that the Miguelite army in the south had been completely worsted near Santarem, and numbers of deserters coming into Oporto daily showed the disorganised condition of the troops which still adhered to Dom Miguel in the north.

Very sad accounts at the same time reached us of the health of the gallant Don Pedro, and it seemed scarcely possible that he would live long enough to secure his daughter on her throne. He rallied, however, and struggled on for some months, till all for which be had been so disinterestedly and nobly striving was accomplished: the Miguelites were completely defeated, and his traitor brother was allowed to fly the country on his signing an agreement never to attempt recovering the crown. The Constitution with liberal institutions was firmly established, and he saw the young queen surrounded with brave generals, and wise councillors, and a well organised army to protect her. Such was the result of the long and bloody struggle of which I had seen only the last small portion. Though the reign of Donna Maria was generally prosperous, the Constitutionalists frequently quarrelled among themselves, and it is only of late years that the full effects of liberal institutions have been felt, and the very considerable internal resources of that lovely country have been in any considerable degree developed.

The only evening amusement, which at this time the English and other foreign residents at Oporto seemed to think of, was one invariable round of card parties. There were balls now and then; but even on these occasions there were rooms where cards were introduced. I believe that they were the cause of a great deal of harm, and that many youths were the sufferers. The melancholy suicide of a fine young Englishman was, I fancy, mainly caused by losses at the gambling table. Soon after this a much better order of things was introduced. An ample supply of interesting books for the Factory library, pic-nics, yachting and boating, excursions into the interior, and private theatricals, afforded abundant objects of interest and occupation to all the young men whose temperaments required stirring amusements, and who were not sunk in sensual indulgence. For my own part I could never abide card playing. It irritated me to see people play, and I always looked on it as a senseless and sheer waste of time. I therefore, as soon as all chance of fighting was over, began to grow heartily tired of my life in the heroic city. A British sloop of war corvette arrived in the Douro in the early part of the year. Her commander had served as a lieutenant under a relation of mine, and he and all his officers and I soon became great friends. I was speedily made as much at home on board H.M.S. "Orion,"—for by that name I will call the corvette,—as I was in my father's house, while my naval acquaintances were equally welcomed there. I had horses at my command on which I mounted them, and places ready at the dinner table for them; while I frequently pulled up the river in their boats, and joined their mess whenever I could go on board. At length the order came for the ship to proceed forthwith to sea, to cruise along the north coast of Spain, to visit all the different ports, and to ascertain what the Constitutionalists were about. I need not say that at my age I was a more frequent visitor to the midshipmen's berth than to the gun-room or captain's cabin, though I was received with equal kindness in both.

"I am truly sorry to lose you," said I, as I was paying my midshipmen friends a farewell visit; "we have had a most pleasant time together, and when we may meet again who can tell?"

"But you need not lose us if you like. You can come with us," was the answer from Jephson, the senior mate and caterer of the mess. "We shall be delighted to have you; you can have a hammock slung alongside ours, and we have every chance of a pleasant cruise."

I jumped at the proposal. "Nothing in the world I should like so much," I answered, highly pleased. "But the captain, what will he say. Will he allow an idler on board?"

"Oh! we have his leave already," said Jephson. "I mentioned the subject, and he said that we were perfectly welcome to invite you, but that he hoped you would take a berth in his cabin."

This was pleasant information, and when I went to pay my respects to the captain, sure enough, he asked me to mess with him, and afterwards the lieutenants gave me a similar pressing invitation to the gun-room; but my reply was that I had first been invited by the midshipmen, and that I could not in courtesy desert them. I have always since been very glad that I acted as I did. I thus saw midshipmen as they really are. I identified myself completely with them, and learned their feelings and ways. Their feelings, by the bye, were generally very right and good; but some of their ways might, I must own, be altered for the better. I hurried on shore, got leave from my father to make the trip, packed up a carpet bag, and the next morning after breakfast went on board. I was not afraid that the ship would sail without me, as I knew that till high tide she could not cross the bar. The officers walked the deck, looking on the shores they were about to leave, and many a well-known house where they had been hospitably received. The usual jokes were passed about. "Ah, Thomson, what will she do without you? Poor girl! her heart will be breaking." "Well, Smith! cheer up, old fellow; she'll not die of your absence,—that ought to comfort you." "I say, Slingsby, what's the matter, old boy? What! were you really spoony on Donna Maria? Don't be down-hearted. Faint heart never won fair lady. You'll meet again, may be, at Lisbon. Arouse thee, arouse thee, my fine jolly tar." Slingsby was one of the mates — master's mates, they were then called — I am happy to find that they are now denominated sub-lieutenants. He was a very fine young fellow. He could not speak a word of Portuguese, and the said Donna Maria, who was a young lady of considerable beauty and of high family, could not speak a word of English. He had, however, fallen in love with her, and seriously contemplated making her an offer. How this latter proceeding was to be accomplished was a problem, on the best way of solving which he had not yet come to a conclusion. He consulted me on the subject, and I advised him to settle the difficulty by giving it up. The fact was, as I was acquainted with the young lady, I knew perfectly well that there was not the slightest probability of her accepting him; that

if she did, from being a Roman Catholic, and from her education being so unlike that of an English girl, she was not at all likely to make him a suitable wife, and that were he to marry at that early age it would put a stop to his success in the navy. Poor Slingsby! what beautiful castles in the air he had built up. How his young wife, when he was employed, would live with his dear old mother, how fond she and his sisters would become of her; how delightful it would be, when he returned home, to find her tending the flower-garden or presiding over the tea-table. Poor dear little Donna Maria! how her young heart would have withered, how her spirits would have been blighted in spite of her love for Slingsby, if she had had any, which she had not, had she been settled down in the most quiet and dull of all quiet and dull cathedral towns in the north of England. And the subject leads me to give a piece of advice to all midshipmen, sub-lieutenants, and even lieutenants. It is, when on a foreign station, never to fall in love with any charming native, however charming she may be. Just fortify your hearts for a season, and wait till you get home to see what your own countrywomen are like. Well, as I was saying, Slingsby had built, and was even then building, many delightful castles in the air. They were rudely scattered to the winds by the boatswain's pipe and the hoarse cry of "Hands up anchor!" "Loose sails!" The capstan bars were shipped and manned, the pipe struck up. Round tramped the crew right merrily. The second lieutenant on the top-gallant forecastle announced that the anchor was away; quickly it was run up to the bows, catted, and fished; the topsails were sheeted home, so were the top-gallant sails. The mainsail and foresail were let fall, and with a light breeze from the eastward the ship glided down the river. The sky was blue, the sun shone brightly, and scarcely a ripple stirred the surface of the water. The breeze freshened, we approached the mouth of the river. On our right was the old castle with a fringe of ugly rocks below it, on our left a long sand spit — a most African-looking bit of territory; in the centre of the stream a black rock with an iron cross on the top of it. There seemed as if there was not space for the ship to pass between the rock and the sand spit. The pilot stood on the starboard side conning the ship. We appeared to be running right on the rock.

"Starboard the helm!" cried the pilot, gesticulating with his hand.

"Starboard!" was the answer.

"Port! Hard a port!" instantly afterwards exclaimed the pilot, stamping with his foot and gesticulating as before. It was enough to make

one suppose that the ship was in imminent danger of being lost. She glided gracefully round the cross rock.

"Starboard!" again was the cry.

"Starboard it is!"

"Now steady!"

"Steady!" answered the quarter-master at the wheel, with a prolonged cadence. He was one of the best men in the ship, and a man with nerve was required at this juncture. The slightest mistake or hesitation on the helmsman's part might have wrecked the corvette.

Now she began to rise and fall gracefully to the smooth rollers, which without any apparent cause came uprising from across the broad Atlantic and broke in masses of glittering foam on either side of us. The sand-bank appeared on our larboard quarter. There were still some very ugly black rocks grinning up on our starboard beam. Many a stout ship has been their prey. I have seen several strike on them; and woe betide the hapless crew! I was very nearly lost on them a few years afterwards. I was on board a large steamer, too large to enter with safety that narrow-mouthed river. We had got close to the entrance, towing a boat astern, when the sea appeared broken into masses of foam, and dark clouds came rushing up overhead. Our pilot was a bold fellow. He had had ample experience during the siege. He determined to stand on. Just, however, as we got adrift of these rocks I have been describing on our right, a gigantic roller came roaring on towards us. The pilot shouted to his boat's crew to cut the painter of their boat and for their lives to pull back. The sea struck the steamer's bows. She was completely paralysed, and was driving beam on to the rocks. Fortunately there is a long interval between each roller. Had another struck us the ship and all on board would have perished; but in the meantime the machinery recovered its power and we dashed on to the open sea. The "Orion" had no such danger to encounter; but no seaman feels happy among rocks, especially if he does not exactly know his whereabouts. Captain Draper, our commander, had an especial dread of rocks. He was a man certainly not likely to allow his ship to be cast away from carelessness. We were now floating freely on the wide waters of the Atlantic; the pilot took his leave, and a course was shaped for Vigo on the north coast of Spain. The wind, which was at first off the land, shifted round to the southward, and with studden-sails on either side, alow and aloft, we glided along the coast of Portugal, giving, however, an occasional slow and stately roll as the silent swell passed under our keel. My great ambition was to go aloft. My head at the

same time I knew was never steady when looking from a height, nor could I command my nerves, still I determined to persevere. Putting some silver into my pocket to pay my footing, I mounted the main rigging. Up the rattlins I ran in very seaman-like style. Hilton, one of the merriest and cleverest of midshipmen, took the opportunity of going up the rigging on the other side. Now the unnautical reader must understand that there are two ways of getting into the tops. One is by continuing up the shrouds till they reach the mast, directly above which there is a trap in the top, designated the lubber's hole. From a part of the shroud, some way below the head of the mast, some small shrouds are carried out to the outer rim or edge of the top. These are called the futtock shrouds. Now the lubber's hole is so called because only a lubber, a title I had no wish to gain, will go through it. Along the futtock shrouds I therefore climbed, my back as the ship rolled hanging over the deep waters of the Atlantic. I was exactly in the attitude of a fly walking along the ceiling. I held on with might and main, — not very rapid in my movements, I own ; and I will confess, moreover, that I wished myself on terra firma again, or at the bottom of a dry well, or anywhere just then but up there between sky and water. I could not help thinking, "Now if the ship should roll to starboard, just as I have reached the end of these futtock shrouds, I shall be jerked off to a certainty and sent flying away among the fish." This was foolish, because I ought not to have thought anything about the matter, but just gone on and climbed into the top as soon as I could. I, however, at last reached the top, and as I put my hand over the edge or coaming, I caught sight of Hilton's merry face grinning down upon me, as if he did not think it any dreadful matter at all.

"Wait a moment, old fellow, till she rolls to port," he exclaimed. "Now up with you."

Up I climbed, but I was not quite happy after I had got my feet clear of the futtock shrouds, till I stood in the top. I there paid my footing to the captain of the top, and was hailed as a shipmate. I stood for some time enjoying the novelty of the situation while the ship rolled on from side to to side. At length the dinner-hour arrived, and I had to descend. I looked with a wistful eye down the lubber's hole. No; I'll descend in seaman fashion, as I came up round by the futtock shrouds. This was even a worse proceeding than getting up, because I had to throw my legs over the top, and feel for the shrouds beneath with my feet. I followed, however, the golden rule, never to let go with one hand, till the other has

a secure gripe. Down I came to all appearance in fine style, but when I reached the deck my muscular energy gave way, and my knees literally knocked together. I had the greatest difficulty to support myself, and nothing I could do, to the astonishment of my shipmates, could stop the trembling. Still I was determined that my nerves should not beat me in that way; so after dinner up again I went, and continued going up and down, till I had accustomed my eye and hand to the work required of them. At last I completely conquered the nervous trepidation. I had never experienced it in so great a degree before. It was not produced by fear, because I was perfectly well aware that there was not the slightest danger, that the feat I was performing was very easy, and thousands of little boys who had never been to sea before had done it over and over again. However, it is a proof that there is nothing like trying to overcome a difficulty. I believe that I gained more credit for my perseverance than if I had gone up at first with perfect ease.

A corvette is a flush-decked vessel, ship-rigged. The "Orion" had a raised poop and top-gallant forecastle; that is to say, a small deck forward, and one after, raised above the upper deck, on which the guns were placed. Below this, there is only one deck, the after part of which is divided into the captain's cabin, the gun-room, or lieutenants' cabin, and the midshipmen's berth and the warrant-officers' berths. In the space between the two latter, the midshipmen's hammocks are slung, then come the marines, and then those of the crew. Along each side of this deck are the mess-tables, which are let down at meal-time from the deck above. There is a passage leading to the gun-room and captain's cabin from the deck, and at the door of it a marine was always stationed day and night with the half-hour glass under his charge. This he had to turn when the sand had run out, and to give notice to the quarter-master on deck, who then struck the bell a blow for every half-hour which had passed since the watch began. The midshipmen's berth was between eight and nine feet long, and about five wide, with lockers all round, and a table filling up the centre. Here the young gentlemen, as they are called at sea, had to take their meals, to write and read, and, indeed, to spend the day. In it were stowed two mates, grown-up young men, an assistant-surgeon still older, a purser's clerk, a master's assistant — all men — and two midshipmen. We had a steward and a boy to wait on us, besides which, each young gentleman was allowed a servant, who had to look after the contents of his chest. There was a narrow door to the berth, and a couple of bull's eyes in the

ship's side, which let in a dim, uncertain light, except when they were completely open. Of course the only way of getting from one end of the berth was behind the backs of those sitting down. Now and then the operation was performed by a leap over the table; but as the space below was filled up with hampers and cases, there was no passage that way. At one end of the berth was slung a cask of wine, and at the other was a small buffet, in which was a decanter or two, a few dish-covers, tumblers, and wine-glasses. Once it had, I was assured by the caterer, been handsomely stored, but the waves of the Bay of Biscay, and the necessity now and then of shying a decanter at the head of an insubordinate member of the mess, had considerably reduced the number of articles contained in it. The lockers were filled with wine and beer in bottles, and various stores under charge of the caterer.

Though I had made many voyages, and had frequently been on board a man-of-war, I had never before slept in a hammock. One was provided for me, and it was slung abaft all the others, with the head close to the sentry stationed at the gun-room door. I walked the deck with Jephson, who had the first watch, till nearly six bells, and then went below to turn in. The fact was, I wished to have as few spectators as possible during the performance of that operation.

Having undressed, and stowed my clothes away in a bundle at the foot of the hammock, I seized the clews, and by a dexterous spring tumbled right into the centre, instead of, as I had been told I should, tumbling out on the opposite side. I was very proud of my feat, and was quite sorry that only Hilton, who had come below for the purpose of watching proceedings, and the marine on duty, had the opportunity of witnessing it. I lay awake listening to the snores in various keys, to the gentle creaking of the bulkheads, and the yards and blocks aloft, as the ship rolled her onward way. Imagination was let loose; I could fancy myself a midshipman, a marine, or a blue-jacket. A midshipman I did fancy myself, and with the pleasing idea that I had entered a profession to which I had ever wished to belong, I fell asleep.

In those days I wore cotton nightcaps; I was conscious of something pulling at my head during the night, and when I awoke my nightcap had disappeared. The next night I put on a fresh nightcap, when the same thing happened, and so it did for six nights in succession. I mentioned the occurrence in the mess, when it was suggested that marines were partial to nightcaps. Of course I said nothing. I dare say it was considered a

good joke among the jollies, though not strictly in accordance with the principles of honesty. At all events, from that time to this I have never worn a nightcap.

23rd.—Turned out at five bells, that is, half-past six, when the steerage hammocks are piped up, and went on deck. Found the first lieutenant pattering about without shoes or stockings, and his trousers tucked up, washing decks. He considered, he said, shoes on such occasions not only a superfluity, but an inconvenience, and he had never worn them. I agreed with him, for the men were splashing the water about with hose and buckets, so as to make the deck untenable to any but amphibious creatures. At six bells the men went to quarters — not to fight, but to clean arms. At seven bells they piped to breakfast, by far the pleasantest of the morning's operations. At the same time I went below to perform my ablutions. I found a basin on a chest in the barracks prepared for me. The name of "the barracks" is given to that part of the steerage where the marines mess. There was not a superfluity of light, but that mattered little. I managed to make myself pretty decent, and with the appetite of a shark at eight bells went to breakfast. We showed our colours to a line-of-battle-ship, but could not make out what she was. Soon afterwards, off the town of Vianna, we sighted a squadron, consisting of a large ship, three brigs, and a steamer, with the Portuguese Constitutional flag flying aboard. Their object was, I believe, to prevent assistance being sent to the Miguelite forces in the north of Portugal.

At three P.M. we came in sight of the Bayona islands, at the entrance of the gulf or bay of Vigo. The scenery is extremely picturesque — the islands are high, rocky, and precipitous, and the shores on either side of the gulf are much of the same character, with lofty headlands running out here and there, and in deserted by-ways and inlets. The wind came down the gulf, but it was steady, and the master undertook to work the corvette up to an anchorage. This, with a good chart was no difficult matter, even for a person who had never been there before. It was sufficiently exciting, however, as some ugly reefs ran across the gulf, and it was tack and tack the whole way up. We stood in by the southern entrance, which is the broadest, and was the nearest to us. Often we had stood on scarcely a minute on one tack, then again the word was given, "Helms alee!" "Rise tacks and sheets!" "Mainsail haul!" "Of all haul!" And about again we were for a not much longer period. Our orders were to communicate with H.M.S. "Nimrod," and to send her to

Lisbon. But it was uncertain where she was to be found. As we beat up the gulf, we saw at anchor, before the town of Vigo, a ship of war. The mists of evening were already gathering on the water, and a blue haze rendered objects in the distance indistinct. In consequence of this, it was a matter of doubt whether the ship we saw was the corvette, or one of the finest frigates in the service, the "Castor." Bets were made on the subject, and were pretty evenly divided. As I wished for a long cruise, I hoped she was the "Castor," and therefore sided with those who asserted that the vessel in sight was that ship. We had still some distance to go before that point could be settled. At last we made our number, and up went the number of the ship at anchor. "The 'Castor!' the 'Castor!'" was the shout. "Why, where were your eyes, when you mistook one of the finest frigates in the service for an eighteen-gun sloop?" Certainly, when we came to an anchor outside the frigate, and saw her lofty sides towering up between us and the land, it did seem surprising that the mistake could have been made. However, it is very difficult to judge of distances, or the size of objects through a mist. I remember, on one occasion, crossing at night from the mainland to the Isle of Wight in an open boat, when the boy who was with me cried out, "Oh, sir, we are right in under Alum Bay Cliffs!" I knew this to be impossible, for we were five miles to the eastward, and we were under a bank scarcely thirty feet high. But to return to the "Orion;" it was too late to go on shore that night, so we made ourselves happy on board. Vigo, a town of Galicia, containing about 6000 inhabitants, is situated on a hill on the south side of that picturesque estuary, called the Bay of Vigo. Galicia, the north-west province of Spain, the ports of which we were about to visit, is about 130 miles long, and 120 wide. The inhabitants, known as Gallegos, are the most hard-working, industrious people of Spain. They are the hewers of wood and drawers of water throughout the whole Spanish Peninsula. In Portugal, nearly all the servants and all the porters and water-carriers are Gallegos. No one says, Call me a porter, but Call me a Gallego. Porter and Gallego have thus become synonymous terms. They are generally very faithful and honest. After saving their hard-earned wages for many years, they frequently marry Portuguese women, and return to settle in their native villages. The haughty natives of other parts of Spain do not regard them as countrymen, and look upon them with the greatest scorn. They are certainly, in most respects, more like Portuguese than Spaniards. The next morning,

at an early hour, the ship was surrounded with boats, manned by swarthy crews, chattering and vociferating furiously. They brought off an acceptable supply of milk, bread, and vegetables. Daylight exhibited to us the lofty shores, which are extremely romantic and beautiful, the less rugged parts being covered with trees and fields and villages, while ranges of blue hills tower in the distance. The town seems as if it was climbing up the hill, with a dark-looking castle on the summit. It has a fortified wall all round it, but, I fancy, of no great strength. The bay is here about four miles broad, and extends up a considerable way above the town. It then narrows extremely, and again expands into a broad lagoon. There were numerous craft anchored about us, among them a fine Spanish brig of war, mounting twenty guns. Whatever may be said of the way the Spaniards fight or navigate their ships at the present day, there can be no doubt that their models are very beautiful.

During the morning I took a cruise up the bay with some of my messmates in one of the ship's boats which had been fitted with sails. Sudden squalls, however, very nearly capsised us more than once, and as we were a good way from the ship, had that accident happened, we should very certainly have been drowned. I suggested, therefore, that as the cruise was undertaken for my amusement, we should return to the ship, for I began to suspect, which I have since found to be the case, that naval officers, and men-of-war's men, accustomed to big ships, are not always trustworthy boat sailors, and that we were running a considerable risk of losing our lives. Some of the midshipmen of the "Castor" dined with us, and we then visited their ship and went all over her. Her wings were very wide, and the height between decks greater than any ship of her class I had before seen. The wings are the spaces between the side of the ship and the hold where the stores are kept and the orlop deck, so that should a shot go through the planking of the side, the hole may at once be got at and stopped up. From the "Castor" we went on shore. My impressions of Vigo are that it has a square paved with flags and surrounded by coffee-houses, barbers'-shops, an hotel of some pretension, and the mansion of a Don with a long name, and that it is filled with officers and soldiers in long coats and enormous worsted epaulets smoking paper cigars, and ladies in long black veils and high combs; that there are several winding streets, and houses whose façades are ornamented with carved stone, and a dark, sombre-looking castle on the top of a hill; and that a broad road leads from its eastern gate to Compostella, celebrated

for its handsome cathedral, which contains the shrine of St. Iago, or St. James, whither, once on a time, pilgrims innumerable were wont to resort: hence the town is known as St. Iago de Compostella.

We landed at a jetty outside the walls, where stood a lad in a uniform doing duty as sentry. He summoned an officer, who politely informed us that we might go where we pleased and do what we pleased, provided we did not blow up the castle. We walked some little way along the road to Compostella; but voting the proceeding unsatisfactory, we turned back and strolled up to the castle, which overlooks the town. On a green before it, a few wretched-looking recruits were undergoing drill. They were dressed in long blue coats with yellow cross-belts, and had on high-crowned hats with little peaks in front. I suspect that they were put into those old clothes before they were sent to join the regiments for which they were destined. Certainly, I have never seen finer looking men or a better dressed set of soldiers than are those of some of the regiments of the Spanish army. In those days, when the Carlist war was about to break out, things were very different to what they have since become. The officers would have afforded a good group for Cruikshank. One of the lieutenants was the tallest and thinnest of hapless subs; his cadaverous face was ornamented with a goat's beard and the thinnest and most elongated of moustaches, without a particle of whisker. He had a long neck, and a tight stock far too low for it, so that he had the appearance of being throttled. From his height he had an habitual stoop, which made one think of a tall poplar bent by the wind over some stunted shrubs. The major was very short and enormously fat, with a jovial expression of countenance. He seemed to be affording great amusement to the officers collected around him. There was a captain so small that he did not reach up to the lieutenant's waist; but then he had a moustache which stuck out on either side of his cheeks to a great length, and made him look very fierce; and there was another lieutenant who, though not so tall, would have outweighed six of the first. Indeed, the regiment, which was certainly not a crack one, delighted evidently in strong contrasts.

We amused ourselves by walking about the square and watching the varied groups collected in it. We then repaired to a caffè and billiard room, where, in far from the most edifying manner, among a most suspicious set of characters, we spent most of the evening. One of the party proposed our visiting a gambling table, where he asserted that heaps of money were to be made. Up a very dirty flight of stairs we found our way into a most

disreputable-looking den. At the head of a montè table sat a
officer, with a long, thin, sallow face, and a huge pair of worsted
on his shoulders. On one side sat a fat, greasy fellow with a hook
and twinkling eyes which shone forth, full of cunning, from beneath
peak of his cap. Opposite to him was a Frenchman of the genuine
school. He had been a soldier in Massena's army, and having d
had remained concealed till the retirement of the French enabled
appear in public. There were a few other Spaniards, but the ro
chiefly filled, I am sorry to say, with English naval officers.
nothing of the game of montè, but I believe it is one in which
can be carried on to perfection, and I know that the dollars I saw
were invariably swept up by either the Spanish officer, if officer
by the hooked-nose worthy, or the Frenchman. At last there we
siderable signs of dissatisfaction exhibited by the losers, and I
officer wink to his confederates, and suddenly the luck seemed to go
them, and our first lieutenant, Cobbin, won a handful of coin. This
rest of my easily duped countrymen into good humour again, a
began to stake their dollars even more freely than before. Not
they stake them but they won too. The plans of the confederat
evidently, by some means or other, disarranged. They began to p
long faces, and signs passed between them. At last the tide tu
their favour, and all went on swimmingly for some time, till Cobl
had lost all the dollars he had won and a good many more besides, s
made a dart at the Frenchman's arm, and snatched the cards w
held out of his hand.

"You are a pretty scoundrel, I think!" he exclaimed, holding t
"Look here, gentlemen."

They were stuck together. The colonel, as we called the keepe
table, and Senhor Hook-Nose looked very indignant at their comr
because he had been cheating, I am afraid, but because he had bee
out; while he protested not only on his honour, but on that of the
nation, and the grand army especially, that he could not account
accident, that he had known cards stick together before, and th
would do so if a little grease got among them.

"I should think you have known them stick together very of
scoundrel! because you stuck them," observed Cobbin, shaking h

Now it may seem strange that no one thought of kicking th
downstairs, or, what would have been wiser, of hurrying away out

a den of thieves, and resolving not to gamble any more; but I believe that gamblers, or those who once give way even in the slightest degree to the passion of gambling, become the most infatuated and foolish of human beings.

GAMING TABLE.

"Come, gentlemen," said the colonel; "it is a pity that we should lose so much time. We will receive Monsieur's apologies, and beg that he will keep his fingers cleaner in future." Saying this, the three sharpers resumed their seats with the utmost effrontery, and, to my astonishment, the whole party went on staking their dollars as if nothing had happened. I blush even now, as I think of the scene, that I did not protest more loudly than I did against the folly I witnessed. I did my best to persuade my own particular friends to avoid joining in the game, and I was, it must be understood, one of the youngest in the room. What a scene it was! The rickety table with a single brass lamp in the centre, throwing a pale light on the countenances of the three sharpers; the three or four disreputable-looking

Spaniards who stood behind them, and the brave, honest, innocent-looking countenances of the young English officers, who crowded round the other end of the table, dimly seen as they advanced to place their coin on the cards. How many pleasant excursions on shore, how many opportunities they lost of visiting interesting places by that night of folly, which they called amusement, they best can tell. The gate leading to the jetty was left open for us, and it was midnight before we got on board.

"Well!" exclaimed Jephson, as we were turning into our hammocks, "we have been fools."

I ought to have added, "Yes, you have been indulging in an abominable vice, and in the grossest folly. Those wretched Spaniards, supposing them to be honest, could have but very little money to lose, so that you were either trying to deprive them of their means of support, or to win their pay from your brother-officers, many of whom can ill afford to lose it."

As this account reflects very little credit on many of my friends, I should have been unwilling to give it, but I have felt that it was my duty to do so to warn any of my readers against a similar conduct.

The next day I dined with the midshipmen of the "Castor." Their berth seemed very grand and magnificent compared to ours, but as they had many more people to fill it there was not a larger amount of spare room. I was engaged on the same day to dine on board the "Orion" to meet Lord John Hay, the captain of the "Castor." When I went on deck I found that he had left the frigate some time, and that there was a strong head wind and a good deal of sea. I jumped into the "Orion's" boat, waiting for me, and away we pulled towards her. The spray came flying on board very thickly, so that, as I had no cloak or great-coat, I soon got completely wet through. No sooner did I get alongside than I received the unpleasant announcement that dinner was served. The idea of keeping a post-captain and the commander of the ship waiting for dinner was terrible. I slipped below, put on a surtout, which I buttoned close up, with a clean shirt collar, tried to wash my hands, which I could not do, and then hurried into the cabin, getting my legs under the table as soon as possible, to hide my wet trousers, and keeping my hands there as much as I could, that their colour might not be remarked. Salt water is said not to give cold,—a statement I do not believe; but certainly on this occasion it did not. I was not sorry, however, when dinner was over, and I was able to walk about and warm myself.

CHAP. XXIII.

Sail from Vigo. — Corunna. — Tomb of Sir John Moore. — Field of Battle. — Pleasant Ride. — Drowning Judas. — Late for Dinner. — Progress in Seamanship. — First of April. — Midshipmen's Tricks. — Santander. — Loss of Spanish Frigate and English Boat's Crew. — A useful Pilot. — Passages. — Enter Harbour of San Sebastian.

I WAS aroused, if not from balmy, from very deep slumbers, with the shrill whistle and the hoarse voice of the boatswain, "All hands up anchor!" I might have remained asleep, if I could with the tramp of a hundred men overhead, but I preferred turning out with the rest of my messmates, and going on deck to see the ship got under weigh. The ship lay motionless, the officers and men were at their stations, but not the slightest movement was perceptible on board. The captain waved his hand,—in an instant the deck presented a scene of the greatest activity. Round went the men at the capstern to the sound of the merry fife; the crew flew aloft, as by magic the sails at the same moment were let fall, and away glided the "Orion" down the beautiful Gulf of Vigo. We stood out by the northern entrance, and then shaped a course to give us a wide berth of Cape Finisterre, before we hauled up for Corunna. The breeze freshened as the day advanced, and by the evening we were under close-reefed topsails, main-trysail and jib. The ship pitched into the seas, which were pretty heavy, as she ploughed her onward way. I never felt better in my life, and ate and smoked as usual; but to my surprise some of the officers and several of the seamen were as sick as any landsmen would have been. They told me that they nearly always were ill when they first got to sea. They, however, having work to do soon got well; but of course I held my head considerably higher when I found myself superior to them in that respect.

The next morning the wind went down, and we stood in towards Corunna. Came in sight of land, but the wind was light, and the day wore on as we beat up towards the harbour. The most conspicuous object on approaching the land is a lighthouse, known as the Tower of Hercules, a lofty, circular building, which stands on some high rocks to the south of the town, with heavy surf breaking at their base. The foam, influenced by a current, was borne directly across our course. We saw the captain anxiously looking at it.

"Master, what's that?" he exclaimed; "there must be shoals ahead."

"Shoals! fiddlesticks," muttered the master; and then he answered aloud, "we've thirty fathom there at least, sir."

"Then what's all that froth?" ejaculated the captain.

"Soap-suds for what I know," muttered the master. "It's the tide drives it along here, I suppose, sir; there isn't a rock or shoal—for that I can answer."

Now, in those days, as an encouragement to masters in the navy to make themselves well acquainted with all ports and harbours, they received half the pilotage money when they took their ship into harbour without a pilot. Of course, therefore, unless in case of necessity, they were very unwilling to have a pilot. The captain was not satisfied; just then a fishing boat approached us. The captain hailed the boat, and made signs to one of the fishermen to come on board. The man suddenly found himself transformed into a pilot; but how to make him understand what was expected of him was the question; at last it was remarked that Hilton understood Spanish. He was sent for.

"Mr. Hilton," said the captain, "let the pilot understand that he is to bring the ship to an anchor as close in with the town as is consistent with safety; and stay by him that you may interpret his directions."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Hilton, who understood as much of Spanish as did the fore-topsail sheet block; but he did not think fit to deny the soft impeachment. "Señor Piloto," he began with perfect self-possession, "take the shipo into the porto, or we'll kicko you yourselfo pretty quicko into your boato."

"That's rum Spanish you are talking, Hilton," observed Cobbin, who overheard him.

"It's pure Galician, sir," answered Hilton, with a twinkle of the eye. "The man understands it, and that's the great thing."

"But I say, Hilton, you'll be getting into a scrape," I remarked. "You cannot understand a word the man says."

"Bless you, that does not matter," he answered laughing. "There isn't a boy on board I fancy who couldn't take the ship in, and I am sure I can, without the help of this old pilchard catcher; depend on it, for his own sake, he'll sing out loud enough if we are not steering a right course."

I agreed with him, and stood by talking to the old fisherman, for I understood far more Spanish than did Hilton. So in reality the youngest midshipman but one on board brought the ship to an anchor. He brought

up, however, rather farther out than was necessary, whereby the ship had to undergo a good deal more rolling than was pleasant.

The situation of Corunna is not altogether unlike that of Weymouth. The town is situated on a neck of land which circles round and terminates in a rocky point with an island at the end, on which stands the castle of St. Antonio. The town forms a semicircle round the bay, and then, as it sweeps away round to the north, the ground, at first undulating and broken, rises into a succession of lofty hills. It was to these hills the French army retreated when defeated at the battle of Corunna.

The evening of our arrival we had no communication whatever with the shore. No boat came off to inquire who we were or what we wanted. We might have been pirates, for what the inhabitants could tell, intending to sack and burn the town in the night. It was past business hours, and the officials of Spain, who are not apt to put themselves out of the way for trifles, thought that we might just as well roll our sides under out there in the bay without any interference on their part.

The next morning the hammocks were piped up; breakfast was over; the crew were mustered at divisions; other routine of the ship was gone through; and yet there lay, in dignified solitude, H.M. sloop "Orion," out in Corunna Bay, every now and then giving a roll of impatience, no one on shore taking the slightest notice of us. It was very trying to our patience, and somewhat lowering to our pride; and it was debated whether we should go on shore and take the place by storm; but there are certain quarantine and other port regulations in Spain which must be complied with, even by naval officers, or the consequences may be disagreeable; and so we waited till a boat appeared with Señor do Santos, the consul's secretary. He, in a kindly patronising way, told us he would get us *pratique*, and after a time a boat-load of long-moustachoed, huge-bearded, big cocked-hatted, and great-coated officials, came off, and examined our papers, and asked questions, to which they did not get very lucid answers, and then by signs informed us that we were at liberty to go on shore. The captain, on this, invited me to go in his gig, and to visit the consul, with whom I had in my childhood been acquainted. Poor old gentleman! he was a melancholy example of the consequences of nervous irresolution. It is a disease; but a disease which must be combated with all the resolution a person can summon to his aid. He could scarcely answer a common question without hesitation, and had been known to put off replying to official communications simply because he could not make up

his mind what terms to use. He was a very kind-hearted man. He received us most cordially, and invited us to dinner. Certain communications having taken place with the officials of the town, the "Orion" now thundered forth a salute in honour of the governor. While it was still sounding in his ears, the captain and consul and I called on that great personage, and were received with all the dignity and courtesy of an hidalgo of Spain. The Spaniards of rank whom I have met have been generally very dignified gentlemen, but even when intending to be courteous excessively haughty and supercilious. The same sort of character is pretty general, even among the peasants in many parts of Spain, though certainly not in Galicia. The contrast between the obliging Portuguese peasant and haughty one of Spain is very great. On coming out of the governor's we met more of the officers of the ship, and, guided by the consul, we set off to visit the chief lion of the town—the tomb of the gallant and good General Sir John Moore. It is in the centre of a small field on the ramparts, called El Campo de St. Carlos, near the castle of St. Antonio. It is a plain stone sarcophagus, surrounded by a wall breast high, with railings on the top. In the inside are four small bombs with their muzzles up, and on the outside at the corners are the same number of long guns with their mouths imbedded in the ground. Our poetical second lieutenant began to repeat

"Not a sound was heard, not a funeral note,
As fast to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged a farewell shot,
O'er the grave where the hero was buried."

I believe even the least poetical of the party felt some inspiration from the scenery and the associations of the spot. On one side of us was the town, on the other the wide Atlantic, the tower of Hercules towering above our heads, with the rock-built fort of St. Antonio at hand, and in the distance across the blue bay those rugged sierras which afforded a refuge to the defeated legions of France. Some of us then went the circuit of the ramparts and took a stroll through the town. The streets, though narrow, are paved with large, smooth flagstones, and look remarkably clean after those of Portugal. The houses are small, but neat and nicely painted. The Calle Reayle is a long street facing the bay, and in it are two large buildings, one of them being a tobacco manufactory, where some hundred women and boys are employed all day in rolling up cigars. A boulevard planted with trees goes round the greater portion of

the town, which is entirely surrounded by walls, once capable of making a stout resistance. A great number of peasant people from the country

SPANISH MULETEER.

thronged the town, and gave it a gay appearance. It was the last day of Lent, and they had come in to pay their adorations at the shrines of the

saints. Their dress is highly picturesque. The men wear long curling hair, with wide extending moustachios, and on their heads three-cornered hats turned up in a jaunty way on one side. They have very full knee-breeches, open at the knee with a profusion of buttons, and gaiters which come three quarters of the way up the calf, and allow some of the white stocking to be seen between them and the breeches. Their jackets are large and full, ornamented with buttons, while an immaculate white shirt and a red sash complete their costume. They have a very fierce brigand look, but we spoke to a number of them, who were very polite and well mannered. They looked rather as if they had dressed up in fancy costume for the occasion, and that they could not habitually wear such a dress.

The women had on red jackets, fitting tight, and coloured handkerchiefs over their shoulders, with petticoats of various hues, while some have handkerchiefs and others veils over their heads. We agreed that they are, on the whole, prettier than the Portuguese of the same class. As we pulled among the shipping, brought up close in with the town, on our way on shore, we observed numberless figures hanging from the bowsprit ends of the vessels, which at first were taken for criminals, some desperate pirates who had been caught and doomed to suffer for their misdeeds. Similar effigies stuffed with straw were stuck on poles in the open spaces, reminding us strongly of the Guy of Gunpowder Plot notoriety, never to be forgot by all good Protestants. Remembering the day, I recognised the figures as representatives of Judas Iscariot, who, in most Roman Catholic countries, thus suffers by proxy the punishment of fire or water due to his crime. Sailors drown him, people on shore burn him. As the bells of the town tolled the hour of noon, showers of rockets burst forth—up in flames and crackers went the Judases on shore, and down by the run with cries and groans went those afloat into the sea, and I conclude sunk to the bottom. The Judases on shore or afloat having disappeared in fire or water, and the sky-rockets and crackers having gone off, we found our way to an open common near the water, outside the walls of the town, where were congregated a number of horses standing ready saddled and bridled for hire. One of the first things a sailor of high or low degree thinks of when he gets on shore is taking a ride. We exhibited no exception to the general rule.

Without a moment's delay we were bargaining for steeds. They were small, wiry-looking animals; the saddles were soft, and had gay cloths

above instead of below them. We each engaged one for the day at two pistereens a piece, about the same number of shillings. Boys stood by with spurs to buckle on to our heels, and thus accoutred, with a few shrieks and cries from the owners and their youthful aide-de-camps, off we set at a smart canter. Such a canter. English ponies of the same size would have bumped all the bile out of our bodies in ten minutes, while these little creatures went along as if we were riding on velvet. The Spanish amble or canter the movement is called. The Spaniards have a particular name for it, which I forget. Why English breakers cannot teach English ponies or cobs to go at the same pace I do not know. But the truth is English breakers expend their energies on racers, and hunters, and carriage horses, and neglect all minor cattle, whereas the Spanish breakers, not having the higher class to attend to, exert their talents on steeds of humble degree. My belief is that as a rule Englishmen do not understand horses. They don't make friends with them. They break them with a vengeance, but that is not what is required; they should win them to do what is required. A horse is naturally a very docile animal, that is to say, it is easily taught by kindness.

We first passed through some clean suburbs along a remarkably fine road along the edge of the bay. It was well arched with deep ditches lined with stones on either side. It was curious to remark how far in advance of the Portuguese the Spaniards were in many of the requirements of civilisation. Such a road as this was not to be seen in those days throughout Portugal. As we were galloping away we very nearly rode over two gentlemen who were ambling quietly along on their nags. Hilton and I pulled up and apologised, and then inquired if they could show us whereabouts the battle was fought. In the most polite way they led us to a slight elevation, and from thence pointed out the scene of the conflict. The ground extending from the sea, exhibited a collection of ridges of no great elevation, with the town in the rear and a valley in front.

On these ridges or rather rough plateaux Sir John Moore drew up his army, having thus only his right and front to defend. Though harassed and almost worn out, the British nobly stood their ground in spite of the numberless fierce assaults made on them by the French. On the side of one of these ridges fell the brave general,—his task performed, his army withdrawn from overwhelming numbers, and placed in safety.

After passing a turnpike guarded by soldiers we turned off to our right along a picturesque valley, with a stream running through, and bordered

thickly with fig and almond trees, Crossing the stream and continuing along by narrow lanes and foot tracks we found ourselves at the base of the rugged sierras which rose to the north. We, therefore, put about, and once more gained the high road. The pangs of hunger now reminded us that eating would be pleasant, so we stopped at a venda or wine-shop, where we got some good bread, with eggs and milk cheese. Here more of our shipmates joined us, and in an evil hour I consented to accompany them on a further extension of their ride. The only unpleasant event was a fraças with the guards at another turnpike, who wanted us to pay toll after we had done so. It was so evident an attempt at extortion that we resisted it. At length we told them that we should go back and make inquiries of their officers as to the justice of their claim. On hearing this they at once changed their tone and allowed us to pass without further hindrance. It gave me a hint which I have since followed. Never yield to an unjust demand; but always to keep cool, assume importance, and threaten to appeal to superior authority. In most cases the demand will be withdrawn. Over hill and down dale we galloped as fast as our steeds would go along the finest of roads, with beautiful views of the bay and the shipping, laughing and talking with the peasants as they wended their way homewards. Though they could not have understood our jokes, they took them all in good part, giving us others in return.

At last turning back we crossed a small river by a bridge, and found ourselves on the other side of the harbour. Only on my return did I think of looking at my watch. What was my dismay to find that it was already past the consul's dinner-hour. Even then I ought to have put spurs to my horse, hoping that I might be received with the remark, "Better late than never;" but "never mind, old fellow, it will be dull work," from a companion, made me forget my duty. It was nearly dark when we got into the town. We repaired to a restaurant's for dinner, and afterwards when cruising about among the people, who still thronged the streets, who should we meet but the captain! Of all things he disliked being kept waiting for dinner, and the consul, he said, had most courteously been unwilling to sit down till I appeared. Of course I ought to have gone directly I returned, and apologised, and if dinner had not been offered gone without it. However I did not, and the captain was naturally very angry, and scolded me very much, and said several hard things, which I had, of course, to pocket. The city gates were kept open

for us till past ten o'clock, when we found one of the ship's boats waiting to convey us on board. We had a long pull out into the bay, and found the sloop rolling her guns almost under. Of course our extemporised pilot got the blame for bringing us into so bad a berth. I believe, however, that more than one on board began to suspect that he was no pilot at all.

The 30th of March was a great festa day,— really a feast, when people, after their long Lenten fast, eat as many of the good things to be found in the way of food as they can get, though probably pork and beans, with an abundance of oil and garlic, form the staple of the peasants' feasts. We had, however, to proceed on our voyage, so we got under weigh at daybreak with a light but leading wind. We could see the harbour of Ferrol over our starboard quarter. The entrance, however, is so very narrow, that the captain, who had a horror of harbours' mouths, refused to go in, as we could not get out again without a leading wind. I was disappointed at not seeing the place, as it contained one of the principal naval arsenals in Spain. Wind shifted, and came right ahead, and "there we lay, all the day, in the Bay of Biscay, O."

So we did the next day, our course east by south with light head winds. How pleasant it is not to be in a hurry. It mattered not to me where we went or how slow we went. I worked away all day long very hard at seamanship. I never wearied in asking questions, and I must say that no one was tired of answering them. Hilton gave me a copy of "Darcy Lever," the best book on seamanship that has ever been written, though composed by a marine officer. It was almost always before me when I was below, and my messmates were always most kindly ready to explain matters. The captain had also had made a full-rigged ship, that is to say, there was the deck without a hull, for the use of the youngest midshipmen and boys, and I regularly took a spell of instruction at it. Thus in a very short time, by completely giving my mind to the subject, I learned not only the names of all the ropes, but their object, and where they led. I had for long understood sailing, but I now also learned how to work a ship, how to tack, and how to wear. The officers were pleased with my progress, and used to tell me to give the orders to them in an under tone, and they would issue them aloud. This gave me a practical experience which I could not otherwise have obtained. I then set too at navigation, and very soon learned how to take a meridional observation, and to work a day's work. I had found a subject congenial to my taste; there was certain

knowledge which I wished to obtain, and I did my very utmost to gain it. A kinder set of fellows than the officers of the ship I never met, from the captain downwards. Where are they all now? Scattered far and wide. Two or three may still be actively employed, but most of them have gone to their long home. Our kind-hearted but eccentric commander sleeps on the burning sands of Africa. Unwisely, he took command of a ship belonging to the squadron on the coast, and soon fell a victim to that clime, so deadly to the constitutions of Englishmen. Such has been the fate of many of my companions of that period.

April 1st.—Light winds, nearly always dead against us. With the exception of Hilton whose watch it was on deck, all the men were seated at breakfast. The second cup of tea or coffee had just been poured out, when we received a message to the effect that all the young gentlemen were wanted on deck immediately. What could it be for? We asked our consciences—at least such consciences as midshipmen possess—what had been done? There was a mystery; something had gone wrong, that was evident. It was discussed whether I was included in the summons; at all events I resolved to go up and face the storm. So up we all hurried; when on the deck, there stood Hilton, with a broad grin on his countenance. Taking off his cap he made us a polite bow, blandly remarking as he did so, "Young gentlemen I have to inform you that this is the first day of April, and that you are all April Fools." Down we rushed again, most of the party vowing vengeance against Hilton, and just in time to prevent the breakfast things being cleared away by the boy. It was at once proposed to inflict a cobbing on Hilton, but exerting all my eloquence, I entreated that he might be spared. I pointed out what an amusing good-natured fellow he was, and that as we ought to have known it was the 1st of April, it was our own fault that we were taken in. At last the assistant-surgeon suggested that we should jalap his tea. Here again I interposed, till, as a compromise, it was agreed that we would persuade him that it was jalaped. When his watch was over down came Hilton. Breakfast was placed for him at one end of the table, all very nice. We received him with smiles and laughed at his trick.

"Capital joke that of yours, Hilton," said Jephson, with a bland smile, "capital. Take care old fellow that we don't pay you off before the day is over. But I say why not try it on with the gun-room officers; your genius is up to anything. Now, can't you think of a trick?"

Hilton ate his breakfast with a pleased expression of countenance,

flattered at the compliments paid him. He poured out one cup of tea, then a second, and evidently felt that he had made a good breakfast.

"You've done, have you?" suddenly exclaimed Jephson, looking at him gravely; "where's your taste this morning? I should have thought a fellow could have tasted the quantity of jalap put into that teapot."

All hands in the berth burst into a loud laugh. Poor Hilton's face grew longer and longer. His lips gave a peculiar curl indicative of unpleasant sensations within. The assistant-surgeon looked at him compassionately.

"Never mind, Hilton," said he, in a soothing tone, with which a nurse addresses a child, "there's no antidote, but it will soon be over."

Hilton evidently thought differently. I never saw the effect of imagination more powerfully exhibited. Hilton was fully convinced that he was going to be made very ill, and it was not till some hours afterwards, that Jephson exclaimed—

"So, Hilton, you thought you had played us a good trick; but we played you a better,—not a particle of jalap did we give you."

Hilton made a long face, and the assistant-surgeon burst into a fit of laughter.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" exclaimed the former; "and, you abominable pill-maker, you gave me a horrible emetic!"

"Because, young gentleman, you asked me for it," answered the sea-going disciple of Galen, with a supercilious smile. "It's the 1st of April, and whatever you are at other times, you've been made a fool, you'll allow me to remark, in the politest way possible."

Poor Hilton could not but acknowledge the soft impeachment. The trick he had been played saved him from a cobbing, a somewhat unpleasant operation as it is performed in the berths of the young gentlemen belonging to Her Majesty's navy. A stocking is filled with other stockings, or pocket handkerchiefs, or anything which will ram well down in it, so as to form a hard ball. The culprit is then stretched, face downward on the table, and held there by the arms and legs, while the punishment is inflicted with the weapon which has been described, with more or less severity according to the enormity of the crime, or the hardness of heart of the executioners.

I invariably kept the first watch at night with Jephson or Mercer, the second lieutenant. Mercer had made a mistake when he had chosen the sea as a profession—or rather his friends had made it for him when they

sent him afloat; of himself he certainly would not have chosen it. From morning to night he was always quoting or composing poetry, or if not, complaining of the miseries of human life.

"Is this work for a man of intellect?" he would exclaim. "Here have I night after night to pace this deck for four hours on a stretch, usually without a soul with whom I can exchange a thought congenial with my own. Isn't it miserable—isn't it wretched. What is life worth on such terms."

"I cannot say that I see much to complain of in having to take your necessary exercise in the open air, when you can think over the books you have read, meditate on the past, and contemplate the future," I observed.

"The past, that isn't always pleasant, and for the future what can I expect?" he answered. "I should like to settle down in a cottage with some one I could love, cultivate my garden, read amusing books, or when I wanted exercise, take my gun and go out and shoot."

"That is to say, you fancy that you would like to lead an idle, useless, do-nothing life," I replied. "You are mistaken, I am certain of it. No man can be happy unless he sticks to his duty. Let him persevere in that, and in the end he will find the happiness he seeks for."

"Oh, you are a philosopher. I am a poet," answered Mercer.

I am afraid he did not benefit by my remarks. I, however, did by his. It would be enough of itself to make us pause before we commenced a vicious course, if we could contemplate the vast amount of painful reflections we were laying up in store for ourselves for the future; while, on the other hand, we should be anxious to read as many interesting and amusing books as we could, if we considered not only the present but the future amusement we might derive from them.

On the 4th of April, early in the morning, we were off the port of Santander. Even as seen from the sea it appeared to be an interesting place. I wished much to visit it. The captain's gig was manned, and I stood waiting in expectation of being asked to go on shore; but when he appeared he looked at me, said something about Corunna and the consul's dinner, and invited Mercer to accompany him. I felt somewhat abashed, as I was conscious that I deserved my punishment. I had not a word of complaint to utter, though some of my friends thought that he ought to have overlooked my fault before this. I thought not; it was the only sort of punishment he could inflict, and it gave me a lesson I never for-

got; never to break an engagement, however unimportant it might seem. The ship was kept standing off and on shore all day. When heading in towards the small rocky island of Mauro to the westward was the Ponte de Puerto, a low, very rugged and rocky point. The entrance to the harbour is between the point and the island I have mentioned. On our starboard side was Cape Menor, a low, perpendicular cliff. Within it, off a sandy beach, is anchorage ground. A deep and serpentine river flows down from a distance past the town. Nearly over the town and across the river is a smooth, conical hill, and beyond it rise a succession of lofty mountains, one appearing above the other till lost in the distance. The town is larger than Corunna, and the houses have more pretensions to architectural beauty. A sad catastrophe occurred here a short time ago, when H.M.S. "Nimrod" was off the coast. A fine new Spanish frigate, on going into the harbour, got on shore, and there she remained. The captain of the "Nimrod" at once sent to offer assistance, which was rudely refused. At night, however, it came on to blow hard, and the frigate began to fire guns of distress. Notwithstanding the uncourteous treatment he had received in the morning, Captain M—— despatched two boats, one, the cutter, under the command of the second lieutenant, and the other, the barge, of the boatswain of the ship, with a hawser to help heave off the frigate. When they got alongside, the Spaniards would not even throw them a rope, but shouted out that they did not want them, and told them to be off. A very heavy sea running at the time made it a work of danger to get on board, and the lieutenant, consequently, seeing that no good could be done, put about to return to the "Nimrod," and ordered the boatswain to do the same. When the cutter got a little way from the frigate some of her crew said they thought that they heard a shout or cry, but as it was not repeated no notice was taken of it, and it was believed that the barge was following. Considerable anxiety was felt at the non-appearance of the barge, but as it blew heavy the captain did not like to risk another boat in sending to look for her. It was not till after daybreak that a shore-boat came off; when out of her jumped a man, perfectly naked, who proved to be one of the barge's crew. "They are all gone—all gone; I am the only one who has escaped!" he exclaimed. He said that the boatswain, not hearing the order to return, had made another attempt to get a hawser aboard, but in doing so the boat was capsised and sunk. As to what had become of his companions he could not tell for certain, but he was afraid they were lost. He had

thrown off his clothes and struck out till he was picked up by the shore-boat which had brought him on board. His fears were too well founded; not one of the rest had escaped. The next morning the frigate got off and put to sea, but in a few days returned and went on shore again exactly at the same place. The instant she did so, her crew began cutting away her masts and deserting her. Captain M—— said that he could not bear to see so fine a ship lost, so that he resolved to make another attempt to save her. He accordingly sent his second lieutenant on shore to the authorities to offer to heave her off with his ship's company. The Dons, however, received the offer with the greatest indignation, and not only that, but they managed to get a mob collected, from whose fury the lieutenant with difficulty escaped with his life.

Towards evening our captain with Mercer returned, and we made sail for Passages. We got continual glimpses of the coast, which appeared lofty and mountainous, while a heavy surf beat on the rugged shore. It looked a most unpleasant place to be driven on, and we hoped that we might not, some dark night, be caught close in with it by a north-west gale. It was some apprehension as this, perhaps, that made the captain, greatly to the master's disgust, again take a pilot on board. He was, in consequence, very nearly bringing about the very event he naturally was so anxious to avoid. How he picked up the pilot I do not remember; but we soon found that the pilot knew nothing whatever of the coast. We asked him the names of the different harbours we sighted; not one of them could he tell us. At last we came to the conclusion that the captain had been imposed on, and that the pretended pilot was an emissary of either the Constitutionalists or Carlists who wanted to get quickly along the coast. The master at length went to the captain boldly, saying, that he was certain the Spaniard knew nothing whatever about the coast, and begging that he might again have charge of the ship, as he dreaded lest the stranger, either from ignorance or on purpose, should put her on shore.

On the extreme north-west corner of Spain is found the very picturesque town and harbour of Passages, or Passaghos, as the Spaniards call it. On the 7th of April we were standing in for it with a light wind, when, as we were passing the mouth of the harbour of San Sebastian, we espied within it a sloop of war at anchor. We made our number and she made hers, and we found that she was the "Porcia," the corvette of which we had been so long in search. The helm was therefore put up, and we

kept away for San Sebastian, instead of standing on for Passages. The scene before us was highly picturesque. Bright was the sky, and bright the sea. Right ahead rose, one beyond another, the blue ranges of the Pyrenees, till lost in the distance. On our larboard bow, uprearing its rugged head from the sea, was the lofty promontory on which stands the strong fortress of San Sebastian, with the town hidden away on the other side of it. To the east of this promontory a broad but shallow river runs into the sea. It is crossed by a long wooden bridge, and on the east bank rises a very steep hill of considerable elevation. A small, though high and rocky island, nearly fills up the mouth of the harbour. The opening between it and the high mainland on the west, on which stands a light-house, is also filled up by a reef of rocks just under water. The real entrance, therefore, is directly under the castle and extremely narrow.

We had drawn close in with the harbour when the sails flapped ominously against the masts, and we made the unpleasant discovery that there was not a breath of wind. We were expecting that we should have to bring up outside, when a flotilla of boats from the shore came off, sent, I fancy, by the captain of the "Porcia," and hawsers being hove to them they ranged themselves ahead and towed us in towards the harbour in gallant style. Our crew, however, were at their stations to be ready to trim sails, should a flaw of wind come off the land, or for any other emergency. None arose. The calm continued. Slowly we glided in under the dark frowning castle of San Sebastian, and then we opened the fortifications which surround the town, and which offered so desperate though unsuccessful a resistance to the British arms. We could have thrown a biscuit on to the rocks on our starboard hand as we entered. No sooner had we passed the rocky island than we found ourselves in a complete bason with a sandy beach and high hills surrounding it, except a narrow neck of land terminated by the broader ground on which the town is situated, and the castle rising high above it to the north. Hundreds of people crowded the shore on our left as we glided in, and a very beautiful sight I have no doubt we presented. We just saved our daylight, and brought up ahead of the "Porcia." We spent the evening in the berth, discussing the incidents of the siege, which took place in September 1813.

When the morning light of the 8th broke on the world, the steerage hammocks of H.M. sloop "Orion" had been piped up, and when I went on deck I found myself in as picturesque and romantic a scene as any to be found on the sea coasts of Europe. The shore of the bay, wherever culti-

vation could be carried on, appeared to be very fertile, and was sprinkled with a number of nice-looking houses, while beyond to the south rose the blue mountain ranges of the Pyrenees. To the east was the rocky hill and frowning castle of San Sebastian, with the picturesque town and its fortifications, with their numberless angles, and its handsome church below. The neck of land was formed by the harbour in which we lay on one side, and the river on the other. The east bank of the river was, as I have said, very high and steep, and again, not a long way beyond it, was the long and narrow harbour of Passages. The tide had already long begun to turn strongly against the French invaders of Spain, when a British army under the command of General Sir Thomas Graham, having landed at Passages, laid siege to San Sebastian.

"An attempt to storm was made on the 21st of July, which occasioned a severe loss. On the 31st of August another attempt was undertaken by order of Lord Wellington, which, though attended by peculiar and unseen difficulties, succeeded at the expense of two thousand three hundred men in killed and wounded. The importance of the place was proved by a vigorous effort made to relieve it, but which was repelled by Spanish troops alone. The strong castle of San Sebastian was taken on the 18th of September, in the operations against which the British navy rendered efficient aid."

With about this amount of information I commenced my explorations of San Sebastian.

CHAP. XXIV.

Visit to the Fortress of San Sebastian. — Description of San Sebastian. — Its Siege. — Taken by Storm. — A hot Berth. — A dangerous Swim. — Ill Effects of Intoxication. — A Forecastle Discussion. — Civil War in Spain. — Excursion to Passages. — The Bay of Biscay, O. — Poetical Lieutenant. — Mafra. — Cintra. — Rock of Lisbon. — Scenery of the Tagus. — Lisbon. — Providential Escape of the Author. — End.

THE captain having overlooked my misbehaviour, invited me to accompany him and another officer on a visit to the shore. We landed near some docks for small vessels, and going along the fine stone quay, passed through a gateway, when we found ourselves at the foot of the hill on which the castle stands. We now followed a path winding spirally towards the summit of the rock. At the commencement the path is shaded by trees, from beneath which we enjoyed a most interesting view, looking down on the neat, well laid out town, with its straight streets, running at right angles to each other, its handsome church and other public buildings, and its encircling line of fortifications ; to our left was the river, and to our right the two corvettes floating gracefully in it ; while, in the distance, we could see the long line of the French coast trending away to the north, and becoming bluer and bluer till it vanished from sight. We found it somewhat of a pull up to the top, but an enemy would have discovered that it was still less pleasant, for loop-holed walls looked down on us on either side, and completely guarded the approach to the citadel itself. At the gate a soldier met us, and showed us round the fortress, which is chiefly remarkable for the extensive view it commands, especially from an elevated platform whence we looked down on the town, which appeared stretched out as a map at our feet. Here the soldier left us to inform the commandant, who lived in a miserable-looking house close at hand, of our arrival. He soon joined us, and from certain appearances on his moustachios, and a tooth-pick in his teeth, where there would generally have been a cigar, it was evident that he had risen from dinner. This was proved by his assuring us that he had that instant sat down, and by his inviting us to join his meal. The captain declined the invitation, for which I was sorry, as I should have liked to have seen the interior of his abode. The commandant was a small, shrivelled-up old man, his light-

blue surtout of coarse cloth hanging loosely on his shrunk limbs, while a well-worn foraging cap adorned his head. He looked like a man who had seen service and done his duty.

His soldiers, who were dressed in a similar manner, with the addition of yellow cross-belts, were lying about asleep, or playing at cards or dominoes in all directions, and as we passed they merely lifted up their heads and stared at us, too lazy to get up. Among the pieces of ordnance I observed several English ship's guns dismounted. From the platform we were able to observe the positions taken up by the British army when besieging the place. Their chief batteries were on the hill to the east of the river, but they had also others on the lighthouse hill. The attacks were made from the east. The breach had been declared practicable when the first attack was made, but instead of waiting for an ebb tide, the assault was ordered while the tide was rising. The consequence was, that the water was too deep in the river to allow the men to cross without wetting their arms, while the tide turning during the repulse, many were carried off their legs and drowned, while of the wounded, numbers perished in the same manner.

San Sebastian is a very interesting place. It has been called the Gibraltar of the north of Spain. The way in which it for so long resisted the united forces of England, Spain, and Portugal, when held by the French, proves its strength as a fortification. Descending from the citadel we entered the town, about which we walked in every direction. All the streets run at right angles, and from the harbour gate a broad long street runs up to a small square surrounded by colonnades, and which may be looked on as the heart of the town. In the square is a good-looking building, which may properly be called the town-hall, and there is also the public school-house. Near the land gate is another small square. The chief church is handsome, and contains a good picture of the martyr San Sebastian, shot to death by arrows. The town, which was completely battered down during the siege, has been entirely rebuilt, and has a very neat and clean appearance.

We pronounced the lady part of the population pretty. Some of them were dressed in the French fashion, but others wore their hair strained back over their foreheads, and then hanging plaited in two long tails behind their backs. Some of the tails were so long that they reached to the ground. Many, apparently of the more respectable classes, wore black veils on their heads, in the usual Spanish style. Passing out of the town

through a gateway on the east, we passed by a drawbridge over a dry moat, and reached the part of the fortifications where the breaches were made by which the British entered. Two round towers have been built to mark the spots where the two principal breaches existed. The walls are of hewn stone, thirty feet in height, with a deep moat. The walls in every direction bear the deep marks of round shot. From where we stood, we looked down on the river, and up again to the heights on which the guns of the allies were placed. We could picture the whole scene. For three successive days had the bombardment continued; when, on the 31st of August, the breaches having been declared practicable, the assault was ordered. It was commenced at eleven o'clock in the forenoon by a combined column of British and Portuguese. On they come down the hill at double-quick march, and rush across the stream. No time this for delay. From the whole line of the eastern fortifications shot and shell are playing on them, and terribly thinning their ranks. The French, with reason, believe the breach impracticable, for they know that though the outer face of the wall has been knocked away there is a perpendicular scarp of twenty feet in height reaching to the level of the streets which must be scaled before the town can be entered. There is only one accessible point, formed by the breaking of the end and front of the curtain, and this will admit the entrance only of single files. Still on presses the forlorn hope. No man shrinks back; but as each brave fellow attempts to mount the narrow ridge of the curtain he is cut down to rise no more. Yet undaunted, on they come, one after the other full of life, and health, and strength, but as that fatal point is reached, down they go as corn before the sickle of the reaper; but the sickle which cuts them down is in the hands of death. Sir Thomas Graham watches the desperate efforts with anxious eye. He adopts the boldest expedient ever attempted in aid of a storming party. He orders the guns to be turned against the curtain, so that the shot will pass a few feet only over the heads of the men at the foot of the breach. In vain the brave defenders rush to the defence — it is now their turn to be swept off from the top of the wall. Fresh combatants on both sides fill the breach; scarcely one of those who commenced the fight survive. Another breach has been formed to the right. A Portuguese column cross the river near the mouth to assault it. Fresh troops rush on to the assault on the left. Loud cheers and shouts proclaim that they are making way. Two hours of the most desperate fighting have already passed. At length they make a lodgment in the pass; but

they have still more fighting to do, and they fight on till fury and revenge takes possession of their souls. They press onwards; little quarter is asked for or given. The Portuguese on the right, after severe fighting, enter the small breach. They drive the enemy from all their complicated works, through the town; they follow them, killing numbers, to the base of the hill, up which the remnant of the French clamber for safety in the citadel. And now horrors unspeakable are committed by the infuriated soldiery, maddened by the long and desperate conflict in which they have been engaged. Men who have fought so bravely, become demons in human shape. Not only was the town plundered and much of it burnt, but many of the inhabitants were killed, and the female part of the population most barbarously ill-treated.

I have shuddered at the tales I have heard of the storming of that place, and could scarcely believe them, had they not been too well authenticated. On board my brother's ship was an old serjeant who was there, and he told him that he, with others, had entered a house where a young lady had taken refuge. That an officer of their own regiment had followed them, and endeavoured to save her from their brutality, when one of the men telling him that he should not interfere shot him dead. This is real war. Such are the horrors which may, though they do not always, result from warfare. It is not a chivalric combat carried on by honourable opponents, but a desperate blood-thirsty struggle of demons, when all the worst passions of our fallen nature are called into play. The loss of the British was 2300 in killed and wounded. The naval force under Sir George Collier rendered great assistance in the attack, and materially contributed to the capture of the citadel, which capitulated on the 18th of September. The garrison at that time amounted to 1800 men. They were all made prisoners of war and sent off to England; but as the termination of the war was now approaching they had not long to remain. One of our party looked with particular interest at the scene, as his father was killed in the breach.

We wandered about the town for some time and then returned on board. The reason we did so was that the young gentlemen of the "Orion" had invited those of the "Porcia" to spend the evening with them, the captain and most of the officers being on shore. Considering that our berth was only calculated to hold the usual number belonging to the ship, we were somewhat closely packed it must be owned. The evening was warm and the tea was hot, but hotter still was the rum and

water, yclept grog, and heating also was the potent port wine from the cask overhead. Cigars were also produced, but as tobacco smoke was not allowed to wander at liberty about the lower deck, it was necessary to close the door, and even the Venetians of the berths, the only outlet being the single scuttle, about four inches in diameter, the bull's eye from which was unscrewed for this occasion.

One of the mates of the "Porcia" was called Downton. He was of rather an excitable disposition, and was also known as Daft Downton. He had done some mad things, and also some very gallant ones, among which was jumping overboard in a gale of wind and keeping a man, who had fallen overboard, afloat till a boat came and picked them up.

We talked of the siege and of many other past events, as well as of the present and future, and many other matters neither edifying nor instructive, which are too often discussed in midshipmen's berths; and we sipped rum and water and port wine till tumbler after tumbler was emptied, and cigar after cigar was smoked, till our heads swam and our blood was heated, and we all talked fast and incoherently. At last Downton exclaimed that it was very hot, and that he must have a swim, at which we all laughed, and told him that he had better try. So he pulled off his jacket, and we laughed again; and then his waistcoat and handkerchief, we laughed still more. Then he threw off his braces, and opening the door of the berth, he slipped out of his trousers, and with his shirt alone on his back, sprang up the hatchway ladder. Jephson and Hilton and others rushed after him. I followed with the rest. It was no laughing matter now, I feared. Jephson caught him by the leg as he went up the hatchway, but he slipped through his hands. Downton then sprang on to the hammock nettings, and as he did so, he shouted out, "Good bye, old fellows, I am going to swim on board the 'Porcia.'" Jephson again sprang towards him and caught him by the tail of his shirt, but it gave way, and overboard he sprang. Jephson immediately sang out for the crew of the jolly boat. She was away. He then leaped to the poop to lower the dingy which hung astern. He stopped for a moment, for Downton was crying out. At that instant there was another splash in the water. A messmate of Downton's, a captain's clerk, a very gallant fellow and good swimmer, had leaped overboard to go to his assistance. We listened for what Downton was saying.

"I can't see my ship. Where is she? where is she?" he sung out. Meantime Jones, one of ours, I am sorry to say, had, unseen by Jephson,

with the aid of the boatswain and another man, lowered the dingy, but finding the plug in her bottom out, he exclaimed that she was sinking, and clambered up the falls again. Instantly, however, Jephson, followed by the boatswain, glided down them, and stuffing a handkerchief into the plug-hole, the paddles fortunately being in the boat, away they pulled in the direction of the drowning man. The brave clerk had got up to him and kept him afloat, for by this time he had lost all consciousness. He could not have held him up much longer, when the dingy got up, she herself being half full of water, and they were hauled on board. Jephson, to our infinite relief, sung out that all was right, and pulled back as fast as he could towards the "Orion." As the dingy was approaching in almost a sinking state, a long gig glided up alongside. The occupants of the dingy seeing a boat, and fancying that she was the "Porcia's," finding the dingy sinking under them, leaped pell-mell on board.

"What does all this mean?" exclaimed a stern voice.

"Who are you? What are you about?" asked another; and to their horror they found that they were addressed by their respective captains, and that they were in the boat of the commander of the "Orion." They were instantly ordered on board and put upon their trial; but as judges, witnesses, counsel, and culprits were all very much in the same debased mental condition, no very lucid explanation of the mystery was obtained that night.

We were all very soon sobered with the turn affairs had taken, and I believe that some of us felt really grateful that no greater misfortune had occurred. We all went to our hammocks wiser and sadder, if not better men. We next day heard the sentence pronounced on Downton. We thought it very severe, though at the same time we owned that it was necessary. No punishment can be too great which will in any way tend to put a stop to drunkenness in the navy, a vice always prevalent, and which continues unhappily to be so. I wish that I could make my warning voice be heard by all youngsters entering the service. Let me entreat them never to yield to its insidious advances. Better that they never touched wine or spirits at all than allow themselves to take more than is good for them. It is in the midshipman's berth that the habit is too often acquired. Oh, if they could see a list of those who started fairly in life, ruined body and soul, they would pause ere they gave way to the pernicious habit. Numbers who have yielded to it have rendered themselves *totally* unfit for service in the noble profession to which they belong.

Among my companions in those two ships, brave gallant fellows, how many, alas, have sunk into early graves, or have been put aside as utterly useless or unserviceable.

The next morning I went on the forecastle to take a sketch, and was much amused at overhearing a conversation which took place between a marine and three or four of the seamen, perched about on the foot of the bowsprit or the bulwarks.

"I'll tell you what, mates, you may say what you like, but it's my opinion that if ever there comes a war, English seamen will do just as they always have done, and drub the enemy, let him be who he may." This was said by Jack Cringle, a remarkably fine fellow, as he sat astride on the foot of the bowsprit.

"Can't agree with you there, mate," replied another, Tom Brail, a somewhat grumbling sea-lawyer sort of a fellow. "They are, to my mind, for the most part, long shore sort of chaps, neither fish, flesh, nor fowl; very different from those who fought the French long ago."

"Where d'ye think old England's gone cruising to, then?" exclaimed Jack Marline, in an indignant tone. "Do you go for to say that she's slipped her moorings and got under weigh to run alongside some furren country or other? No, it's my opinion, and that I'll stick to, that while she floats where she always has floated, you'll find the same hearty chaps in her as used to fight the French, and drub them to."

Dick Tompion now put in his oar. "I holds with Tom in some respects," he observed sententiously. "It isn't the men I complains of so much, though for that matter, there isn't half the A. B.'s there used to be, and there ought to be; but it's the officers,—they beant the sort of chaps they used to be. Why there isn't one in a hundred who has ever seen a gun fired in right real earnest."

"Not in earnest, Dick! What d'ye mean, mate?" exclaimed Jack Marline. "You forgets Knave-reen, I'm thinking. And what d'ye say to some pretty warm work now and again on the coast of Africa, down there? Just give them the chance, the same spirit's in them as was in the hearts of their fathers afore them. Don't fear!"

"Maybe or may not," observed Dick. "But there's one set of chaps I wouldn't trust, and that's the swaggerers and swearers; who can't give an order without d——ng a fellow's eyes out of his head. If any shows the white feather, it will be them."

"You're about right there, mate, at all events," observed Jack Marline,

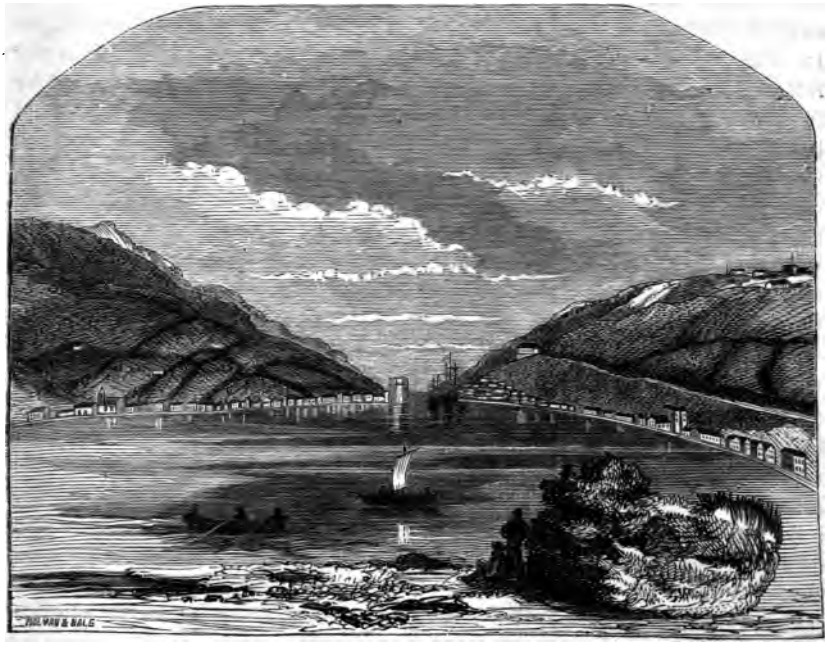
"But it's my opinion that all we wants is to get alongside an enemy, and we'd manage to drub her just in the same way the chaps as manned the ships of England used to drub the Frenchmen in the last war."

All the party seemed to agree to this last assertion. The greatest grumbler was the sentry on the forecastle, a tall, gaunt marine, one of the jollies who had appropriated my nightcaps. Poor fellow, he had been seventeen years in the line, when he, unfortunately for himself, volunteered into the marines, and did not at all like the change. The marines, to be efficient afloat, should always join young, and they will then easily gain a knowledge of the double duty required of them. The conversation I overheard, and which I have given as nearly as possible in the words used, reminds me of one I had a short time ago with a seaman. He told me that he had entered the navy as a boy, and that, though still very young, he was a first-class petty officer. I asked him if he could account for the constant desertions taking place. He asserted that it was all owing to the bounties — that an inferior class of men entered from the merchant service—not the best men; and that when they found discipline strict, and that they were kept at their exercises to make them efficient, they did not like it, and ran on the first opportunity. He said that out and out the best men were those who entered the service as boys, were well instructed, and became attached to it. I am convinced that the more we multiply our training-ships, and the more lads we enter, the larger number of good and trustworthy seamen we shall obtain. In the afternoon I went on board the "Porcia," where we found poor Downton very low, and very sorry for himself. I had to return on board the "Orion" to dine with the two commanders of the sloops. The chief subject of conversation, which I should feel myself justified in repeating, was the civil war which had then commenced in that part of Spain. The inhabitants of San Sebastian had declared for the Constitution, but the mountains in the neighbourhood were full of Carlist guerillas. A party of them had, a few days before, come down, and carried off a Constitutionalist officer, who was standing outside the walls on the public walk near the bay. The Carlists are said to be very barbarous, and to treat their prisoners with great cruelty. They are chiefly supported, as were the Miguelites in Portugal, by the priests, who hope by their means to regain their waning power. A short time after this, Sir De Lacy Evans went out in command of a British legion, which saw some very hard fighting, and considerably contributed to the establishment of the Constitutional cause. Though intestine commotions have

frequently broken out, there can be no doubt that Spain has since that period considerably developed the vast resources she possesses within herself, and obtained an amount of prosperity which she has not for ages enjoyed.

The next day I went on shore early, and formed a party with some of the Orions and Porcias, to make a trip into the country. Leaving the town on our left, we crossed the river by a bridge, and walked on till we reached the convent of St. Bartholome, which was strongly fortified by the French, but which on the 17th of July, the British bravely carried by assault, previous to the attack on San Sebastian itself. We next found ourselves on an excellent road which ran through a valley with trees on each side. This was the public promenade, and a very pretty one it was. We agreed that it was a pity English towns should not possess similar places of public resort, where, after the work of the day was over, the inhabitants could meet and enjoy the pleasures of social intercourse. Our public watering-places have such walks, but they would be advantageous for ordinary towns, for the constant residents. Two things are against them. One is that our population is so much divided into classes, who do not associate with each other; the other is the climate, which, for so many months in the year, makes anything but brisk walking unpleasant. Leaving the promenade, we proceeded on up and down hill till we reached the shore of a large piece of water like a lake. This we found to be the upper part of the harbour of Passages. We walked along its margin for some way, till we arrived at a small village opposite the town of Passages. The harbour consists of a long gulf-shaped inlet, with rocks on either side, and a very narrow entrance. The town is at the head of the narrow part. It then expands into a broad and shallow lagoon, which forks off in two directions. At low tide, part of it is dry. Opposite Passages is a fine old round tower built on a rock, with the water washing its base. The harbour is so narrow, that the "Porcia," which lay here some time, had scarcely room to turn, when she was preparing to go out again. We found a ferry-boat at the village pulled by women, in which we crossed to Passages. The houses, built close down to the water, which washes the bases of most of them, have a somewhat picturesque effect, heightened by the broad wooden balconies. We went to a little inn where there was a billiard-table, at which we were gravely informed the Duke of Wellington used to play when he was there, during the siege of San Sebastian. We agreed that he probably had too much to do to find time for such an amuse-

ment. The place is celebrated for cider, some of which we imbibed, much to our satisfaction, after our walk. The people here speak French as well as Spanish, and in addition a patois, a mixture of both. During the war, the whole harbour was so closely packed with a fleet of transports, that



VIEW OF PASSAGES, NORTH COAST OF SPAIN.

there was no room to pass between them. Many lay ashore. Had one of them caught fire, what a dreadful conflagration would have ensued.

Passages, though miserable as a town, is a very romantic, picturesque, little place. The boats used in the harbour are large, well built, and sharp at both ends. On our return a merry, laughing, chattering, but *well*-behaved damsel pulled us across the water. We had a very pleasant *walk* back to San Sebastian. The town was full of soldiers, parties of *whom* were going about singing in chorus, and some of them playing

musical instruments. What a good thing it would be to encourage music in English regiments. As every regiment has a band there would be no lack of instructors, and the whole regiment might learn to sing in chorus, while those who had the best ears for music might play on instruments. Nothing would so much tend to civilise the men, give them interesting amusement, and keep them out of mischief. The same plan might be carried out on board ships of war. Why should not a whole crew learn to sing. The schoolmaster is abroad, why should not the musicmaster follow him? I hope that my readers will take up the idea, and try to get it carried out as far as they have the means. We heard also a very good band playing. We visited a cigar manufactory, where we saw them made. We got some excellent ones at a very low price. I forgot to describe the carts we met in our walk. They are like square boxes on solid but thin wooden wheels with iron tires. Such, I believe, were the contrivances in which our poor wounded soldiers were carried during the war. We dined at a café in a very satisfactory way. This terminated our adventures at San Sebastian.

The next morning there was a light wind from the southward, but it was not sufficient to fill the sails of the two corvettes. A flotilla of boats accordingly took us in tow; our consort leading the way, with numbers of spectators witnessing the sight. We, however, soon overtook our consort, and with a fine breeze from the north-east left her a long way astern. Then brailing up our spanker and mainsail, we stood along the coast till we came off Bilboa. Here we lay to for our consort, and she then ran in that her captain might go ashore and learn what the Carlists were about. The entrance to the port of Bilboa is a bay with a long low yellow cliff forming its eastern side. The town is six miles up a river. The anchorage is very bad. The "Porcia," however, anchored there, while we stood off shore all night. The next day we stood in again, and our captain went on board our consort to get some fresh beef, and to learn the news. We kept dodging off and on shore the whole of the following day also, with what object I did not ascertain. Two days after that we were standing in for Corunna, when a steamer with despatches met us, and we found that all the ships on the station were ordered to Lisbon. The wind was so light that we could scarcely get out of the harbour, and the greater part of the next day we were becalmed off it. At last we were able to stretch out to the westward, when it was the general belief that our captain went soundly to sleep. He had, however, reason for his

anxiety at night, at all events when he knew that the poet Mercer had charge of the deck. As an example, one night I had been keeping the first watch with Jephson, when Mercer relieved him. We had been running along the land to the northward with a fair breeze, and the captain had left orders that at the beginning of the middle watch the ship should be brought to the wind on the larboard, or, as it is now called, the port tack, so that we might stand away from the land and not overshoot our port. Scarcely, however, had Jephson and I taken some biscuit and cold grog in the berth, and were turning into our hammocks, when we heard the order given to bring the ship up on the starboard tack, a manœuvre which would very soon have run her stem on the ugly-looking black rocks which fringe the coast of Portugal. There was a stiff breeze, and she heeled over very much. I asked Jephson if he would allow the ship to be kept on long in that way.

"No," he answered laughing; "but I suppose the poet will soon wake out of his dream, and discover that he has made a slight mistake."

The altered position of the ship awoke the captain, and we heard him just then go on deck and rate Mercer soundly for his most culpable negligence. He had no excuse to make except that he had forgot we were steering to the northward, and consequently fancied the land was on the larboard hand.

"A high respect for your seamanship the men must have, sir," observed the captain; "square away the yards, sir, and bring the ship up on the proper tack before I leave the deck: I cannot trust you."

I do not fancy that Mercer ever went to sea after he was paid off from the "Orion." Many a captain would have brought him to a court-martial. Ours was too good-natured. Poor Mercer was, with his unfitness for a sailor, such a good-natured gentlemanly fellow in many respects that he was generally much liked. There are some few such men in the service who have clearly mistaken their profession. A captain should do his best to send them on shore, for their own sakes as well as for that of humanity.

Three days after leaving Corunna we again made the Portuguese coast, which is low and sandy, with a fringe of black rocks almost all the distance from Oporto to Lisbon. The next day, a very lovely one, we sighted the rock of Lisbon, which can be seen at a great distance. It is a high promontory, with an extremely rugged summit. I spent most of the *morning* aloft, watching through a telescope the objects on the shore.

First we came in sight of the palace of Mafra, standing on a plain to the north of the rocky height of the far-famed Cintra. The palace was built by Dom John V. It contained a convent for monks, a barrack for soldiers, and a fine church, besides the royal apartments, which were

ENTRANCE TO THE CORK CONVENT OF CINTRA.

themselves very extensive. It has of late years only been used as a barrack, and is in a somewhat ruinous condition. It stands but a short distance from the sea. It is a quadrangular edifice of vast extent, its turrets and domes giving it an eastern look. A village has sprung up around

it. We next looked up to the cork convent, or Nossa Senhora das Penhas, which stands on the summit of a pinnacle of rock overlooking the sea. A beautiful valley runs up into the side of the mountain from the water's edge, filled with cork, olive, and orange, and other trees, among which, peeped out a number of pretty villas, delectable abodes in hot weather. Here the talented but eccentric Mr. Beckford had a villa of the most luxurious description, now a complete ruin, and here the convention was signed, when the French so completely outwitted the English generals.

Rounding the headland we entered Cascaes Bay. Its shores are low and have a barren and volcanic appearance. At short distances from each other along the whole of the bay, the Miguelites had thrown up forts of different shapes, to prevent the landing of the Constitutionalists; but as the latter chose to land elsewhere, their labour was thrown away. We had a magnificent nine-knot breeze, and had run our consort almost out of sight, while we kept ahead of a steamer which accompanied us. It was a very animating scene. Vessels of all sizes and rigs, with the flags of many different nations, were standing in towards the mouth of the Tagus. There were English ships of war as well as those of Portugal, with the white and blue flag of the young Queen Donna Maria. There were high-sided Brazilian merchantmen, battered and browned with their long voyage, though with cotton canvas white as snow; and there were round-sterned Dutchmen with square mainsails, and Portuguese hyates, schooners with masts raking at different angles, and the ugliest of cut sails, though fast and good sea boats; and rascas with their tapering latine sails, the most graceful and rakish of vessels; and lastly, there were the Lisbon bean-pods, as a certain class of fishing-boats are called. They are long and narrow, and curve up at each end with very rounded decks, so that the name well describes their shape. They are rigged with latine sails, and have besides other odd-shaped sails set at either end as may be required. We now came up to the mouth of the Tagus, across which there is a bar, and over the centre of it the sea breaks in masses of foam. There are two entrances. We stood for the northern one, having on our starboard hand the Bugee fort, a little round white stone edifice, like a mustard-pot or taper-box, such as used formerly to be used. Political prisoners are sometimes kept here. There is not much chance of their escape from it. They are doomed to inhale rather more sea air than they find agreeable. On our left was another large castle, close to which we kept, in four fathoms of water. A voice hailed, and asked us a number of questions. On which

our topsails were clewed up, and our captain answered them, I conclude to the satisfaction of the inquirer, as we made sail and stood on. We soon came in sight of Lisbon on the northern shore, and the British fleet at anchor off it, with numerous merchantmen scattered about in all directions.

The Tagus at this part is a magnificent sheet of water, like a large lake extending far away to the eastward above Lisbon. The shores are really of considerable height, but they look low in consequence of the great width of the river. To the south we passed a small village on a sandy beach. On the north shore, which seemed well cultivated, were several villas and numerous windmills. Some way up we came off the castle of Belem, standing on a point of land close down to the water. It has a beautifully ornamented tower, built of a light-coloured bright stone, which gives it a very cheerful aspect. Here we shortened sail, and an officer boarded us, and informed us that we had permission to proceed up to Lisbon. Near to Belem is a richly ornamented church of the same sort of stone, and a little way beyond it, on the summit of a hill, a royal palace in a very unfinished condition. The city extends a considerable distance along the banks of the river. The aqueduct running from Cintra is one of the most conspicuous objects. On the highest point stands a dark, frowning fort known as the Castello. The wind failed us, and we made slow work of it for some time. Towards the evening, however, it breezed up again, and at length the order was heard along the decks of "All hands shorten sail, and bring ship to an anchor." This we did a couple of hours or so before dark, not far from the flag-ship. As soon as the sails were furled, and everything was made snug, Jephson and I, and one or two others, obtained leave to go on shore.

We landed just before dark at the fish-market, and walked about through Black Horse Square, and Gold Street, and Silver Street, and then adjourned to a coffee-house, which was crowded with British naval and Pedroite officers, among whom we found several acquaintances. With some of them we repaired to the opera, which has always been very good at Lisbon. The government, I fancy, contributes a considerable sum to keep it up for the sake of drawing men's minds off from politics, or for amusing them when they are out of sorts. The ballet was not so much an affair of dancing, as a dumb-show play. The subject was Lord Byron's "Corsair," and the whole poem was admirably represented. Even the pirate's squadron which glided across the stage, escaped criticism from the numerous judges of affairs nautical who were present.

I went again the following night when there was a grand gala, the Emperor Dom Pedro being present, and a still greater man, Captain Charley Napier, then a Portuguese admiral and commander-in-chief of their fleet. I now shudder as I remember how utterly thoughtless I then was, and regardless of holy things, and I feel how full of gratitude my heart ought to be that I was not cut off in my sins. The centre walk of the pit of the Lisbon theatre was remarkably broad. I, with some of my shipmates had just passed up it, and had taken my seat at the end of a bench, about the middle of the pit. I had observed the night before an immense glass chandelier which hung from the roof. Suddenly there was a whisper that the Emperor was coming in. All rose to their feet. I heard a noise overhead, I looked up, and saw some huge trap-doors opening in the ceiling, and the vast chandelier descending through them. There was a pause, and then, like an avalanche, down came the glittering mass into the centre of the pit; I sprang on one side, a piece of glass grazed my shoulder, though the fragments lay piled up close to me; not another person was touched. The chandelier had caught at the edge of the trap, and tilted over. This was the only occasion that I ever exchanged words with a crowned head, for immediately the Emperor saw what had occurred he leaned out of the box and inquired if any one was hurt, for which I thanked his Majesty, and assured him that no one was injured.

I did not see much of Lisbon. So many Miguelite guerillas were still hovering about the city, that the Admiral prohibited any officers of the fleet from going to Cintra, and I found no one very willing to set off and explore the town itself. What I did see of it did not impress me very favourably. There are some large squares, and a few broad streets, and some steep ones, but they were, without exception, excessively dirty, only some were still dirtier than others. Half-starved dogs belonging to no one, were prowling about in search of offal all day long and all night; as we strolled through the streets huge rats frequently ran across our course, as we disturbed them at their repast.

Lisbon has, however, since then, been wonderfully improved in every respect. The Tagus was the last harbour we entered, and the ship soon after returned to England. I had enjoyed my nautical adventures so much, that I was fully ready to commence some fresh ones. These I may perhaps some day give to the public.

LONDON